WILSTACH'S

VIRGIL

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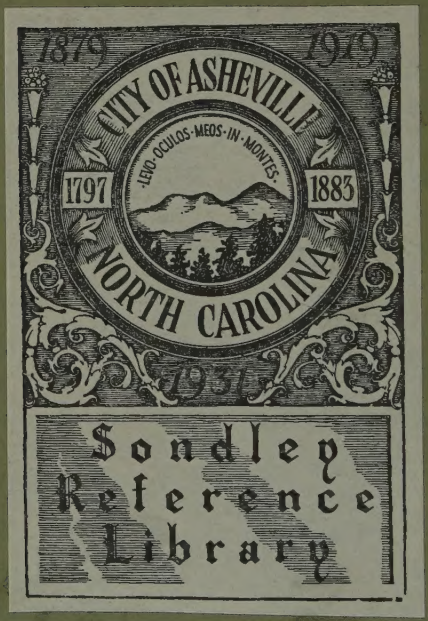
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THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL

Translated into English Verse

WITH VARIORUM AND OTHER NOTES AND COMPARATIVE READINGS

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES
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BOOK THE FOURTH, ENTITLED DIDO.

ARGUMENT.

Moved with deep admiration for Æneas, Dido submits the state of her feelings to her sister Anna. Anna advises her to delay the departure of Æneas, and to associate him, by marriage, to her throne. The sisters offer religious sacrifices to propitiate the favor of heaven, and Dido, by her actions, shows that she is wildly in love with her guest. Her distraction is seen in her neglect of the public buildings and fortifications in progress of construction. Juno and Venus consult together, and agree on the advisability of the marriage. Through Juno's management, the lovers meet in a cave during a storm, and the nuptials are consummated. A rejected suitor, Iarbas, King of the Garymantes, an African tribe, is offended, offers sacrifices to Jupiter, and invokes his aid. Jupiter sends Mercury to insist on the departure of Æneas. The Queen conjectures the purposed departure, and passionately remonstrates with Æneas, and sends her sister, again and again, to urge him to remain. But in vain. His fleet sets sail; and the Queen, under the ministrations of a Massylian priestess, pretending special services to the Gods, immolates herself upon the altar, to the horror and consternation of all.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

JUPITER, *the Supreme God of Olympus.*
JUNO, *Wife of Jupiter.*
VENUS, *Goddess of Love, Mother of Æneas.*
MERCURY, *Messenger of Jupiter.*
IRIS, *Messenger of Juno.*
DIDO, *Queen of Carthage.*
ANNA, *her Sister.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
IARBAS, *King of Gætulia.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Evil Fame, soldiers, sailors, colonists, citizens.

THE SCENE: *Olympus, Carthage, Gætulia.*

BOOK THE FOURTH: DIDO.

BUT, by a weight severe of care oppressed,
The Queen still feels the wound her veins within,
And still is eaten by a hidden fire.
Unto her mind the valor great recurs
Of him her guest, and shines in her regard
The great abundant honor of his line.
Fixed in her breast remain his looks and words, 5
And by this care is all her being bound.
  Bright shone the morn with the Phœbean lamp,
And, from the pole driven back, the humid shades
Before Aurora fled, when, illy well,[1]
She thus her sister, sharer of her soul,[2]
Bespoke: "My sister Anna, look thou, how
In dread I pass awake night's lingering hours!
And what a guest is he that hither comes 10
Our seats to seek! What bearing in his face!
What strength of heart and arms! I do believe,
Nor is 't an empty faith, the race of Gods
Is his. Fear drives degenerate minds.[3] Alas!

[1] "Male sana."

[2] "Unanimam sororem."

[3] "Degeneres animos timor arguit." To be driven by fear argues degeneracy of mind. Or, more concisely, fear drives degenerate minds.

By what Fates was he tossed! And what fell wars,
With strife exhaustive crowded, hath he told!
If seated in my mind, unmoved and fixed, 15
My purpose were not made, with none to wed,
Since my first love through death so cheated me;
If wearied of the bridal bed and torch
I had not been; here is a fault, one fault,
To which I might, perhaps succumb. Anna, 20
Confess I will that since the fate of him,
My spouse Sychæus, miserably slain,
And since our household Gods were by red hands
Fraternal scattered, he, alone of all,
This guest of ours, my senses hath impressed,
And only he my yielding soul hath driven.
Herein I see of my old flame the tracks.[1]
But first for me may deepest depths yawn wide,
Or me the Almighty Father[2] drive, with bolts 25
Of thunder, to the shades, the pallid shades
Of Erebus dun and Night profound, ere I
Thee, Modesty meek offend, or aught relax
Thy laws. He who with me first mated, he
Hath all my love,[3] with him it still remains.
He keeps it ever with him in the tomb."

[1] "Vestigia."

[2] "Pater omnipotens." This title of Jupiter gives the VIRGILIANS no little annoyance. How they severally deal with it, it is amusing to note:—

DRYDEN says: "Avenging Jove."

PITT: "Heaven's Almighty Sire."

SYMMONS and CONINGTON and PIERCE: "Jove."

CRANCH: "The Omnipotent Father."

MORRIS: "The Father."

LONG: "The Almighty King."

[3] "Meos amores."

Thus spoke she, and her heart with tears was filled, 30
Tears that in vain she struggled to keep down.[1]
Makes answer Anna thus: "O sister dear,
More dear than light! wilt thou, of all thy sex,
Alone, still grieving, eat thy life away,
Thou gifted with perpetual youth,[2] nor know
Sweet babes, nor love's rewards? Deem'st thou
That ashes and that buried ghosts [3] have care
Of mortal things? 'T was well that once, with woe
Quite sick, no husband bent thy will, nor here 35
In Libya, nor before in Tyre. Despised
Iarbas was, and so the others were,
Those leaders brave, whom Afric's soil makes rich
With triumphs proud. And wilt thou still against
A pleasing love contend? Nor hast thou this
Thought o'er, whose fields, whose ancient limits here,
Thou dost possess? Around, the Gætulæ 40
Have towns, a race in war insuperable;
Numidians, too, the bridleless;[4] and plains

[1] "Sinum lachrymis implevit obortis."

[2] "Solane perpetua mœrens carpere juventa."

A line full of meaning, which only an ample use of words in paraphrase can bring out in our tongue.

PITT:—

"Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,
And waste your youth in solitude away?"

[3] The ceremonial of burial was supposed to insure the peaceful repose of the spirits of the departed.

[4] "Numidæ infreni." Whether the adjective applies to the Numidians, or to their tongues, or to their horses, it is equally felicitous. If GIBBON had ever dwelt upon this passage he must have experienced feelings of mingled admiration and envy.

PITT solves the uncertainty by ignoring the adjective.

Syrtean dreary, and the desert wastes,
Are near; and far the Barceans rage. What wars
From Tyre arising, (may I speak?) and threats
Of kindred there? . . .[1]
Indeed, I deem that by the prospering Gods, 45
And Juno seconding,[2] the Ilian keels
Their course have hither held. And here, how great
Thy city, sister, and what realms would rise
With such a match.[3] The Teucrian arms[4] combined,
To what great heights may Punic glory soar![5]
Only do thou grace of the Gods demand, 50
And them through sacrifices suing,[6] spread
Thine hospitable board, and of delay
Occasions frame, whilst on the sea rage wild
The wintry winds, and pours Orion rain,[7]

[1] Here is a short line: —

"Germanique minas . . .?"

And I am here more than ever inclined to my theory that these short lines were, at least in many places, intentionally left by VIRGIL to mark the emotion of the speaker. Anna was touching on sore memories, the slaughter of a husband, and the despoiling of the murderer, and she may well have been at a loss for words, especially in the presence of one at once the widow and the spoiler, and her own sister. As a new reading I have placed in parenthesis the "dicam" (may I speak?) and made it interrogative. This I understand to be the sense of VIRGIL.

[2] Juno, patroness of Carthage.

[3] "Conjugio tali." The Latin phrase comes from the plow; the English from the chariot. Choose ye.

[4] Heraldry?

[5] "Punica se quantis attolet gloria rebus!"

[6] "Sacrisque litatis." Literally, by the suing, or sued, sacrifices, a technical law-term alike applicable to civil and ecclesiastical procedure.

[7] Remote and recent astronomy consulted and consult the stars for signs of rain.

And while his rafts are shattered, and the sky
Intractable remains." So with these words
Her heart, with love aglow, she into flame
Enkindled, and her mind, with doubts pursued,
Gave hope, and all her hesitation solved. 55

First go they to the shrines, and peace seek out
Through sacrifice. Sheep of the second year,
Chosen as is the custom, they devote
To Law-Enacting Ceres, and the God
Prophetic Phœbus, Father Lyæus glad,[1]
And Juno, above all, who marriage crowns.
And Dido she, most beautiful, the bowl, 60
In her right hand extending, pours the horns
Between of a white cow; or, in the face
Of Gods, at the fat altars tarries late;
The day renews with gifts; and, out of breath
With zeal, consults the writhing entrails torn
From out the bosom of the bellowing herd.
Alas! of prophet-priests the darkened minds![2] 65
What vows, what shrines, the zeal can please of her
On fire with love? Eats the insinuating flame
The marrow of her bones within, and lives
The silent wound deep in her breast. She burns,
Unhappy Dido, and the city through
She wanders, stung with love: like as a doe
Incautious, venturing far in Cretan groves, 70

[1] Bacchus. Here, it will be observed, the rural Goddess, Giver of Laws, and Phœbus, God of Prophecy; Bacchus, promoter of festivity, and Juno, patroness of marriage, are all invoked by these enthusiastic sisters to favor the new nuptials.

[2] "Heu vatum ignaræ mentes!"

Whom hath transfixed a shepherd unaware,[1]
His weapons sending but at random forth ;
She, in her flight, the woods Dictæan roams
And tangled ways, the while clings fast the reed,
The fatal reed, deep lodged within her flank.
  Æneas now she with her leads, the walls
And towers among ; him shows Sidonian wealth, 75
And here a city ready ;[2] starts to speak,
And stops, the word half-formed ; and seeks, at close
Of day, the self-same feasts ; infatuate asks
Again the Ilian toils to hear, and hangs
Again the speaker's words upon ; and then,
When all are gone, and the late moon is dim, 80
And unto sleep persuade the falling stars,
Pines pale alone within her vacant halls,
And still on the deserted couches lies,
And, absent, yet him absent hears and sees ;
Or in her arms the boy Ascanius holds, 85
Chained by his strong resemblance to his sire,
And counterfeiting thus, as best she may,
Her love unspeakable. Nor rise the towers
Begun ; nor drill the youth in arms, nor safe
Prepare the port, nor bulwarks make of war.
Suspended stand the works ; the engines huge
There threatening frown, and the tall frames whose arms
And bars, machines[3] immense, touch heaven.

[1] Æneas was the Cretan archer, unaware, "nescius," of the harm his random arrow had inflicted.

[2] "Urbemque paratam." A city already built for his use, so that it would not be necessary for him to seek another in Italy.

[3] "Æquataque machina cœlo." It will be observed that in the text of

And now when Jove's dear wife the matter saw, 90
Saw that the Queen by such a pest was held,[1]
Nor was disposed good fame to place in check
Against her frenzy wild, with words like these
To Venus' side Saturnia made her way:
"Distinguished praise and ample spoils ye bear,
Thou and thy boy.[2] Great exercise of power
Divine, and long to be remembered, when two
Gods[3] 95
Combine to cheat one woman! Nor hath it me
Escaped, that, with a jealous eye thou hast
Our[4] mighty walls, and all the lofty homes
Of Carthage seen. But what will be the end?
Or why contentions such? Why, rather, not
Eternal peace and marriage contracts frame? 100
Thou hast what thou hast sought with all thy mind:
The loving Dido burns, and through her bones
The frenzy draws. Therefore, with joint control

VIRGIL, machina is in the singular, from the Greek μηχανή. This machine is in use at this day, and is indispensable to the builder in placing heavy stone-work. Its name, in modern mechanical nomenclature, is the boom-derrick. It is the crane of the fireplace of which LONGFELLOW descants, but invested with immense strength from leverage and pulleys and cordage, and furnished with a boom instead of an arm.

> "The lights are out and gone are all the guests,
> That thronging came with merriment and jests
> To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
> In the new house."

As in VIRGIL's Latin, there is, in modern French, a similar want of a word, and this, too, in the art culinary. The French "ustensile à saupoudrer," an utensil for salt-powdering, to indicate what we call, in one word a caster.

[1] "Tali peste teneri."

[2] Cupid.

[3] "Divum duorum." Venus and Cupid.

[4] Juno was patroness of Carthage.

And equal auguries' sway, let us bear rule,
In mutual amity close, this people o'er.
Let her a Phrygian husband serve, and thou
In thy right hand the Tyrians hold as dower.
To her, (for Venus feels that Juno speaks 105
With mind dissembling, so that she may turn
Italian realms to Libyan shores,) thus back
Made answer Venus: "Who so crazed can be
As these things to deny, or who with thee
Prefer in war to strive? If only that
Thou plann'st may future Fortune rule! But I 110
Uncertain by the Fates [1] am borne, if Jove
One city wishes for the men of Tyre
And those from Troy come forth; whether he deems
The better course to be one Nation firm
United to compact, or several join
By league. His wife art thou, and right it is
For thee thy consort's mind with words to try.
Proceed; I 'll follow." Royal Juno then:
"With me will be that labor. Now attend, 115
While I in brief shall teach what presses, how
To do, and in what way we can combine.
The two, Æneas and the sad, sad Queen,
Prepare within the grove to hunt, so soon
As shall to-morrow's Titan his first rays,
From ocean sent, spread o'er the gilded globe.
On them will I, while tremble the gay wings 120

[1] " . . . Fortuna . . . Fatis incerta feror . . ." Here Venus takes occasion to remind Juno that the Gods do not control the Fates, but that they are controlled by them.

With feathers bright, and, so, surprised, the game
Dreads the encircling snares,[1] pour down a rain,
A darkening flood, with mingled hail made sharp,
And all the sky shall with the thunder ring.
Apart the company driven shall fly, and Night's
Thick cloak shall cover them ; while to a cave
They both, the Queen and he the Trojan duke,
Shall come. There will I be, and them, if so 125
Thy wish accords with mine, will I unite
In marriage firm, and he his own beloved
The Queen shall call. And there their bridal God
Shall be."[2] And Cytherea, not opposed,
A nod consenting gave to Juno's plan,
And smiled, smiled at the artful scheme contrived.[3]
Meanwhile the Morn the ocean's waves had left ;
And, in her jubilee gemmed of rising rays, 130
From out the gates throng forth the chosen youth,
Wide nets, and traps, and hunting-spears broad-gaffed,
Massylian knights fleet-horsed, and hunting dogs
Abundant, and for game with strong scent keen.
Await the Punic nobles at her doors,
The Queen in her boudoir employing time,

[1] VIRGIL will return again to this feature of a hunt, and will use it in describing Turnus, as an affrighted deer, in vain endeavoring to escape from Æneas. Book Twelfth, line 750.

[2] "Hic Hymenæus erit." I adopt the words of MORRIS: —

"And there shall be their bridal God."

[3] I cannot follow PITT and WUNDERLICH and ANTHON in rendering "dolis repertis," as "detected frauds." The meaning, rather, is "snares laid bare" — schemes contrived. Venus, assured, as we have seen, by Jupiter himself, knew that the snares, the schemes, of Juno, not having the sanction of the Fates, could not avail. Thence the smiles of Venus.

While, brave with golden trappings, stands her steed, 135
And, fiery, champs the foaming bridle-bits,
Or beats, with nervous noise, the paving-stones.[1]
At length joins she the throng in progress proud,
And 'round her press the subject multitudes gay.
A cloak she wears of Sidon, fit alike
For fields of war or chase, and with an edge
Embroidered beautiful and rare. Of gold
Her quiver was, with gold was bound her hair,
And with a golden clasp was held her robe
Of royal purple as became her state.[2]
Nor absent were her Phrygian guests, and he, 140
Iülus, full of joyous life. He, too,
Himself, Æneas, far above the rest
In beauty eminent, comes forth, and joins
The throng, as when, his Lycian winters left,
And Xanthus' stream,[3] his own maternal shrine
Apollo seeks in Delos, and the dance
Leads forth around the altars, with the bands
Devoutly-wild the Dryops brave[4] send forth, 145
And Cretans proud of all their sacred isle,
And painted Agathyrsi of the North;
O'er Cynthus' heights he moves, and weaves
The gentle leaves his flowing locks among,
And binds with gold, while on his shoulders clang

[1] Here is a VIRGILIAN pen-picture of a fine horse, in which I could not resist devoting an entire line to the one word "sonipes," the Noisy-Footed.

[2] "Purpuream" developed into a full line.

[3] A river in Lycia, near which stood the city of Patara.

[4] The Dryops claimed to be descendants of Apollo. The Cretans, as natives of the birth-place of Jupiter, paid special reverence to the Gods.

His arrows bright. Not less in dignity calm
Than he, Æneas walked, not less than his, 150
From out his noble face distinction shone.
At last unto high mountains they attained
And pathless ways, where lo! wild goats,
Leaping from rocky heights, run down the steeps;
And, seen approaching from another part,
Stags cross, in full career, the ample meads,
And leave in dusty flight their mountain-homes. 155
But through the valleys hies Ascanius' horse,
A charger keen, joy of the youthful knight,
And, in his course, now these, now those, o'ertakes,
His rider hoping that not inert flocks
His vows might fill, but that a foaming boar
Might cross his path and test his courage high,
Or that, from out the mountains might descend
A tawny lion worthy of his steel.
Meanwhile, confused the heavens became 160
With mutterings mighty. Through the fields, with fear,
Seek diverse shelter both the Tyrian troop
And they of Troy, and he of Venus fair
The Dardan grandson. Streams rush down from heights.
Arrive at the same cave the Tyrian queen 165
And he the Trojan leader. Primal Earth
And Juno of the bonds hymeneal join
To give the signal: flashed the fires of heaven,
And conscious was the air of plighted troth,
And shrieked from loftiest heights the forest-Nymphs.

That day of death was first and cause of ills.
For neither is she moved by show nor fame, 170
Nor now doth Dido secret love devise,
But calls it marriage, and, so named and graced,
Her fault she seeks from censure to protect.
  Forthwith throughout the Libyan cities great
Goes Fame, Fame in her evil sense,[1] than whom
There is no swifter thing. In flight she blooms, 175
By going gains she strength.[2] Small at the first,
And timid, but, at last, aloft she rears
Her form; Earth feels her step, but clouds conceal
Her head.[3] Her parent, Earth, they say, enraged
Against the angry Gods, her last begot

[1] "Fama, malum." Malum, an evil thing: "Monstrum," just below.

[2] "Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo."

[3] "Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."

It has chanced that two brilliant lawyers, separated by a wide interval of time, one in England, and one in America, have resorted to this and the Ninth Book of the Æneid for illustrations of one of the most abstruse and perplexing titles in the law: the abeyance of estates. LORD COKE (on page 342b of his *Commentaries on Littleton*) says that an estate placed in such a gaping state of expectation "is said to be *in nubibus*, in the clouds, and therein hath a qualitie of Fame, whereof the poet speaketh:" (quoting this line.)

And CHANCELLOR KENT (*Commentaries on American Law*, 4th volume, p. 260) in combating the opinion of Mr. Fearne, a law writer of great originality and learning, that such a quality of estates was an absurd and unintelligible fiction, declares that, in this instance, Mr. Fearne's judgment and good sense have misled him: "The fee," continues the CHANCELLOR, "will take an occasional flight to the clouds, and cannot be stayed, for common sense is disabled and pierced by the "*longe fallente sagitta*" wherewith Asilas the Rutulian slew Corynæas the Trojan.

The citation by my Lord COKE, which the Chancellor regards as "a mere glimpse at fairy land," seems to me an admirable one. It places the feet of this invisible but potent phantom *on the ground* (where they should be, in a real estate transaction), and declares that the doctrine of law conceals its head among the vapors of the sky. There does exist, however, one circumstance which detracts from the justness and happiness of the comparison, and that is that the Fame of which VIRGIL is speaking is not Fame in the good sense of the word, but in its evil sense: "Fama, malum."

To Cœus sister and Enceladus rash,[1] 180
With flying feet and wings that pierce the air,
A monster horrible and huge, with whom,
For every feather on her body seen,
There are below so many watchful eyes;
Amazing to relate, so many tongues;
So many months resound; so many ears
Rise up. By night, she flies midway 'twixt heaven
And earth, through shadows shrill, nor sink 185
Her eyes to sweet repose. By day on guard
She sits, or on the high roof-top alert
Or on the lofty tower, and cities great
Disturbs, no less tenacious of the false
And base than herald of the true. Rejoiced,
She now the people filled, and filled, with speech,
With multitudinous speech, and truths gave forth 190
And untruths equally:[2] that had arrived

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'"

MILTON, *Lycidas.*

[1] Cœus and Enceladus were rebellious giants, sons of Earth, punished by the Gods, and the severity of whose punishments Earth resented.

[2] "Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
Gaudens, et pariter facta et infecta canebat."

Æneas, sprung from Trojan blood, and whom
Deserving well her love fair Dido deemed;
And that in lingering luxury they nursed,
Infatuate quite, the lazy winter through,
Their realms neglected, and themselves enchained 195
By base desire. This everywhere in mouths
Of men the filthy Goddess pours, and turns
Straightway her course to seek Iarbas King,
And fires his mind with words, and stirs his wrath.[1]
He Ammon's[2] offspring was, of love and force
The child, born of a Garamantian[3] Nymph.
To Jove a hundred temples vast he built
His mighty realms throughout, and altars placed 200
A hundred; vigil-fires he hallowed there,
The eternal sentinels of heaven; the soil
Was fat with blood of offered flocks; and gay

[1] This fine allegory of Evil Fame (Fama, malum; monstrum; dea fœda) is sometimes spoken of by the translators as that of Rumor. VIRGIL did not so designate this Fame. He uses the word Rumor just below, but not as of the speaker, but as of that which is spoken.

DRYDEN has it: "Fame the great ill."

And PITT: "And Fame, tremendous fiend."

SYMMONS: "Fame, the most fleet of mischief's progenies."

These are not VIRGIL's meanings.

CONINGTON says: "Her progress Fame begins."
Thus he ignores VIRGIL's important word "malum."

COOPER says: "Fame, a fiend."
But this is only a repetition of DRYDEN's mistake.

PIERCE calls her Rumor, *and* a fiend, and not only a fiend once, but twice; but, with a chance to call her a fiend a third time he relapses (probably in consideration of her sex), and compromises on the much-modified epithet "harsh."

[2] Jupiter Ammon. Or, as some think, Ham, the son of Noah. SIR ISAAC NEWTON supposes this Ammon to have been the father of Sesostris, and contemporary with Solomon, King of Israel.

[3] The Garamantes were an African tribe.

The temple-gates with garlands many-hued.
He, crazed in soul,[1] and by the rumor stung,
The bitter rumor spread by Fame abroad,
Prayed much, 't is said, a suppliant 'fore high Jove, 205
With hands upturned, among the Gods ranged round
And altars dread: "Almighty Jove, to whom
In feasts on broidered couches now pour forth
Lenæan[2] praise Maurusian[3] men devout,
These things see'st thou? And is 't in vain that thou
Hurlest the thunder, Father, for our dread?
And blind are all thy fires which fright our souls? 210
And is 't an empty show the echoing heavens?
This woman who, a wanderer on our coasts,[4]
Platted[5] a paltry city for a price,[6]

[1] "Amens animi."

[2] Lenæos, the God of the wine-press, a title of Bacchus.

[3] Mauritanians. At that time, we may suppose, celebrating some high festival.

[4] The coasts of Gætulia.

[5] "Posuit."

[6] PITT:—

"A wandering woman, who, on Libya thrown,
Raised on a purchased spot a slender town."

MORRIS: "Who set her up e'en now a little money-cheapened town."

CONINGTON: "Bought leave to build a puny town."

THE VIRGILIANS, with the exceptions of CONINGTON and MORRIS, all say *built*, but this is not the sense of "posuit," as scornfully used by Iarbas. It would be nearer the sense to say that she *proposed* to build. Still nearer to say (since our registry laws have come in) that she *placed of record* her town-plat in the manner of the proprietor of a wild-cat or paper town.

It may be remarked of MORRIS that, in his pursuit and capture of the quaint phrase "set her up," he has hit upon a conventional form of words appropriated, in my neighborhood at least, to convivial uses. Our conventionalism, I am told, originated in a beer-shop, and means a treat for a round of friends.

To whom a place to plow, and laws their own
We gave, wedlock with us refused, and takes
Into her realms Æneas as her lord.
And now this Paris, with his half-man crew,[1] 215
His chin in a Mæonian[2] mitre's tie,
His dapper locks perfumed, the spoil hath seized,
While we, forsooth, gifts to thy temple bring,
And of our high descent are idly vain."
  Him so beseeching, while the altars' horns
He held, the Almighty heard, and turned his eyes 220
The royal[3] walls towards, and lovers there,
Forgetful of their better fame,[4] and calls
His herald Mercury swift, and thus him bids:
"Go, act![5] Call thou the Zephyrs, son, and glide
On wings. The Dardan leader quick bespeak,
Who now in Tyrian Carthage lingers long, 225
Unmindful of those cities him the Fates
Have given, and prompt to him my message bear:
'Not such to us hath promised he should be
She, beauteous far o'er all, who him brought forth,
And, therefore, twice from arms of Greeks him saved.[6]
But this she promised, that it should be he
Would govern Italy's fields, with empires big 230

1 "Semiviro comitatu."

2 "A Lydian bonnet."—PIERCE.

3 VIRGIL purposely uses a term of praise in contrast with the splenetic terms of the disappointed suitor: as though the poet had said (aside):—

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora.

4 "Melioris famæ:" terms in contrast with the *evil* fame of the preceding passage.

5 "Vade, age!"

6 She rescued him from Diomede's attack and from Troy in flames.

And battles fierce, and would show forth his blood
From Teucer's lofty line, and the whole globe
Should put beneath his laws. If stirs him not
The glory of such things, nor for himself
He builds this labor, and his own renown :
Doth he, a father, to Ascanius grudge
The Roman towers? What may his purpose be? 235
Or what his hope, in hostile lands delayed?
Or why regards he not Ausonia's race,
Nor seeks Lavinian fields? Set sail he must!'
The sum is this of all that we would say.
And do thou to him this our message bear."[1]
So spake he. And the messenger prepared
His mighty Father's mandate to obey.
And, first, unto his feet he fastened on
His golden sandals, which him bear on wings 240
Sublime, whether above the seas or lands,
And with like speed as leaps the dashing storm;
And then, his wand he takes. With it he calls
From Orcus pallid ghosts, or others sends
The gloomy depths beneath of Tartarus black;
Gives sleep, or takes 't away; and eyes from death
Unseals, and with it sways the ocean-winds, 245
And rules the turbid clouds. And now in flight
There comes within his view the soaring peak
And the steep sides abrupt of Atlas huge,
Who on his flinty summit holds the heavens,
Atlas, whose head, pine-bearing, ever frowns
With pitchy clouds, and by the winds and storms

[1] "Let him to ship! This is the doom; this word I bid thee bear."
MORRIS.

Is lashed, while draws the covering snow its cloak 250
His shoulders o'er, and from the old man's chin
Plunge streams, and stiff his harsh beard is with ice.
Here, hovering first with balanced wings, stood still
Cyllenius[1] swift, and then his body sent
The waves towards, like to a bird who round
The shores and round the fishy rocks seeks low 255
A flight the waters near; not otherwise,
Between the earth and heaven, towards Libya's realms
And coast of sand, he flew, and cut the winds,[2]
The child Cyllenean he, of noble line,
E'en coming from his mother's father's blood.[3]
So soon as with his wing-borne feet he touched
The laborers' huts, Æneas he perceived
With deep foundations busy and with roofs, 260
The rocky sites of towers, and temple-walls,
And by his side a starry sword he bore

[1] Mercury was so called from his native place, Mount Cyllene in Arcadia.

[2] "Haud aliter terras inter cœlumque volabat
Litus arenosum ad Libyæ, ventosque secabat."

This rhyme, which, we may suppose, was wholly accidental, so offends certain of the VIRGILIANS, among them HEYNE and SYMMONS, that they are ready to declare the lines to be spurious. Their dissatisfaction extends to the close of the passage, so as to cut off even the maternal grandfather. This dissatisfied faction have occasionally encouraged each other by omitting one of the rhyming lines. SYMMONS omits the latter and the next. But to me these three lines all seem without fault, and to make a fitting close for the word-picture of a God skimming, in the manner of a bird, the Mediterranean shore. "He was the son of Jupiter," says the poet, "and he claims a high lineage even as the grandson of Atlas." And this was a wholly natural reflection of the poet's as he watched him bearing away from Mount Atlas.

[3] His mother was Maia. Her father was Atlas.

Which gleamed with gems of yellow jasper bright,[1]
And blazed his robe with Tyrian purple gay
Which from his shoulders swept, and threads disclosed
Of gold inwrought, gifts from the wealthy queen.
Straight he attacks :[2] "Thou, now, uxorious man, 265
Why fixest thou of Carthage proud the towers?
Why this fine city dost in order set?
Forgetful thou of thine own realm, and moved
By no regard of thine own high affairs!
Himself me sent from bright Olympus down
The Governor of the Gods, who by his will
Makes turn[3] the skies and earth. Himself 270
Commands to thee these orders I should bring
Swift as the wind: 'What may thy purpose be?
Or in what hope dost thou in Libyan lands
Thy leisure waste? If stirs thee glory not,
Glory of things so great, not for thyself
Thy labor thou dost build, and thy renown;
Of thine Ascanius think, think of thine heir,

[1] Among the presents made by Godfrey: —

"Argantes has a sword of princely cost,
Whose hilt and pommel gay with jewels flame,
Set in bright gold so curiously embossed
That the rare workmanship might almost shame
The rich material."

TASSO, by WIFFEN, Second Canto, *sub fin.*

[2] "Continuo invadit." The poet thus announces a vigorous speech. The speech was, indeed, continuously aggressive, invasive!

[3] "Numine torquet." "Nicetas the Syracusan, and Plato, also, but the latter not so clearly as the former, contend that the earth revolves around its axis *with great celerity*" ("summa celeritate"). — CICERO, *Questions of the Academy*, 4, 39, 123. Opera Omnia, Vol. 4, p. 75. And yet some will tell us that Astronomy is a modern science.

Him and his rising hopes. To him are due 275
Italian realms and all the Roman world!'"[1]
So speaking, and while yet his accents rang,
From mortal vision went Cyllenius forth,
And vanished far, lost in the viewless air.[2]
  But, at the sight, Æneas senseless was
With fear; erect with horror stood his hair, 280
And clung unto his jaws his voice.[3] He burns
By flight to escape, and the sweet lands to leave,
By warning such astonished of the Gods
And their commands. Alas! What shall he do?
By what address can he the raging Queen
Get round[4]? What first words shall he choose?
His mind now hither, quick, now thither, runs, 285

[1] VIRGIL only partly adheres to the Homeric method. This method would have required the exact repetition of each word as given by the sender of the message.

[2] "To be imprisoned in the viewless winds."—SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, III., 1.

[3] "A shiver ran all through Æneas' ossibus,
His speechless vox stuck in his chattering faucibus,
The hair stood endwise on his powdered wig
Like quills upon the fretful porcupig."

VAILL.

A pungent satire upon the art of rhyming. It will be observed, too, that the rhymester contrives to utilize VIRGIL and SHAKESPEARE in the same sentence.

[4] "Ambire." The word has exactly the same expressive, though homely, meaning as its constituent syllables *ambi* and *eo*. It is the root of our more elegant word "*ambition*." *Ambi* is from the Greek αμφι, and has the significance of the German um.

We read in PLAUTUS:—

"Virtute ambire oportet, non favitoribus;
Sat habet favitorum semper qui recte facit."

May I attempt a translation?

By merits, not by favor, one must win;
He who does right can always favor claim.

Torn into various parts, and lost in all.
To him so swayed in mind this thought seems best:
Mnestheus he calls, and calls Sergestus, too,
And brave Cloanthus [1]; bids them fit the fleet
In silence, and their comrades shoreward bring,
And arms provide, but that the cause that prompts 290
This order new of things they keep concealed.
And meantime, he, since Dido, best of friends,
Is uninformed, and hopes that loves so great
No breach may suffer, will approaches try
And softest opportunities fair of speech
And methods dexterous such as chance may bring.
Prompt all with joy the order given obey,
And set about performing tasks required. 295
But snares the Queen (who can a lover cheat?)
Forefeels,[2] and, first of all, she through the veil
Of future movements sees, and while yet safe,
She fears. That Evil Fame [3] which, impious, spread
Far round the story of their loves, to frenzied her
Revealed the fleet's equipment and the plan

[1] "Serestus," some say here, but I prefer to follow the manuscripts which say "Cloanthus."

VAILL, alone of the VIRGILIANS, is capable of cutting this Gordian knot (which, however, he, too, does at the expense of Cloanthus):—

"He wants to go, and then again he does n't;
'The situation' is, indeed, unpluzzent.
At length he calls his comrades,—brave Serestus,
Achates, Porter, Farragut, Sergestus."

[2] "Præsensit."

[3] Fama, malum; monstrum; dea fœda; impia. See *ante*, line 174, this Book, and the note.

Prepared of setting forth. Weakened in mind,
She raves, and, violent made with all her grief, 300
The city through she strays intoxicate, strays
Like as a Thyiad[1] wild with opening rites
Of Bacchus' festival of triple years,
What time the "Io Bacche!" smites the air,
And all the mounts nocturnal ring with cheers,
The mounts Cithæron sacred to the God.
And, at the last, Æneas with her words
She thus pursues: "Didst thou, perfidious, hope 305
A wrong so huge to hide, and, silent, seek
Departure from my shores? Nor holds thee back
Our love? Nor thee restrain our right hands given?
Nor Dido doomed by cruel death to die?
And why 'neath wintry stars forms't thou thy fleet,
Thou cruel, and dost haste the deep to dare
'Midst Aquilonian gales?[2] What? Were it even so 310
That Troy remained, and thou wert not of homes
Remote in search and foreign fields, would'st thou
E'en Troy seek out through all these plunging waves?[3]
And is 't not me that thou dost shun? But now,

[1] Θυΐας, Thyiad, a word of three syllables, having its root in θύω, whence our words enthuse, enthused, enthusiasm.

[2] The Aquilonian gales (Aquilo being the North Wind) come from the north, and, for an outward voyage from Africa, would be unfavorable.

[3] MORRIS misses the true sense of this passage. He misses it so far as to put a negative, "not," where no negative is found in VIRGIL: —

"Woulds't thou *not* still be seeking Troy across the wavy brine?"

CONINGTON has the true sense: —

"E'en for that Troy, your ancient home,
You ne'er would cross yon angry foam."

By these my tears, and by thine own right hand,
(Since to my wretched self naught else is left 315
But prayer,) thee I beseech, by nuptials ours,
By wedding-bliss begun, if I in aught
Have well-deserved of thee, if sweet in aught
By thee I have been found, oh, mercy show
A falling house towards, and, if remains
As yet for prayer a place, this purpose change.
Because of thee hate me the Libyan tribes, 320
Hate me the Nomad lords, and e'en are grieved
My Tyrians. And, because of thee, extinct
Is modesty now, and that by which, alone,
I sought the stars, my earlier fame.[1] Besides,
Thou art, at least, my guest, and, let me ask,
Since such is all of one my husband once,
To whom dost thou me, in my death, desert?
Or why make I delay? For comes not soon 325
My walls to waste Pygmalion while he may,
A brother he, or the Gætulian king,
Iarbas, me a captive to possess? . . .[2]
At least if ere thy flight there had remained,
From thee to me derived, some scion fair,
Some young Æneas, gay with life and joy,
That in my halls might play, and whose sweet face
Might thee recall, I should not, then, myself
Quite vanquished deem and desolate left and lone." 330

[1] SERVIUS observes on the pathos and expression which VIRGIL threw into these lines, on the occasion of his recitation of them before the imperial family: "Dicitur ingenti affectu hos versus VIRGILIUM pronuntiasse cum privatim paucis præsentibus, recitaret Augusto. Nam recitavit voce optima primum, tertium et quartum."

[2] A full line followed by an emotional pause. These pauses constitute, in my opinion, great ornaments of the Poem.

She ceased: he, by command of Jove restrained,
His eyes held motionless, and struggling pressed,
Beneath his heart, his care; then briefly spoke:
"O Queen, that thou of goodness much and high
Hast been, in many ways, which thou canst well
Set forth, I 'll not deny; nor shall I e'er, 335
Unpleased, Elissa's[1] name recall as long
As I myself have memory of myself,
Or mind these limbs controls.[2] A word I 'll say
Of what 's proposed. Think not that I a flight
By stealth designed; nor e'er the bridal torch
Held forth to thee, nor in such compact came.[3]
Me if the Fates allowed my life to lead 340
As I would wish, and, self-advised, my cares
Arrange, devoted I would be[4] to Ilium first
And relics sweet of friends slain in its streets;
And Priam's lofty walls should rise again,
And by this hand should Pergama's towers again
Be built for conquered men. But now directs 345
Grynean[5] Phœbus that my way should tend
Great Italy's shores towards, and Italy, too,
The Lycian lots[6] command. There is my love,
And there my country is. Phœnician thou,
If thee the towers of Carthage please, and charm

[1] Elissa was the Queen's more familiar and endearing name.

[2] "Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus."

[3] "Aut hæc in fœdera veni."

[4] "Colerem."

[5] From Gryneum, a city on the Northern coast of Lydia.

[6] So called from Apollo's temple and oracle at Patara in Lycia. It is a matter of debate among the commentators whether Æneas had really consulted these oracles and those at Gyrneum, or employs these words as mere words of authority. ANTHON thinks that he may have consulted them, although VIRGIL has not chosen to report his visit to either place.

Thine eyes a Libyan city's domes, what, then,
Is wrong in this, that, Teucrians, we, a home
Prefer in lands Ausonian far? We, too, 350
'T is just, may distant realms desire. In dreams,
Whene'er with humid shades the earth by night
Is clad, whene'er arise the astral fires,
Me warns the troubled shade of him my sire
Anchises, and with dread me overwhelms.
Ascanius, too, my boy, his claims I slight,
Him of Hesperian realms remote I wrong 355
And fated fields.[1] And but just now, sent down
From Jove himself, a heavenly messenger,
(Each one of us doth know it) these commands
Brought through the fleet-winged air. Myself saw plain
The God within the walls his entrance make,
And with these ears of mine heard I his voice.
Then cease my heart and thine with thy complaints 360
To burn. Not of mine own mere will it is
I Italy follow . . . "[2]

At him thus speaking long she looked, averse,
Now here, now there, by turns her eyes employed,
Her silent looks o'er all his person strayed,
And thus, on fire, she spoke: "No Goddess' son 365
Art thou, perfidious one, no Dardanus great

[1] "But if the court do understand herself,
(And she presume she do) that little elf,
Ascanius, ma'am, is foreordained to found
A fust-class empire on Italian ground."

VAILL.

[2] "Italiam non sponte sequor." The imperfect line is, it seems to me, intentional, and part of the art of the poet.

Is author of thy race; but brought thee forth,
Its flinty rocks among, harsh Caucasus' crags,
And thee have nursed Hyrcanian tigers' dugs.
For why should I dissemble? Why myself
Reserve for greater wrongs? Groaned he what time
I grieved? Or bent his eyes? Or, overcome, 370
Shed tears? Or pitied me who so loved him?
To whom can I now go? Now, now, no more
On me doth Juno, Queen Supreme in heaven,
Nor Jove Saturnian, turn impartial eyes.
No safety[1] longer is there in good faith.

[1] "Nusquam *tuta* fides." SYMMONS, CONINGTON, MORRIS, and CRANCH forget or ignore the "tuta," and say merely that good faith is dead or is gone; others add an impatient exclamation against justice: —

As DRYDEN: "Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more!"

PITT: "Guilt, guilt prevails, and justice is no more!"

PIERCE: "Good faith is dead, and weary justice dropped her rusty scales."

COOPER: "There is justice neither in heaven nor earth!"

LONG: "There is *no true heart* left in all the world!"

TASSO's imitation of this whole passage is remarkably close. Let a few words of quotation suffice: he is formulating the rage of Armida against Rinaldo: —

Thee no Sophia bore, no Azzo gave
Blood for thy being! Thy fierce parents were
The icy Caucasus, the mad sea-wave,
Some Indian tiger or Hyrcanian bear!
Why should I longer fawn? Did the man e'er
Show but one sign of warm humanity?
Changed he his color at my sharp despair?
Did he but dash one tear-drop from his eye?
Or breathe for all my pangs a single sigh?

. . . . . .

Soon shall my ghost, a haunting shade behind
From which thou canst not tear thyself away,
Dog all thy thoughts by night, thy steps by day.

WIFFEN, Canto 16.

STANIHURST makes Dido, in her anger, call Æneas a "*runagate hedgebrat*," and his excuses "*baw-vaw trumpery*."

Cast on my shore, in need, him I received,
And, senseless, made him sharer of my realm.
His foundered fleet, his men, saved I from death. 375
Ah! how the Furies burn me! Now predict
Apollo's auguries dread! And now the lots
At Lycia given! And now one sent from Jove,
From Jove himself, a heavenly messenger,
Bears down from upper air the dread command!
Such labors then, forsooth, the Gods employ!
Such cares their minds serene disturb! But yet
I hold thee not, nor at thee cast thy words. 380
Go, follow Italy's cause through winds, and seek
Through waves her realms. Hope I, indeed, if aught
Of power in holy Gods remains, that thou
Amidst the rocks thy punishment shalt drink,
And oft shalt call on Dido's name. And thee
I 'll follow, absent yet full near, and smite
With pitch-black fires, and when cold death thy soul 385
Shall from thy members free, in every place
A Shade I shall be found. Knave,[1] thou shalt make

[1] "Improbe." Usually rendered "wretch," but more correctly "knave," a person wanting in probity.

PITT conveniently ignores the word.

Roman traditions show that in Italy peculiar importance was attached to probity. By one of the Laws of the Twelve Tables none but an honest man was permitted to give testimony or to make a will.

NI TESTIMONIVM FARIATVR IMPROBVS INTESTABILISQVE ESTO. Frag. XII. Tab. ap. GELL. 15, 13.

Even in VIRGIL'S time a more bitter accusation could not be made against a Roman than that he had broken his word.

Full retribution due, and I shall hear,
Among the Ghosts in Hades' deepest depths,
The story told of all thy pains and woes."
  Here in the midst broke she her speaking off
And, sick, forsook the light, and from his eyes
Turned sad and sore away, him leaving mute 390
By fear delayed, and thinking much to say.
Her take her handmaids up, and her limp limbs
Unto her marble chamber bear, and lay
In feverish rest upon her royal couch.
  And now devout Æneas, although much
By soothing he desires her grief to calm,
And by soft words aside her cares to turn,
With groans profound, and by his mighty love 395
In mind o'erthrown, proceeds to follow out
Heaven's high decree, and seeks the fleet.
There truly Teucrians to their work fall on,
And all along the shore are spread their ships,
The lofty ships of Troy; swim the tarred keels,
And from the woods leaf-bearing oars they bring
And logs not trimmed, zealous to forward all
That leads to flight. . . .[1] 400

The whole drift of Dido's accusations against Æneas is found in "*tuta*," and "*dabis*." "There is no *safety* in good faith." "Knave, thou shalt *pay*." And all this in reply to the defence of Æneas: "non hæc in fœdera veni," "I made no such *bargain*."

The translators, in this instance, excepting only PIERCE, err from VIRGIL's sense in making Dido denounce Æneas as a "traitor."

1 "Infabricata fugæ studio."

An imperfect line, indicating either an hiatus to be supplied by words, or a pause to be filled by the imagination. It is not easy to say which is intended. I incline to think the pause intentional, for, it will be observed that here the description of the shore and the sailors ceases — a natural pause ensues — you turn your observation towards the city, and thence you see coming the emigrating people — warriors, rustics, women, children.

And there their dense migrating throngs thou see'st,
Pouring from all the city forth. And all
Eager as ants, when, mindful that impend
The winter storms, they a great pile of wheat
Attack and place in store. Goes through the grass
The black array, and in a narrow track
The booty rolls. Some 'gainst the greater grains 405
Their shoulders push; some force the march and urge
The idlers on, while all the progress boils.[1]
What, then, thy feelings, Dido, at this sight!
What groans gavest thou, when from thy highest tower, 410
Thou sawest the harbor seethe and all the sea
Mixed in such clamors rude beneath thy gaze!
To what wilt thou not mortal breasts compel,
Dishonest love! Again to tears she 's driven,
Again to supplicate low, to try of love
The power upon the soul, that may remain
To her in face of death no plan untried. 415
"Anna, the shore throughout, thou see'st is haste.
From everywhere around they meet. The air
The canvas calls, and sailors glad place crowns
On quarter-decks. If I such grief could see

[1] "Opere omnis semita fervet."
See note on the words "fervet opus" in line 436 of the First Book.

As to the habits of the ants the poets and the entomologists seem to be at variance. SOLOMON, a poet himself, is on the side of the poets. Prov. vi. 6, 7. 8. Entomology, too, affects to correct ancient literature, as to the social and political institutions of the bees. I have not learned whether science denies that it is possible for the carcass of a lion to beget bees.

Might come, so, sister, shall I bear it, too ; 420
But, Anna, do for wretched me, this only thing.
For that perfidious one for thee alone
Cared aught, and unto thee he open made
His secret thoughts. Alone thou knowest just how
The man to approach, and all his gentler ways
And times. Go, sister, and, a suppliant, fall
Our haughty guest before :[1] 'Not I have sworn 425
With Danaan foes the Trojan race to crush,
When met at Aulis all their gathered foes ;
Not I sent ships to Troy ; not I have torn
From out their grave the ashes pale or ghost
Father[2] Anchises left. Why, then, hath he
To all my words so closed his ears ? Why such
His haste ? To wretched me, so loving him,
Let him one final guerdon grant, to wait
An easier flight and winds that outward tend. 430
Not now seek I that former wedding-bond
By him thrown off, nor that his Latium fair
He should forego, and leave his promised realm :
An idle space I seek, a rest, and room
For this my frenzy's rage, whilst conquered me
Sad Fortune trains to grief.' This grace I crave, 435
(O sister, pity me !) which if thou giv'st,
I will return increased, e'en by my death.[3]"

[1] See the close of the note on the words "Cumulatam morte remittam," in line 436 of the present Book.

[2] ANTHON says *his* father Anchises. But not so restricted is the Latin form.

[3] "Cumulatam morte remittam." Eminently a feminine speech, especially between sisters: "I 'll do anything for you; I 'll die for you!" or, as one man might say to another: "I will repay you with compound interest,

Such her entreaties were, and such the prayers
Her sister, filled with grief, doth oft repeat
To him. But he, though so besought, is still
Unmoved, and hears, intractable, the words
The sister brings. The Fates oppose. The God 440
Obstructs the man's unwilling ears. And as
From Alps the Boreal winds, descending, strive
With blasts, now here, now there, put forth, to tear

and you may kill me into the bargain, if you like." It is the very language of earnest, nervous entreaty. Nor was it, originally, an idle promise. The creditor, at an early stage of the Roman Law, it is said, could take the life of his delinquent debtor: "Illum secare licet, etc. Et si plus minusve non se fraude esto." He could cut him into pieces, and whether the pieces were large or small no wrong should be imputed to the creditor.

Yet ANTHON and others are in despair over the passage.

MORRIS says: "And manifold, when I am dead, the debt I will repay:" an ungrateful offer to postpone payment till after the termination of a "life in being."

DRYDEN: "My death shall glut the hatred of his breast,"
which is a bad line on all accounts.

PITT: —

"My death shall please
His cruel soul, and set us both at ease," —

as bad as DRYDEN.

Some of the VIRGILIANS construe the line as though the grace "veniam" were expected to come from Æneas, whereas, in express terms, it is besought from Anna, — the grace or favor of delaying Æneas' departure: "quorum deder*is*," not "deder*it*." So they construe the cumulatam as of Anna, and think it should probably be cumulat*um*, as of Æneas, whereas it applies to neither, but to the "veniam," the favor besought by Dido of Anna. So they construe miserere sororis, have mercy on *my* sister, as spoken by Anna to Æneas, whereas these words should be construed have mercy on *thy* sister, being spoken by Dido to Anna while asking of her a favor. The troubles into which the VIRGILIANS fall arise, in the first place, from confounding the message to Æneas with the entreaty to Anna; and, in the next place, from the rather absurd idea that Dido already proclaims, not only to Anna, but through her to Æneas, her determination to put an end to her life.

My discovery of this "Message to Æneas," and its elimination from the entreaty to Anna, constitute a new reading.

From out the earth an oak by length of years
Made strong, shrieks the shrill blast, and strews the earth
Its foliage beaten from its lofty crown,
But fast it holds its anchorage in the rocks, 445
And, far as reach its branches up to heaven,
So, downward reach to Tartarus' depths its roots,[1]
Thus was the hero stormed by ceaseless words
Him buffeting, now on this side, now that,
And all his mighty heart felt care, but firm
His mind remained, and vainly poured the tears.
And now, indeed, unhappy Dido prays,
So terrified is she by all the Fates, 450
For death. Irksome it is to her the vault
Of heaven to see. And that she may the more
Her purpose dread fulfill, and leave the light,
Sees she, the incense-bearing shrines upon,
When there her sacred gifts she placed, turn black
('T is horrible to tell) the holy milk,
And turn to blood obscene the flowing wine. 455
This vision unto none did she relate,
But kept concealed, e'en from her sister's self.
Besides, there was, among the city's roofs,
A marble temple built to render praise
To him her former husband, which she held
In honor eminent, bound round with wreaths
Of snow and festal bays. Thence, when the night
Obscure the earth enwrapt, were voices heard 460
Which seemed the words of him long dead sent forth

1 "Tantum radice in Tartara tendit."

And calling her; and on the towers his plaint
The solitary owl sung out in chant
Funereal, and led forth long sounds in wail.
And much besides, by priests devout foretold,
With terrible monition horrifies.[1]
Frenzied in sleep her drives Æneas' self, 465
A savage form. Always she seems quite left
Alone, and always on a journey long
All unaccompanied to be, and far
Her Tyrians to be seeking in waste lands,
As raving Pentheus the Eumenides dread
Beholds in ranks, while the twin sun and Thebes 470
Twofold appear, or o'er the stage flees wild
Orestes, Agamemnon's son, to escape
His mother armed with flames and serpents black,
While at the gate th' avenging Furies sit.[2]

[1] "Terribili monitu horrificant."

[2] Both these allusions — to Pentheus and to Orestes — are taken from the Greek drama. It is not easy to see why, in the stage properties, there should be two suns and two Thebeses, but the Greek poet so relates the story: —

Καὶ μὴν ὁρᾶν μοι δύω μὲν ἥλιους δοκῶ
Δισσὰς δὲ Θήβας, καὶ πολισμ' ἐπτάστομον.

EURIPIDES, Bacchæ, v. 916.

In the case of Orestes it is easy to understand the posture of the Furies, and the reason of their presence. According to PACUVIUS, the enraged ghost of his mother and the flaming Furies followed him even to the temple of Apollo in Delphi.

Pentheus was King of Thebes, an unbeliever in Bacchus, and the usual version of his fate, departing from that of Euripides, is that he fell a victim to the religious bigotry of his mother and her sisters, votaries of that God.

Returning to Orestes, it is noteworthy that the Eumenides, as their name implies, were called the *Kind Goddesses*, those who *wished well* to all. This forbearance in speech resulted, it is supposed, from a superstitious notion that their favor might thus be propitiated. This name was given to them as the familiar demons or watch-dogs of Athens, — a position to

So, when by grief o'erthrown, she welcome gave
The Furies, and to die decreed, the time 475
And mode within herself she planned, and met
With well-feigned words her sister sad, while hid
Her face her purpose, and her brow with hope
Seemed smooth. "The way, kinswoman, I have found,
(Rejoice, my sister, with me,) which to me
Him will restore, or me from love towards him
Will render free. Near Ocean's bound, where sets
The orb of day, a place there is, the last 480
Of lands that Ethiopians rule, where turns
The snow-crowned Atlas on his shoulders huge
The pole with burning stars bestrewn.[1] Thence once
I saw, from the Massylian race derived,
A priestess, guardian of the fane where kneel
The Hesperides [2] within their garden walls,

which, it is supposed, they condescended as the special avengers of disrespect to parents.

In ancient tragedy, that woe is represented by Orestes which, in modern tragedy, finds expression in Hamlet. That woe is the breach of filial duty. For this the sentiment of ancient times admitted of no excuse. From the boards of the Greek and Roman theatres went forth the same mandate which was sent down, through thunders and lightnings, and smoke and cloud and earthquake, and the appalling tones of the trumpet, from Sinai: "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother." And it is to this sentiment that the Æneid largely owed, and owes, its popularity. The next Book will be entirely devoted to the praise and honor of this cardinal sentiment; and it is this circumstance, perhaps, which moved MONTAIGNE to say that that Book excelled, in his opinion, all the other Books of the Æneid.

[1] "The pole with burning stars bestrown."

MORRIS.

[2] The Western Maidens (Hesperia being the general name for "the West"), three Nymphs devoted to the care of the golden apples.

And who the dragon there was giving food 485
With honey soft and poppies bearing sleep,[1]
And on the tree was keeping safe the boughs
That sacred were. And she what minds she would
Held forth from cares to free and others bind;
Could make stand still the flowing stream, the stars
Could backward turn, and call nocturnal ghosts, 490
So that the earth beneath her feet to groan
Would seem, and down the mountain-sides would
come
The oaks. Dear kith and kin, thee and thy head
So sweet, and all the Gods, I do obtest
That magic arts by me not willingly
Are used. Do thou a pyre in secret rear
Within the palace walls, but 'neath the sky,
And lay thereon the weapons of the man, 495
And everything which, placed, he impious left
The chamber walls within, his garments all,
And, too, the nuptial couch where perished I.
All souvenirs given, so did the priestess show,
And so command, should utterly be destroyed
Of this man never to be named by me."[2]

These things she said, and silent was, and pale

[1] This species of food seems undesirable for a dragon expected to maintain a sleepless vigilance; and the escape from the difficulty seems to consist in supposing the poppy to be only *sprinkled on* as an appetizer. This explanation seems to me to be unsatisfactorily thin. I suggest that this priestess may have been in the interest of Hercules, who coveted the apples and was possessed with dracocidal views. In this connection I call attention to the problematical tense of "dabat" and "servabat," she *was giving* and *was keeping*, for a purpose. Her business was to attend to the temple, but she seems to have wandered from that to the suspicious anodyning of a watchful dragon guarding precious fruit.

[2] "Nefandi viri." The unmentionable man.

Was all her face. But Anna hath no thought 500
That by these novel rites her sister sad
A pretext seeks for death, nor deems, deceived,
That in her breast so great a frenzy rules,
Nor graver things forebodes than then befell
When lay Sychæus dead. So to her words
She prompt obedience yields . . .[1]
But now the Queen, the pyre[2] beneath the heavens

[1] "Ergo jussa parat."

An imperfect line, but with what intention left imperfect it is hard to divine. The pause is scarcely required by emotion, nor to indicate an interval of time; and the line is probably one which awaited completion. Yet the first words of the next line, "At regina," indicate that the pause is not without a purpose. The distressed sister had promised to build this pyre and to place upon it the things named by the Queen. The space, then, indicates the space of time taken to build the pyre, and that the delay made the Queen restive. "But" (at) the pyre being now built, "the Queen" (regina), in the zeal of her purpose, excuses her sister from further aid, and herself takes charge. She places upon the pyre the things of which she had spoken, and more; for she places upon it an effigy of Æneas, that is, a waxen figure, following the method of an apotheosis. This melting and consuming in flames of a waxen figure, as a propitiatory sacrifice, dooming the deceased to Tartarus, had of course a significance the opposite of that of the apotheosis, which was the sending the soul to heaven on the wings of an eagle,—a practice in connection with the deification, theopoiia, of sovereigns of eminent merit.

[2] "At regina, pyra penetrali in sede."

DRYDEN, in his preface to the Pastorals, says that in the nice ears of the court of Augustus rhyme was considered as much a deformity as it is now considered an ornament, and that therefore the imperial courtiers could not forgive VIRGIL for even "the accidental rhyme" of "regina pyra;" but DRYDEN is here either drawing on his imagination or speaking on poor authority. There is here no rhyme, but VIRGIL has many passages wherein occur accidental rhymes. I have observed that DRYDEN is very apt to make remarks abounding in absurdity in questions which in any way concern a woman. What would he say to this, for instance, said of *Proteus*, in the Fourth Georgic (line 442), that most polished of all poems?—

"Ignemque, hórribilemque," etc.

I am inclined to think that just the opposite of what DRYDEN states is the

In penetralian place [1] being built, and huge 505
Its size with heaped-up logs of the pitch-pine
And ilex [2] made, with garlands wreathes the place
And crowns with boughs funereal. And above
His garments all [3] she places, and the sword
He left behind, and on the couch she lays
His effigy, not ignorant she of things to come.
Around the altars stand; and, with her hair
Thrown wild, the priestess dread her litany sad
Intones, wherein three hundred Gods she names,[4] 510

truth: that accidental rhymes were not found objectionable; but that Roman taste revolted against the art which DRYDEN practiced, of pursuing sound to the neglect of sense.

[1] "Penetrali in sede." Is the English adjective "penetralian" a new coinage of my own? If it be, I apologize for the introduction of a new word into so rich a language.

[2] "Tædis . . . ilice." Tæda is the resinous, combustible pine, the pitch-pine used for hymeneal and funereal torches, and producing resin, turpentine, and tar. The ilex is the great scarlet-oak, sometimes called the holm-oak, and remarkable for its vivid foliage and the size and abundance of its acorns. It will be observed that VIRGIL omits no opportunity to display his knowledge of, and relish for, practical agriculture.

[3] "Exuvias." Clothing; that which has been stripped off. The ritual, as expounded by the priestess, required that every vestige of the man, even his clothing, to the last shred, should be consumed on the funereal pyre. The word has, also, a more general sense, as armor, spoils of war, booty.

[4] ". . . Sacerdos
Ter centum tonat ore deos."

This was the Massylian priestess of whom Dido had spoken to Anna.

The existence of a litany and litanies in the pre-Christian systems of religion cannot be denied. They are the originals of the modern litanies, and like them were intoned, and like them were, as the name (λιτῆς) implies, prayers, earnest wrestlings with the superior powers, wielding influence and having at their disposal celestial graces.

SYMMONS, WAGNER and ANTHON say: "She thrice invokes a hundred Gods," but this will not do. There is in this too much of repetition.

DRYDEN says: "Three-fold Hecate by her hundred names." But *this* will not do. This is too Hecatonian.

COOPER says that she *thunders* at the Gods. Too strong.

Chants Erebus' shades and Chaos, and invokes
The three-fold Hecaté, the faces three
Which great Diana[1] wears, the Goddess pure,

LONG: "Thrice calls in thunder tones a hundred Gods." Too loud.
MORRIS and PIERCE say that she *calls* the Gods. Too feeble.
CONINGTON: —

"The priestess, with her hair unbound,
Three hundred Gods proclaims."

This is true, but not the whole truth.

CRANCH evades the point by saying: —

". . . The priestess thrice a hundred Gods
Invokes . . ."

which is as uncertain as an oracle.

PITT has the same evasion, and besides ignores two hundred Gods, two thirds of the mythological system.

TASSO and his translator WIFFEN, in the parallel passage in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, adopt the construction I contend for in making *Armida* call

"*Three hundred* Gods from Tartarus the dun."

[1] Here are noticeable the trinities: the three hundred Gods, Hecate triple, Diana triple. Indeed, in the VIRGILIAN line, there is what might be called a double trinity: —

"Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ."

Diana on earth was Luna in the skies, and Hecate, or Proserpina, in the shades.

Tres numerus super omnia, tres Deus unus.

The triple character and attributes of Diana found expression in three stanzas, whereof the lines were composed of only one word each: —

I.

Terret
Proserpina
Ima
Sceptro.

II.

Lustrat
Luna
Suprema
Fulgore.

III.

Agit
Diana

The Virgin Goddess' self, and then feigned drops
Of water, as from founts Avernian brought,
Sprinkles around, with milk of poison black
From tender herbs with copper[1] scissors clipped
In moonlight's beam; and seeks the love-charm torn
From off the forehead of a new-foaled colt,
Ere yet the mother seizes it . . .[2]

Feras
Sagitta.

These stanzas, being translated, read as follows: —

I.

Proserpina
With dread
Rules realms
Below.

II.

Above shines
Luna
In her
Silvery sheen.

III.

While drives
Diana's dart
The fleeing
Deer.

[1] "Ænis." Copper or bronze; not brass. See note to line 35 of the First Book.

[2] "Et matri prereptus amor . . ." Another imperfect line, probably awaiting completion, after such time as VIRGIL should have conferred with another round of stock-raisers. It is observable that this love-charm was not in the possession of the priestess, any more than was the Avernian water.

SYMMONS, a VIRGILIAN who seems to have taken upon himself the burden of consulting the stock-raisers, reports that this love-charm was called the hippomanes, and that of this there were two species, both of which were regarded as powerful ingredients in filters and magic potions. One of these was a tongue-like excrescence sometimes seen on the forehead of a

Meal in her hands devout, Dido herself,
The altars near, one foot from sandal free,
Her robe ungirdled, and resolved on death,
The Gods to witness calls ; and calls the stars, 520
Conscious of human Fate ; and then implores
Whatever will of heaven, mindful and just,
A care may have of lovers wrongly linked.
Night came, and wearied bodies through the earth
Were nipping[1] placid sleep ; the woods and waves,
The savage waves, were still ; half way revolved
Through heaven the stars had lapsed ; the idle fields, 525
The flocks, the painted birds, and all that haunt
The liquid lakes or wild and weird retreats,
In sleep recline the silent sky beneath,
Soothed all their cares, and all their hearts at rest
From toils of day. Not so the heavy heart
Phœnicia's sad, unhappy Queen oppressed.
Not she by dreams is rested. Not her eyes 530
Nor heart the night accept. But then her cares
Redouble. Rising swells again love's storm,
And of its wrath the mighty billows flow.[2]

new-born foal, which, it is said, the mare immediately seizes and eats, or, if prevented from so doing, refuses to suckle her offspring. The other species of hippomanes was a substance peculiar to mares, and is mentioned by VIRGIL in the Third Georgic, line 280.

1 "Carpebant." The imperfect past.

CONINGTON : —

"'T is night : earth's tired ones taste the balm,
The precious balm, of sleep."

DANTE has a similar passage in the beginning of the second canto of his *Lower World*.

2 VIRGIL may have obtained the idea of this fine description of Nature

Thus, therefore, reasons she, and thus her heart
Within she turns the matter o'er: "Ah, then,
What shall I do? Shall I, derided, try
Once more my former suitors? Shall I seek, 535
A suppliant, of the Nomads,[1] nuptials? They
Whom I so oft as husbands held in scorn?
And, therefore, Ilian fleets and lost commands
Of Teucrians shall I follow? All because,
Relieved by aid of mine, they *should* rejoice

in repose from a passage in the *Argonautics* of APOLLONIUS, with which scholars are familiar; but the pen of APOLLONIUS was incapable of producing so fine a picture. Even MALIN, in his pleasing canvas of the Beauty of the Night, has unsuccessfully rivalized VIRGIL. Nor has TASSO, even as aided by WIFFEN, done as well in painting the night which hung over the crusading army destined for the siege of the City of David: —

"'T is eve; 't is night; a holy quiet broods
O'er the mute world — winds, waters, are at peace;
The beasts lie couched amid unstirring woods,
The fishes slumber in the sounds and seas;
No twittering bird sings farewell from the trees.
Hushed is the dragon's cry, the lion's roar;
Beneath her glooms a glad oblivion frees
The heart from care, its weary labors o'er,
Carrying divine repose and sweetness to its core.
But not the midnight hush, nor starlight balm,
Nor sweet oblivion of all things in sleep,
Can in the chief or army bring the calm
Of blest repose, such eager watch they keep,
In their desire to see the morning peep,
And gave that long-sought city to their sight,
Where they the fruits of battle hope to reap;
Oft looking out to mark if yet the light
Breaking the dappled East, clears up the shades of night."

Canto 2, *sub fin.*

[1] "Nomadumque petam connubia supplex?"

She refers to the suit of Iarbas, King of Gætulia. It was from this monarch she had purchased her territory. See *ante*, this Book, line 211.

Even in the time of Augustus, these barbarians were so formidable that Cornelius Cossus Lentulus was sent with an army against them. For his success in reducing them to submission he received the title of Gætulicus. The modern descendants of these people are believed to be the Berbers.

Aid to return? And well in memory stands
The grace of favors rendered? But who me, 540
If I should so desire, this would permit?
Who me, so hated, on their haughty decks,
Would welcome give? And dost thou not yet know,
Alas! of that Laomedontian race,
Lost one, the broken oaths? What then? In flight,
Alone, the merry seamen[1] seek? Or sail
A hostile fleet, safe guarded round about
By mine whole host? And them, whom only now
From their Sidonian city I have torn, 545
Shall I again upon the sea drive forth,
Again command to wrestle with the waves?
Nay, die as thou dost merit; end thy grief
With steel. Thou, by my tears o'ercome, didst first,
My sister, me, all frenzied, burden down
With all these ills, and to the foe didst cast.
To me a blameless life to lead in joy 550
Was not allowed, nor like the beasts to live,
Removed from care; I who my faith
To dead Sychæus' ashes failed to keep!"
So great the questions were which from her breast,
In words full fraught with grief and pain, broke forth![2]
Æneas, in his lofty ship, now sure
Of his departure, and his orders given, 555
And all his preparations rightly made,

[1] "Nautas ovantes."

[2] "Such wailing of unhappy words from out her breast was torn."
MORRIS.

Was nipping sleep.[1] And to him, in his dreams,
There came the form, returning, of the God,
In look the same, and warning seemed to give.
In all things like to Mercury fair he was,
Like him in voice and color, and his hair,
A flowing mass of yellow locks, the same,
And bright with glow of youth his beauteous limbs:
"Thou, Goddess-born, canst thou, in danger's stress 560
So great, draw out thy sleep,[2] nor perils see
Which so around thee gather? Dost thou not,
Insensate, hear the prospering Zephyr's breath?
Deceit and mischief dire her breast within
Plans she, resolved to die, and tossed by floods,
By foaming gulfs, of wrath. In headlong flight
Why dost thou not depart whilst that thou canst? 565
For now if thee Aurora shall behold
Still lingering on these shores, the deep
With hostile keels shall boil, and thou shalt see
Shine forth the torches fierce, and glow the shores
With flame. Up! Act! Delays break short! A thing
Unsure, and full of change, a woman is."[3] 570
He said, and mingled with the murky night.

[1] "Carpebat somnos." The same word (carpo) repeated which began the preceding description, line 522, above. "Carpebant soporem" was there the full expression.

[2] "Ducere somnos."

[3] "Woman's a false and chattering thing, — she swears,
And will and will not, just as sits the wind;
Simple's the man, and credulous, and blind,
Who trusts a word she says."
Soliloquy of Vafrino, WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 19.

And now, indeed, Æneas, terrified
By this so sudden summons' shadowy dread,
From sleep his body rouses, and alarms
His comrades: "Ho! The Guard! All haste!
At once
The benches take! Dispatch! Let loose the sails!
Lo! once again, a God, from ether sent,
Sublime, urges to hasten flight, and bids 575
The twisted ropes to cut! We follow thee,
Thou holy one of heaven,[1] whoe'er thou art,
And glad again thy high commands obey.
Draw near, O thou, and aid, benign, our way,
And stars propitious bear thou through the sky."[2]
He said, and from its sheath his lightning sword 580
Drew forth, and with the keen edge cut the ropes.
Like ardor seizes all. They too, at once

[1] "Sancte deorum."
"Juno Saturnia, sancta dearum."
ENNIUS.

The expressions are identical, but of course this flight was not with the sanction of Juno.

[2] "'Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!'"
ARNOLD, *Light of Asia*, Fourth Book.

Even as sudden as the orders of Siddârtha on going into voluntary poverty were the orders of Æneas in resuming his voyage in search of Italy. Each was moved by a supernatural impulse; nor was it less hard for Æneas to renounce the charms of the Tyrian queen than for Siddârtha to flee from those of his Sâkya bride.

"'Speak low,' Siddârtha said, 'and bring my horse.
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison where my heart lies caged,
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men's sake, until the truth be found.'
. . . . . .
'The kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms — and all things pass
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka!'"

Urge, rush, and quick the shores desert. The sea
From view quite covered seems with martial sails.
And zealous hands in rivalry[1] twist the foam,
In rivalry plow the field of glassy blue.
  Aurora fair (Tithonus'[2] saffron couch
Deserting now) was with her earliest pearls 585
Sprinkling[3] the earth, when, from a look-out tower,
Just as the dawn was whitening,[4] saw the Queen,
With balanced sails receding, all the fleet,
The shore deserted, and the sailors gone.
Thrice, four times, with her hand her beauteous breast
She beat, and tore her golden hair. "'Fore Jove!"[5]
She said, "and will he go? Can thus our realms 590
A stranger hold in sport? And will not speed
Our forces forth, and, from the city's bounds,
Leap all to the pursuit? Why run ye not
The ships headlong from out their docks?[6] Go, haste,
Bring flames, spread sails, the dallying rowers drive! . . .[7]

[1] "Annixi."

[2] Tithonus was son of Laomedon, King of Troy, of whom Aurora became enamored, and for whom she obtained from Jove the gift of immortality.

[3] "Prima novo spargebat lumine."

[4] "Ut primum albescere lucem."

"Now Morn, her rosy steps in the Eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl."

Paradise Lost, 5, 1.

A personification suggested, without doubt, by this passage of VIRGIL.

[5] "Pro Jupiter!"

[6] "Navalibus."

[7] The Virgilian lines are full here, but dashes are employed in some of

But what is 't that I say? Where, where am I? 595
And what this madness that my mind hath changed?
. . . Ah, wretched Dido! now touch thee thy deeds
Unholy. Better then, when thou did'st yield
To him thy sceptre, had it been than now . . .[1]
Lo! *his* right hand! *his* faith! he who, they say,
Rescued from flames his household Gods![2] He who
His aged father on his shoulders bore!
Why, could I not have torn him limb from limb, 600
And strewn his worthless life upon the sea?
His comrades could I not, Ascanius even,
Have wasted with the sword, and him for food
Before his father placed?[3] 'But, then, of war
The issue doubtful is?' Yea, be it so:
But then, resolved to die, whom did I fear?
Torches among their camps I would have borne,

the texts to indicate emotion; and to the dashes I prefer dots. This remark applies throughout this speech.

[1] Despairing and bitter in an extreme degree is this dying speech of the broken-hearted Queen.

[2] "Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates!"

In Book Third, lines 11 and 12, the words of Æneas are: —

"Feror exul in altum,
Cum sociis, natoque, Penatibus et magnis Dis."

The VIRGILIANS are not agreed as to the exact sense of "Penatibus." ANTHON maintains that the Penates and Great Gods both belonged to Troy in a public sense: the Penates as presiding over the City, the Great Gods as presiding over the Nation. There is an opinion, too, that the Penates meant were the ancestral household divinities of Æneas. Dido, it will be observed, here names the Penates only; and this in my opinion is designed as a thrust, on her part, at the domestic devotion of Æneas.

[3] Dido here alludes to the most horrible legend in all mythology: the serving up by the revengeful Atreus of the two sons of Thyestes to their father.

Their decks with flame have filled, and son and sire, 605
With all their tribe, destroyed, and me myself
At last, alas! have added to it all . . .
Thou Sun, who dost illuminate with thy flame
All works of earth; and Juno, thou who art
Interpreter and author of these cares;
And Hecaté, thou named in grievous cries
Nocturnal, where in cities meet three roads in one;
And Fates avenging; and the Gods who now 610
O'er dying Elissa have charge, this prayer
Accept! Upon the wicked turn thy frowns
Deserved,[1] and these our supplications hear!
If so it must be that that head, by me
Unnamable,[2] should harbor safe approach,
And float even to his lands, and so of Jove
The Fates demand, and here his boundary sticks,[3]
Yet, vexed in war, and by a daring tribe 615
Harassed, may he, torn from the sight and care
Of his Iülus, beg abroad for aid
In foreign bounds, and look upon the deaths
Of friends not meriting such bloody doom;
Nor, when he yields to laws of lawless peace,[4]
May he enjoy his kingdom, nor his days,
But lose the precious light, and 'neath the sands
Lie prematurely dead! For this I pray, 620

[1] "Meritumque malis advertite numen."

[2] "Infandum caput." Mauvais sujet. Dido still inclines to add something more on that head.

[3] "Hic terminus hæret." Jove's boundary, grammatically; Æneas's, possibly. One of Jove's titles was Terminus, and as the God Terminus he had a statue on the Capitol.

[4] "Leges pacis iniquæ."

For this my latest words I with my blood
Pour forth. Then ye, O men of Tyre, do ye
This stock towards, and all its future race,
In hate on hate well discipline all your strength![1]
These gifts do ye unto our ashes give:
No love between the peoples let there be,
Nor leagues; and may there some avenger rise
From out our bones, who shall confront and goad 625
With steel these colonists driven from Troy,
Now, and in coming time, and whensoe'er
Strength they may gain! The shores I pray
Against the shores, the waves the floods against,[2]
And arms 'gainst arms, for fight forever ranked,
They, while they live, and all their latest sons!"
Thus said she, and her mind in all parts turned, 630

[1] "Tum vos, O Tyrii, stirpem, et genus omne futurum
Exercite odiis."

The vigor of the words "stirpem," "exercite," and "odiis" cannot be too much commended. And there is here the same occasion for remark on the construction of "exercite" that we have met with before in Book Third, line 182, and shall again in Book Fifth, line 725. The construction of the whole expression is as follows: —

"Train yourselves in hatreds as to this stock."

This construction PITT follows, and MORRIS. The latter adopts an unnecessary metaphor: —

"'Gainst his race that is, and is to be,
Feed full your hate."

He would have done fuller justice to "exercite odiis" had he said, "*Train hate on hate.*" The rest of the VIRGILIANS (except COOPER, who makes no comment) say: —

"Pursue with hatreds this stock."

It should be observed that, in these despairing speeches, the Tyrian Queen never forgets her magisterial dignity. She *decrees* her own death. She uses the plural pronoun of dignity: *our* supplications, *our* ashes: —

"Exoriare aliquis *nostris* ex ossibus ultor."

[2] "Fluctibus undas."

Seeking the speediest way the hateful light
Of life to shun, when unto Barcé thus,
Sychæus' nurse, she spoke; for her own nurse
The ashes black entombed in her own land:
"Dear nurse, my sister Anna to me bring;
Bid that she hurry, and her body lave 635
With water from the running stream obtained;
And victims bring with her, and holy things.
Thus let her come; and come thou also, crowned,
Thy brow, with sacred fillets; for my mind
Is bent the sacrifice to finish quite
Which unto Stygian Jove I have begun
In order due, and make of cares an end,
And unto flame commit the funeral pyre 640
Whereon reposes this Dardanian head."
Thus spoke she; and the nurse, with anile zeal,[1]
Her footsteps hastened. But, in dread, and crazed,
In view of her design so horrible,
Dido, her eyes, keen, quick, and shot with blood,
About her turning, and her trembling cheeks
Now with a hectic burning, and now pale
With coming death, rushed to the inner thresholds, 645
Frenzied made her way up to the pyre's top,
And there the Dardan sword sought out, a gift
For uses such as these never designed.
Then, when the Ilian robes and couch well known
She saw, delayed a little between tears
And thought, upon the couch she lay reclined,

[1] "Studio anili." A picture of a busy old lady.

And these words spoke, last utterance of her life: 650
"Sweet spoils, since Fates permit, and heaven,[1]
This soul accept, and me from these cares free.
My life is spent, and such a course I 've run
As Fortune pleased. And now, the earth beneath
Will go of me a mighty shade. Founded
Have I a city dear to fame; my walls 655
I have beheld; avenged by me my spouse
Hath been; and, from a hostile brother, wealth
In penalty due I 've seized. Happy, alas!
Too happy, if our shores had never known
The sand-print of a Dardan keel!" She said;
And, with her face upon the couch impressed:[2]
"Yes, unavenged we die; but let us die!
Thus, thus,[3] it us doth please to make our way 660
Beneath the shades. And from the sea these flames
The cruel Dardan shall drink in, and so
These omens with him carry of our death."[4]
Her words had ceased, but, ere they ceased,
Her by the sword dispatched those near her see,

[1] "Dum fata deusque sinebant."

[2] "Os impressa toro." The last position of agony and despair. This position may include the kissing of the couch, which was part of the "sweet spoils" she had just addressed.

[3] Here it is supposed that she stabs herself twice; unless "collapsum ferro," a few lines below, must be rendered, as ANTHON renders them, *fallen on the sword*. But such necessity does not exist. The true translation is, rather, fallen *by* the sword. See the titles "Col-labor" and "Collapsus" in the Latin dictionaries. ANTHON has MORRIS and LONG on his side; but with me are DRYDEN, PITT, and SYMMONS. The others, CONINGTON and PIERCE, are not decided, but do not follow ANTHON. They seem to be careful to follow neither him nor VIRGIL.

[4] Her last words are queenly, and her last thought is of Æneas.

And see the sword all foaming with her gore, 665
And thrown wide out her hands. Goes through the halls,
The lofty Punic halls, a wild alarm,
And through the shaken city the report
Reels like a drunken man. Tremble the roofs
With groans, with lamentations, and with wails
And shrieks of women weeping. Ether itself
With mighty cries resounds: not otherwise
Than if, the foemen pouring in, fell prone 670
All Carthage, or the ancient Tyre, while flames
Beyond control[1] rolled through the roofs of men,
Rolled through the roofs of Gods. Her sister heard;
Almost of life bereft, and crushed with woe,
Her trembling footsteps hurried to the scene;
Her face disfiguring with her nails, her breasts
Her fists attacking; and the throng within
She came, and called her dying kinswoman
By name: "This, then, was it, my sister? Me 675
By fraud hast thou so overreached? And this
The pyre, the fires, the altars, have prepared
For me? Deserted now, where shall I turn?
And, dying, hast thou for companion scorned
Thy sister? Me thou should'st have called thy Fates
To share. One weapon-pang us both, and both
One hour, should have removed. And have I thus

[1] "Flammamque furentes." MORRIS translates the *wild-fire*, his quaint word for lightning; but lightning is here the wrong word, and all fires are wild.

With these my hands so wrought, and, with my voice 680
So of our country's Gods implored, that thee,
So placed, O cruel one, I should not join?
Me thou, my sister, hast destroyed, and thee,
And hast destroyed the people of thy realm,
And thy Sidonian senators proud, and this
Thy city. Water let me have, the wounds [1]
To lave, so that, if lingers there some latest breath,
My mouth within I may it yet receive." 685
She said; and up the lofty steps she walked,
And, to her bosom gathered, she embraced
Her half-dead sister, and, with groaning, nursed
And dried the pitchy gore up with her robe.[2]
She her dull eyes to lift essayed, but back again
They sank. The deep wound [3] in her breast gives forth
A grating sound. Thrice striving hard, she rose 690
Upon her elbow, thrice on the couch fell back,
And sought, with wandering eyes, from midmost heaven,
The light, and, having found it, inly groaned.[4]
Then Juno, she o'er all things potent,[5] grieved

1 "Vulnera." The word, in the plural, sustains the construction that with "Sic, sic" Dido inflicted upon her breast two stabs, and also sustains the construction that "collapsum ferro" should not be rendered "fallen *on* the sword," but "*by* the sword."

2 Ovid (*Fast.* 3, 543) continues the history of Anna. The terror of Iarbas drives her from Carthage. After many wanderings she reaches Italy, where Æneas entertains her with generous hospitality; but the causeless jealousy of Lavinia drives her away, and she afterwards is lost in the wreck of the "Numicus."

3 "Infixum vulnus." That wound, of the two, which was fatal.

4 "Ingemuit."

5 "Juno omnipotens." Dryden, Conington, Morris, and Pierce

To see her woes so long, her end so hard,
Sent from Olympus Iris down to loose
The struggling soul, and to set free the limbs 695
Bound with it. For, since by Fate it was not,
Nor by doom of death deserved, that she had died,
But ere her time unhappy, and inflamed
By sudden rage, Prosérpina's [1] hand not yet
Had from her brow the golden ringlet clipped,
Nor yet to Stygian Orcus had her head
Condemned. So dewy Iris,[2] through the skies, 700
On saffron wings flies down, a thousand tints
Attracting from the opposing sun, and stands
Her head above. "This, sacred unto Dis,[3]

omit the "omnipotens," and supply its place with nothing else. PITT: "Mighty Juno." SYMMONS: "Heaven's great empress." CRANCH: "Great Juno." LONG: "Almighty Juno."

The whole Æneid is of Juno. It begins, proceeds, and ends with her. Helenus had strictly urged upon Æneas the policy of propitiating her by prayer and sacrifice. She was the patroness of marriage, as this Book attests. As over a special object of her sovereign care, she presided over funerals. Hero and poet alike may therefore be well admitted, at such a juncture, to speak of her as omnipotent. If an English Parliament may be so characterized, why may not a Greek Goddess?

[1] Pros*er*pina. The accent on the second syllable. The Latin word has its origin in the Greek Per*seph*one. Persephone was the name which Diana bore in the Lower World, as Luna was her name in heaven. See note to line 511, this Book.

[2] "So, down from heaven Iris flies,
On saffron wings, impearled with dew,
That flash against the sun-lit skies
Full many a varied hue."

CONINGTON.

"Sic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis."

DR. JOHNSON, *Ad Urbanum*, in Poemata.

[3] Dis was a name given to Pluto, God of the Lower World.

DANTE, in the Fifth Canto of the *Lower World*, and the Eighth and Ninth Cantos of the *Paradise*, alludes to the history of Dido.

I, by command, remove, and thee from bonds
Corporeal solve," she says, and straightway cuts
The lock, with her right hand, away; and gone 705
Is all the body's heat, and forth the life
Upon the winds its shadowy journey takes.

POSTSCRIPT.

The play of iridescent hues, wherewith the poet embellishes the close of this Book, becomes all the more brilliant and effective from its contrast with the sombre presence of a ghastly death.

BOOK THE FIFTH, ENTITLED SICILY.

ARGUMENT.

On the voyage from the African coast, the prevalence of head-winds determines Æneas to make harbor in Sicily. Here the voyagers are kindly received by King Acestes. In honor of his father, Anchises, buried on that coast, Æneas institutes funereal games, and proposes prizes for trials of skill in rowing, racing, boxing, and archery. The boat-race is won by Mnestheus; the foot-race by Euryalus, the youthful friend of Nisus; Entellus, a Sicilian, wins the prize for boxing, and King Acestes that for archery. A series of military evolutions, called the "Game of Troy," exhibit the skill in horsemanship of Ascanius, the young son of Æneas, and his companions. The games are scarcely concluded when the fleet is found to be, through the instigation of Juno, on fire; but a general conflagration is stayed, through the interposition of Jupiter. The shade of Anchises appears to Æneas; urges him to visit the Sibyl; and promises to meet him in the World of Shadows. During the voyage, which is resumed, the pilot, Palinurus, falls into the sea, and is drowned.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING.

NEPTUNE, *God of the Sea.*
VENUS, *Goddess of Love, Mother of Æneas.*
SOMNUS, *God of Sleep.*
IRIS, *Messenger of Juno.*
PYRGO, *a Trojan Matron.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
ASCANIUS, *Son of Æneas.*
ACESTES, *King of Sicily.*
NAUTES, *an aged Trojan, a Counselor.*
MNESTHEUS, *Commander of the "Pristis."*
GYAS, *Commander of the "Chimæra."*
CLOANTHUS, *Commander of the "Scylla."*
PALINURUS, *Pilot of Æneas.*
NISUS, *Companion of Euryalus.*
DARES, *a Trojan Boxer.*
ENTELLUS, *a Sicilian Boxer.*
THE GHOST OF ANCHISES.

THE PERSONS APPEARING:
Juno, Euryalus, soldiers, sailors, colonists, matrons, youths, citizens.

THE SCENE: *Sicily.*

BOOK THE FIFTH: SICILY.

MEANTIME Æneas, studying his fleet's course,
A middle way [1] had found, and in it drove;

[1] "Interea medium Æneas jam classe tenebat
Certus iter."

Not a little has the beginning of this Book puzzled the VIRGILIANS. Æneas, who is supposed to have been all day in earnest in pursuing his voyage, has made no further progress than to be yet in full view of Carthage. He is scarcely out of the harbor, for he can see the flames of Dido's funeral pyre, kindled the night after his departure. Yet the poet is right,

And, aided by the Aquilonian wind,
The inky waves was cutting; and looked back
The walls upon, which with the flames were lit
Of hapless Elissa. What might a fire 5
So great have kindled lurks in doubt, but hard
Are griefs which spring from mighty love despised,
And known full well the daring is which may
A furious woman seize; and so lead on
These thoughts the Teucrian breasts to make at last
The augury sad that her these flames consumed.
And, soon, their ships the open main contains;
Nor, now, no longer, seen is any land;
On all sides seas appear, on all sides heaven.
Their heads above there stands a cloud, coal-blue [1] 10

and the tardy progress of Æneas confirms the observation of Dido, near the close of the last Book, that the wind was not favorable; and a closer attention to the real meaning of certus and of medium, and to the aid of jam, will show that Æneas had been delayed. For twenty hours or more he had been tacking, but *jam*, now, he is *certus*, fixed; the rising Aquilonian enables him to effect a compromise of his course, and he pursues a *medium* iter, a middle direction,—any resort to escape the fury of Dido, any direction which would tend *from* Carthage.

The Aquilonian is, usually, by the VIRGILIANS, termed the *north* wind, but, according to accurate nautical designation, it is the *north-one-third-east* wind (between the Septentrio and the Vulturnus, and opposite to the Auster Africanus or Libonotus), and was therefore such a wind as compelled him, with the best adjustment of his sails he could make, to pursue a medium or middle course.

This explication of this troublesome passage I believe to be new. It is certainly new as to the meaning I affix to medium, and as to the inference to be derived from the accurate definition of Aquilo. VIRGIL was too close a student of HOMER not to be fond of nautical accuracy, and to be pleased with any opportunity to make it fit into the Æneid. VIRGIL may have had in view the idea, or even the words, of OVID (they were contemporaries):

"In medio tutissimus ibis."

[1] "Cæruleus imber." I have "coal-blue" from MORRIS.

With night and tempest big; and frown the waves
With gloom. Then pilot Palinurus' self
From lofty deck: "Alas, why have the air
Such mighty clouds bound up? And what dost thou,
O Father Neptune, for us hold in store?"
And saying thus, he orders all sails reefed, 15
And with stout oars to labor, and to turn
Oblique against the wind their course; and then:
"Æneas, great of soul, if unto me
His high authority dread Almighty Jove
Should pledge, I would not hope, with such a sky,
Th' Italian shores to reach. Changed are the winds;
They rage our course against, and from the west
In pitchy blackness muster up their strength, 20
And all the air in clouds is packed. Our path
Against them force we cannot, and to stand
Against their violence fierce is vain. Since, then,
So Fortune wills, let us obey, and where she calls,
There let us turn our course. I deem not far
The faithful shores fraternal Eryx owns
And the Sicanian harbors, if but right
Within my memory keep the measured stars." 25
Then thus devout Æneas: "So, indeed,
The Winds have long demanded, and I see
That all in vain thou dost against them strive.
Change then thy sails. Could there to me a land
More grateful be, or one wherein my ships
Storm-beaten I would rather bring to shore,
Than that Dardanian land which keeps for me 30

My friend beloved Acestes, and whose breast
Anchises holds, my father, in its clasp?"[1]
  Thus saying, they straight those harbors seek, their sails
By prosperous breezes puffed, and by the whirl
Of swiftly-running waves their fleet borne on.
At length with joy the well-known sands they touch.
  And from a summit steep afar had seen 35
Acestes their white sails, with wonder great
At all the convoyed fleet, and now approached,
Bristling with darts, and clad in the wild hide
Which had before him worn a Libyan bear.
A Trojan dame high-born his mother was,
His sire the dimpling flood of Crimisus pure.
He, not unmindful of his lineage old, 40
Them welcomes now again with rustic fare,
Rejoiced their wearied limbs with wealth of cheer
And friendly aid to solace on their way.
  Next day, when with his earliest rays the dawn
Bright from his orient couch had chased the stars,

[1] "An sit mihi gratior ulla,
Quove magis fessas optem demittere naves;
Quam quæ Dardanium tellus mihi servat Acesten,
Et patris Anchisæ gremio complectitur ossa?"

CHIEF JUSTICE AGNEW, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has observed, in a tone of sentiment honorably becoming his dignified office, that "among all tribes and nations, savage and civilized, the resting-places of the dead are regarded as sacred." "There memory loves to linger," he continues, "and plant the choicest flowers. There the sorrowing heart renews the past, rekindles into life the viewless forms of the dead, revives the scenes where once they moved, and recalls the happy hours of love and friendship. There parent and child, husband and wife, relatives and friends, with broken spirits and crushed hopes, revisit often the spot where they deposited their dead." Dissenting Opinion in *Craig* v. *First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh*, 88 Penn. State Reports, p. 42.

Æneas calls from all the shore along
His comrades to convene. Then thus he speaks,
Upon a hillock standing in their midst:
"Ye mighty Dardans, race derived from blood 45
Exalted of the Gods:[1] In months exact
A revolution of the globe[2] is now
Complete, since sadly we committed to the earth
The loved remains, the bones, of him divine,
My father, and the altars reared we blessed.
And now the very day, unless I err,
Is here, which ever bitter I shall hold, 50
And honor ever. (So, Heaven, hast thou willed!)
And this, too, would I do, although cast out
An exile in Gætulian sands, or held
A captive in the Greekish sea, or scorned,
Mycenæ, in thy city proud. E'en there
The annual vows, the solemn pomps, should be
In order due by me performed, and gifts
Upon his altars freely strewn. But now 55
Unto my father's ashes we are come,
Unto the very tomb where rest his bones,
Not (as I think) without heaven's mind and will.
And us delayed kind friends here wait upon,
Considerate of our wants. Then, let us act,
And let us all unite these honors due
Unto the dead to pay. Let us the Winds
Propitiate, that, as roll the circling years,

[1] "Genus alto a sanguine Divum." See the 36th line of the Eighth Book: "O sate gente Deum."

[2] The first anniversary of the burial. The words "Annuus orbis" afford another proof of the advanced knowledge of astronomy possessed by VIRGIL and his contemporaries.

These sacrifices I may bring in lands
To him devoted, where shall rise, firm-placed, 60
My future city, and where temples fair
To him we shall in reverence dedicate.
Twin oxen gives Acestes, son of Troy,
E'en to the number of your several ships.
Hail to your feast the penetralian Gods
Not only of our Troy, but those which here
Our host Acestes worships. And, besides,
If shall lead forth Aurora the ninth day 65
To mortals fair,[1] and with her rays
The globe shall bright unveil, I shall set forth,
First, trials of the speed of our swift fleet;
Then, whosoe'er in foot-racing excels;
And in main strength is daring; and can cast
The javelin huge; and forth the arrow send
Upon its feathery flight; and will intrust
The struggle's issue to the cestus[2] crude;
Let all be there, and due rewards expect, 70
Such as they earn whose merit victory shows.
And do ye all me favor with your words,[3]
And do ye all your brows with branches bind."
Thus having spoken, he his own brow veiled
With myrtle, sacred to his mother's shrines.
The same did Helymus young;[4] the same in years

[1] "Almum."

[2] A glove of raw-hide.

[3] "Ore favete, omnes." Speak no unpropitious word. Say nothing which may tend to give a wrong turn to good omens,—an important thing to be guarded upon.

[4] " . . . Trinacrii juvenis . . .
. . . Comes senioris Acestæ.".
This Book, lines 300, 301.

Full ripened did Acestes, and the same
The boy Ascanius. Followed these the rest.
The council closed, forth went he, in the midst 75
Of many thousands, to the tomb, while stretched
Far through the fields the living throng.
And, there arrived, libation due he pours
The ground upon, of pure unwatered wine
Two cups, and of fresh milk as much, as much
Of sacred blood, and scatters purple flowers,
And lifts his voice: "Hail! parent blest, and Hail! 80
A second time, dust visited in vain,
And soul and shade my father's, not with thee
Permitted was 't Italian lands and fields
By Fate foretold to enter, nor to seek
Ausonian Tiber, wheresoe'er it be."
He spoke, when rose from out the shrine's deep base
A serpent huge and sleek. Seven folds it had, 85
And seven great circles drew,[1] and placidly
The tomb embraced, and round the altars rolled:
Blue-striped its back, and checkered; and its scales
With gold and flecks of splendor glowed, and cast
Against the sun, like to the heavenly bow,
A thousand brilliant tints upon the air.
Astonished at the sight Æneas stood.[2] 90
And, then, in lengthy line drawn out, it twined
The cups and polished bowls among, tasted

[1] Seven was, in an especial sense, a sacred number. The City of Rome was entitled a seven-hilled city, both *before* and *after* its hills were of that exact number, and even after they *exceeded* that number.

[2] "Obstupuit visu Æneas."

The sacred meats, and harmless passed again
The tomb beneath, and on the altars left
The offerings. Zeal it gave him to complete
The honors undertaken to the dead,
Although not sure what name he might it call ; 95
Whether the Genius of the place it were,
Or the Attendant on his father's ghost.[1]

[1] VIRGIL is industrious in commending the beauty and moderation of this Genius or servant, because it belonged to greatness to have an Attendant in the World of Shadows.

Our poet carries us back to the fiery serpents, which on the desolate journey to Edom, venomously attacked the unhappy and rebellious children of Israel; and to the brazen serpent which Moses, at God's command, erected in the wilderness for their salvation, the prototype of the scene on Calvary, that the people might look on it and live. *Numbers* xxi. 9. *St. John's Gospel* iii. 14.

It may also be noted that in this passage VIRGIL yields to his native disposition to lapse from the most refined conventionalities in social manners to the wildest scenes in primitive Nature. And well does he employ, in this instance, his graphic pen in working up the contrast. The Moquis, an aboriginal tribe of Arizona, who, with the charm of eagle-feathers, make the most noxious serpents harmless, would be delighted with VIRGIL's description and appreciation of this brilliant reptile. Asia and America, the past and the present, illustrate, alike, this peculiar phase of worship, a feature in the faith at once of civilized and barbaric tribes.

So the palace of the Prince Siddârtha had its "shy" genius: —

"Cool fountains — fringed
With lotus and nelumbo — danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue;
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and gray,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendors of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls;
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
The yellow sun-birds whirred from bloom to bloom;
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,
For all was peace: the shy black snake, that gives

Victims two-fold he slayeth, as was wont,
Sheep two; sows two; two black-backed steers; and wine
In cups he poured; and on the soul he called
Of great Anchises and his manes freed
From Acheron's streams. So, too, with joy brought forth
From plenteous stores, their gifts his comrades add. 100
Load some the altars; slaughter some the steers;
While others fix in place the pots of bronze,
And, through the herbage spread, fix juicy cuts
The spits upon, or roast the inward parts.
At last the expected day had come, and flashed 105
Serenely bright the steeds that Phaethon rules
The ninth Aurora in. Thronged to the town
The neighboring people, thither drawn by Fame,
And by the name illustrious bidding them
Of King Acestes. All the shore with crowds
They fill delighted, come th' Ænean force
To see, and part of them to vie prepared
As champions in the games. Then the array
Is made of prizes promised, shown to all
And in the midst set up of all the throng: 110

Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Beneath the moon-flowers where the musk-deer played."

ARNOLD'S *Light of Asia*, Book Second.

From CHATEAUBRIAND'S *Genius of Christianity* I translate: —

Object of horror or of admiration, men have for the serpent an implacable hatred, or fall before his genius. Falsehood seeks him; Prudence claims him; Envy carries him in her heart, Eloquence on his caduceus. In Hell he arms the whips of the Furies, in Heaven Eternity makes of him its symbol.

There were the sacred tripods, and green crowns,
And palms, rewards by victors earned,[1] and arms,
Raiment, with purple poured,[2] of royal worth,
And gold, and silver, each a talent's weight.
Herald the notes sent from a trumpet[3] forth
In midmost place the opening of the games.
From all the fleet selected, enter first
The lists four ships, alike in speed, and armed 115
With heavy oars. Drives Mnestheus, with keen strokes,
The "Pristis"[4] swift, Mnestheus whose race will soon
In Italy's annals rise as Memmius famed;
And Gyas the "Chimæra" rules immense,
Immense in bulk,[5] a city in itself,
Which Dardan youth impel in ranks three high, 120
And each rank rising to its oars three deep.[6]

[1] The palm is the symbol of all victorious effort, and seems the most fitting emblem of fortitude, as it refuses to succumb to any pressure, and is not borne down by any weight. "It is not crushed," says COOPER, "but still maintains its growth and rises superior to opposition." "Adversus pondus resurgit, et sursum nititur." GELL., 3, 6; PLIN. 16, 42; S. 81, 12.

This victorious palm, although indigenous to warmer climates, I have seen attaining a vigorous growth on the Riviera, and especially at Hyères, which city boasts a "*Place des Palmiers*" and an "*Avenue des Palmiers.*"

[2] "Ostro perfusæ vestes."
"Raiments rolled in purple."
MORRIS.

[3] ANTHON declares that whenever VIRGIL introduces the trumpet he indulges in an anachronism,—that the trumpet was unknown to the Homeric times; but this proposition is liable to contestation.

[4] The Sea-Monster. MORRIS says "The Whale."

[5] "Ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimæram."

[6] A trireme is here described, but "such vessels," ANTHON avers, "were not known in the Homeric times:" this, therefore, would seem to be also an anachronism.

Sergestus, he from whom the Sergian house
Its name obtains, is in the "Centaur" huge
Borne on. And in the "Scylla" blue[1] sails forth
Cloanthus, he who, Roman, brings to thee
Cluentus' race, renowned in later days.[2]
On the wide sea, far from the foaming[3] shores,
A rock there is, which, when the wintry storms 125
The stars conceal, submerged, is buffeted
By swelling waves. In calm, above the sea,
Reposing motionless, it rises up
A plain, a place of rare delight for birds,
The sunny sea-fowls,[4] diving 'neath the sea.
Of frondent ilex here Æneas fixed 130
A limit green, a sign for sailors' guide
The father gave, that they might know
How far the flying keels to drive, and where
Their course to turn. Then they by lot elect
Their several places,[5] and the leaders stand,
Far seen[6] by all the admiring eyes around,
In gold and purple gleaming on the decks.
With poplar[7] wreaths the other youths are crowned,

[1] Coal-blue? Black?

[2] The Geganian family might have supplied VIRGIL with descendants for Gyas; for this family claimed, as their ancestor, this commander.

[3] By an allowable figure, the poet here speaks of the shores and the rock as animate: "spumantia litora;" "saxum tranquillo silet."

[4] "Mergis," divers. The exquisite beauty of such a scene can scarcely be imagined by one who has not seen the Mediterranean, — shore, rock, storm, calm, birds!

[5] The lot was rendered necessary, because there was a choice in favor of the *inside* track, as the vessel having the inside track would, or might, other things being equal, sooner than the others, double the point.

[6] "Longe effulgent."

[7] The poplar crown was sacred to Hercules, God of Strength.

And shine with limpid oil their shoulders bare. 135
Sit they upon the benches, and their arms
Reach forward to the oars an eager reach,
And eagerly the signal they await.
Drains their exulting hearts a pulsing fear,
And quickens every nerve their zeal for praise.
Thence, when the trumpet sounds its silvery call,
Leap they, no longer waiting, from their bounds, 140
And strikes the air the clamor of the ships.
Foams white the sea tossed by the lashings keen.
Abreast they plow the waves, the waves which hiss,
By oars and beaks tridentile all convulsed.
Less rapid rush, in two-yoked strife a-field, 145
The chariots sent from out their barriers forth,
When urge the charioteers the headlong yokes
Poured o'er the race-track, and shake wildly forth
The waving reins. and o'er the lash hang prone.
Then sounds the grove throughout with plaudits given,
Uproar of men, and murmurings glad of friends,
And send the echoing shores the voices back, 150
And with the noise the hills attacked resound.
Ahead of all flies Gyas,[1] rush and roar
Amidst, and skims the foremost waves; and him
Cloanthus follows,[2] boasting better oars,
But by the weight of tardy pine delayed.
Next after these, in equal strife, come on 155
The "Pristis" and the "Centaur," zealous each
The foremost place to take. And takes it now

[1] In the "Chimæra."
[2] In the "Scylla."

The "Pristis," which in turn yields up the place
Unto the "Centaur" huge. Now both bear on
Together, foreheads joined, and far, in equal race,
Plow they the bosom of the salty deep.
And now approached the rivals to the rock,
And nigh were coming to the ilex green,
Their outward bound, when Gyas, leading all, 160
And in mid-race[1] the victor, with his voice
Menœtes storms, the pilot of his ship:
"And why so much goest thou unto the right?
To this hand turn thy course! Hug close the shore!
Let touch the oars the leeward rocks! The deep
Let others seek!" Thus spoke he, but blind rocks
Menœtes fearing, further out his prow 165
Turns into deeper waves; and calls again
Gyas, with voice high-raised: "And whither now,
Menœtes? Hug the rocks!" And, looking back,

[1] "Medioque in gurgite victor." Here is a phrase which has proven to the VIRGILIANS what a riverman would call a snag, and an ocean sailor a reef. They have omitted giving due force to the word "medio." He was at the midway point in the race, and there a victor. The battle was half won. But DRYDEN says, —

"Proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the main,"

and thus ignores the phrase.

PITT: "*Awhile* the victory of the watery race."
This is almost, or quite, ignoring "medio."

SYMMONS: "Gyas, who before his rivals flew."
An ignoring.

CONINGTON: "Gyas, conqueror of the way."
An ignoring.

MORRIS: "Conquering there amidst the whirl of wave."
Almost an ignoring.

CRANCH and PIERCE, finding the phrase unmanageable, ignore it.

COOPER and ANTHON make no comment.

Cloanthus now he sees, close on his heels,
And gaining as he comes. For grazes, now,
The sounding rocks between and Gyas' ship
Cloanthus' course the inner leeward way, 170
And, suddenly swift, Cloanthus[1] shoots ahead,
And, past the bound, the waters hold secure.[2]
  And then, indeed, down to his very bones,
There burnt the youth[3] within a grief intense,
Nor to his cheeks were wanting tears; he hurls
The slow Menœtes from the quarter-deck
Into the sea, forgetful quite to guard
Decorum's laws, and rash to risk the lives 175
Of all on board, himself now pilot sole
And master sole. Cheers he the men, and turns
To shore the helm. But now Menœtes, fat,
And older than the rest, scarce from his plunge
Escaped, his garments dripping wet, slow climbed
Upon the rock, and on a dry knob sat. 180
The Teucrians laughed, both when he tumbled in,
And when he swam to shore; and loud
Their merriment ran on, when, from his breast,
He spewed the salty floods that sickened him.
  Here, in the two last rivals in the race,
Sergestus, Mnestheus, both, springs up a hope
Enkindled to outstrip the hindered ship 185
By Gyas piloted. Ahead now darts
Sergestus;[4] near he skims the rock, but still

[1] In the "Scylla."
[2] "Tenet æquora tuta."
[3] "Juveni." Gyas is, like the Greeks, never old. Menœtes, when he is to be laughed at, is only "senior;" comparatively older, not absolutely old.
[4] In the "Centaur."

His keel advancing is not yet the first,
But partly first.[1] On part the "Pristis" clings
With emulation keen. But in mid-ship
Mnestheus among his comrades takes his stand,
And thus exhorts them: "Now, to your oars; now,
Comrades of Hector, pull, ye whom I chose, 190
In Troy's sad fate supreme, my fellows brave;
Now force evince, and courage firm put forth,
Such as 'midst sands Gætulian ye have shown,
And in the Sea Ionic, and the waves
That, on Malea's coast, impetuously
The struggling seamen drive. Not now contends
For victory Mnestheus, for the leading prize;
Yet, Neptune, while they gain to whom thou giv-
est, 195
Save us the shame of being last of all!
This conquer, citizens, this wrong forbid,
And let us come in, not by all surpassed!"
With height of effort, then, they all fall to.
Thrills with their strokes immense the keel of
bronze.[2]
Above the sea they skim.[3] Thick pantings shake

[1] "Parte prior."

[2] "Ærea puppis." Copper or bronze: not "brass." Herein the VIRGILIANS all offend.

[3] "Subtrahiturque solum." Their vehemence lifts the vessel from the water.

DRYDEN: "The sea beneath them sinks."

PITT says the vessel "sprung," "darted," "flew," and "shot." But with all this, he ignores VIRGIL's phrase. "The sea rolls backward" is no equivalent.

SYMMONS is as bad: "The vessel devours the main."

MORRIS: "The sea's floor slippeth under them."

CONINGTON: "Beneath them vanishes the ground."

Their limbs, and shake their faces hot, 200
And flows in streams all over them the sweat.
But chance itself that honor brought the men
At which they aimed. For, in his frenzied zeal,
Sergestus on the inside track his prow urged close
The rocks towards, within a space too straight,
And stuck, unhappily, on projecting reefs.
Resound the rocks, while on the sharp flint snap 205
The crashing oars, and hangs the prow where driven.
Rise up the sailors all, and clamor loud
Amid their tarrying rings. Stakes iron-clad [1]
And poles with sharpened points they ply, and seek,
The whirl of waters through, their broken oars.
Mnestheus, elate, by luck still keener made, 210
With oars in lightning lines [2] and winds invoked,

CRANCH: "Beneath them flies the sea."
PIERCE: "Backward seems the azure sea to fly."
LONG: "The sea seems swept from underneath."

[1] "Trudes." Boat-hooks shod with an iron crescent, "cum lunato ferro, (ISID. *Orig.* 18, 7;) or, before the age of iron, shod with copper hardened by an art since lost. See note to line 35 of the First Book.

[2] "Agmine remorum celeri." Literally, with swift battle-line of oars.

DRYDEN: "Then ply their oars."

The other words, "agmine celeri," he ignores.

CONINGTON: "With all his oars in rapid play."
PITT: "Darts without control."

This substantially ignores VIRGIL, and darts without his control.

SYMMONS: "Pours along,"

and ignores all along.

MORRIS: "With hurrying dash of timely beating oars."
ANTHON: "With a rapid march of oars."
CRANCH: "With rapid march of oars."
PIERCE: "With sturdy pull."
LONG: "With quickened stroke."
COOPER: "With the quick motion of the oars."

Seeks level seas, and scuds o'er waters wide.[1]
Like as a pigeon whom some sudden dread [2]
Within her covert starts, whose shady home,
Whose darlings of her nest, are in the nooks
Wrought in the tufa-cliffs [3] concealed, in flight 215
Is outward borne, and, frightened from her roof,

[1] "Pelago . . . aperto." Inspired, doubtless, by a healthy fear of the reefs.

[2] "Qualis spelunca subito commota columba."

These words are stirringly onomatopoetic. They seem to give the very sounds of the disturbed bird. See in the First Georgic (lines 406-9) a fine specimen of the onomatopoetic: a lark pursued up and down the sky by a sea-eagle.

[3] "Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi."

We shall meet again, in the Twelfth Book (line 587), the expression "latebroso in pumice." And see "pumicibus cavis" in the Fourth Georgic (at line 44), and the note thereto.

Founded upon my personal observations in Rome and Paris and St. Paul, I have taken the liberty to coin, in this place, a new word, *tufa-cliffs*. It is through tufa deposits that the catacombs of both the European cities I have mentioned are carried. Tufa is an Italian word, the result of comparatively modern experience and study. It has, accurately, no English equivalent. Pumex (the English pumice) has obtained, or probably always had, a restricted sense. It does not describe that substance which is now known as tufa. Tufa is not a rock, not a stone, not even a concrete, but is an agglomeration or agglutinated deposit of volcanic sand and dust mixed into a spongy paste by the addition of great quantities of water, and we may suppose of *hot* water. It is, in point of consistency, somewhat like a cheese. Indeed, the pigeons, the bees (see post, Book Twelfth, line 587), and, following them, the early Christians worked out these subterranean openings in much the same way and through much the same (rarely greater) difficulties that a mouse experiences in eating his mouseship's way into a cheese. This deposit of tufa underlies almost the entire continent of Europe, at irregular depths, but at times reaching down thirty feet or more, the stratum being frequently of the depth of twenty feet, — indications which tend to show that Vesuvius and Ætna, in prehistoric times, must have had many companions. They had probably, also, companions of geysers which would put to shame those of our own National Park.

In St. Paul I have observed a soft or porous deposit of sand in process of petrifaction, or in the state of arrested petrifaction, that can be cut and shaped like soft wood with the adze or other edge-tool. This sand formation, somewhat resembling its European cousin, seems to be a pecul-

iarity of the bluffs on the banks of the Mississippi. These bluffs excavated are utilized, instead of cellars, by brewers and others desiring places of deposit of an uniform temperature for the storing of merchandise; and are destined to furnish a large amount of room for the convenience of the manufacturers and merchants of this rising metropolis. The peculiarity belongs to both sides of the river, and was observed and commemorated by Captain Carver in his description of "Carver's Cave," in the report made by him to the colonial government, May 1, 1767. "I found in this cave," he says, "many Indian hieroglyphics, which appeared very ancient, for time had nearly covered them with moss, so that it was with difficulty I could trace them. They were cut, in a rude manner, upon the inside of the walls, which were composed of a stone *so extremely soft that it might be easily penetrated with a knife*, — a stone everywhere to be found near the Mississippi." It was in such a cave on the Riviera, just east of the town of Mentone, and a few paces within the bounds of Italy, that the contractors of the Mediterranean Railway unearthed the skeleton of the Prehistoric Man, now in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. I have seen the cave and the skeleton.

Nor are these grottoes (suggested by nature and shaped and inhabited by man) peculiar to our favored zone, where the sweet influences of the Pleiades ("the VIRGILIAN stars") descend through genial skies: they served as a happy retreat to the ancestors of the modern Laplanders from the keen splendors which the Seven Stars of Charles's Wain (the Great Bear) shed through boreal frosts. In the Third Georgic (line 349) VIRGIL gives a graphic description of the rigors of an Arctic winter, and there records the existence of artificial subterranean retreats, hollowed out (*defossi*) by the inhabitants, the ancestors of the Laplanders of the present day, for a place of refuge from the intensity of the cold: —

In caves that hollowed are from out the earth,
And deeply reach her fostering breast within,
Pass they, at ease, the time, the warmth increased
By oak-trees brought in whole, and lofty elms,
Which on their hearths they roll and gnaw with fire.
In gaming flies the night, their drink the juice
The acid apple of the sorb-tree yields,
Which quaff these merry bands as though 't were wine.
Such is the hardy race, severe and wild,
Which, 'neath the stars that circle 'round the pole,
Is by Rhipæan storm-bursts buffeted,
And wraps its vigorous forms in tawny furs
Torn from the beasts that roam its heights and glens.

My own translation. I say "warmth increased," because the uniform temperature of such a cave is relatively high, being about fifty-nine degrees of Fahrenheit.

Doubtless, too, that formation, ashen there, sandy here, is not limited to

the regions I have named. BECKFORD, whose *Vathek* is at once a dream of Oriental luxury and a mirror of Oriental learning, mentions the little ovens excavated by Bababalouk in the yielding cliffs of the Caucasus (like those of Albion in tint), wherein were cooked the biscuits prepared for the Caliph by the hands of the lovely Nouronihar. And Holy Writ does not forget this beauty: —

"O ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities, and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth." *Jeremiah* xlviii. 28.

OVID, in his Third Metamorphosis, makes the favorite cave of Diana a tufa cave.

And we have heard our poet, in his Fourth Georgic (line 374), describe the submarine cave of Cyrene as having a roof of pumice, "pendentia pumice tecta," and (line 419) the cave of Proteus as having been eaten out of the side of a mountain, "exesi lateri in montis," by the storm-driven waves.

The modern caves have suggested to modern wealth and taste the romantic grotto, and the cool tunnel connecting garden and garden or mansion and mansion, and, at least in one instance, the decorated and illuminated subterranean palace, — that of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, whereof the brilliancy and beauty rival those of Arabian tales, and wherein (a fact dear to the English imagination, and also in unison with Scythian traditions) the oaken floor of the lofty and broad Assembly Hall, not a stranger to the graces of Terpsichore, derives its fine tone from the regular washings to which it is treated with rare old Welbeck ale.

And as the pigeons made and make, in Italy and the Orient, their nests in the tufa, so the swallows made and make, in Minnesota, theirs in the sand-rock. The cliff that rises over the opening of Carver's Cave shows spread upon its broad and towering front a multitude of nests, possibly as ancient as those alluded to by the Hebrew prophet or the Roman bard. Indeed, the metropolis of the New Northwest has had inscribed, by the munificent hand of Nature, on her every level and terrace and summit, "Behold, man, thine opportunity to mouldnature to thy will!" And man is heeding the legend, and, like the pigeon and the swallow, is building her rocks into palaces and leveling her terraces into thoroughfares.

The explorations in New Mexico and Arizona by a scientific corps, under the patronage of the Smithsonian Institution, are, at this moment, developing the existence of indications of prehistoric dwellers in the cliffs of our own Western Territories. These discoveries are, without doubt, the most important of their kind. By the Stevenson Smithsonian Institution exploring party a deserted city has been found, cut out of the volcanic tufa of a winding cliff, the habitations following the cliff for the extraordinary distance, as reported, of sixty miles. Some of the houses are said to be four, and even five, stories in height; and, crowning the plateau above the cliff, are remains of temples constructed of cut stone. We may pause to

A clapping great [1] of wings gives forth,
But soon, launched on the quiet air, the liquid way

observe that these are the relative positions in which, as we shall see in the next Book of the Æneid, stood to each other the cave of the Sibyl and the temple of Apollo, and in which, in our own times, stand the Grotto of Lourdes and its superb cathedral. A comparison of the implements and vessels found in these newly-discovered habitations with those found in the Pueblo villages is supposed to add strength to the theory that the Pueblo Indians are the degenerate descendants of the once powerful race that built the ruined cities of the plains, and then, like the inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast, retreating before some more powerful foe, carved out these singular dwellings on the sheer walls of precipices, and found them serviceable (while there was need of such defense) both for fortresses and homes.

Another species of tufa is that called by the geologists calcareous tufa, or calc-tuff. This is the gradual deposit through long lapses of time of a spongy and porous substance emanating from limestone springs, once volcanic, now thermal, vents, called stufas, and in certain places forming considerable quarries. Newly found it is easily fashioned by the knife, the axe, or the adze, and is sought as a desirable material for building, acquiring, as it does, toughness and solidity from exposure to the atmosphere. Of it are built, under the name of travertine (a name supposed to indicate its most favored locality, trans-Tibur, beyond Tivoli), the architectural wonders of Rome, ancient and modern. Of it are built the temples at Pæstum, structures remarkable for massiveness and durability, wherein they rival the primal habitations of Oriental doves, or Italian pigeons, or Minnesotan sparrows.

It may be well to add hereto this picture from the *Sixth Satire* of JUVENAL: —

"Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris, visamque diu, quum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque Laremque,
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra;
Silvestrem montana torum quum sterneret uxor
Frondibus et culmo, vicinarumque ferarum
Pellibus: haud similis tibi, Cynthia, nec tibi cujus
Turbavit nitidos exstinctus passer ocellos;
Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis,
Et sæpe horridior glandem ructante marito."

[1] "Plausum ingentem."

"She beateth forth on her rich rustling wings."

Who the writer may be of this fine line has slipped my memory. Is it TENNYSON? Is it WHITTIER? Whoever the happy modern may be, he had his hint from VIRGIL.

Skims smooth, and scarcely seems to move her wings,
So Mnestheus, so the "Pristis," cuts in flight
The farthest watery bound; so seems to bear
Its impetus gained itself the flying ship.
And, first, upon the reef still fixed he leaves 220
Sergestus, struggling in the shallows flat,
And shouting "Help!" in vain, and studying well
To row with broken oars. Thence Gyas hard
He presses. Gyas yields, the mighty bulk
"Chimæra" boasts robbed of a pilot's care.
And now alone Cloanthus rows ahead, 225
Whom keen he presses with his utmost strength.
And then, indeed, redoubles the uproar wild,
While all to the pursuit lend mighty cheers,
And ether with the deafening tumult rings.
With indignation, then, these burn, lest they
Their glory earned, and honors due, should lose, 230
And deem that life were none too dear for praise.
Feeds those success; they may because it seems
They may; and on the prize, perchance, had seized,
With equal beaks, had not upon the deep
Cloanthus poured forth prayers, while both his palms
Were seaward spread, and thus the deities high
With vows invoked: "Gods, ye who rule the sea, 235
And masters are of waters these I plow,
Glad do I promise thee upon this shore
A snow-white bull upon thine altars slain,

Whose entrails I will on the salt-floods cast,
And flowing wine." He said, and 'neath the floods,
Sheer down into their crystal depths, heard him
The Nereids' choir, the troop by Phorcus ruled,[1] 240
And Panopea, beauteous maid ;[2] and on
Father Portunus,[3] with his mighty hand,
Him pushed in his career. And so, the ship,
The "Scylla" blue, more swift than Afric's blast,
Or than an arrow rushing from the bow,
Flies to the shore, and in the boscage hides.
Then he, Anchises' blood, all summoned in,
As custom was, proclaimed, by the loud voice
A herald's mouth sent forth, resounding far,
Cloanthus in the strife the conqueror proven, 245
And veils his temples with the laurel green.
Gifts makes he to the ships of three steers each,
Young steers of choice, and wines, and adds, besides,
A talent great[4] of silver, rated out.
And to the captains gives he special gifts,
Distinguished honors due to leadership :
To him who conquered a rich cloak, gold-hemm'd, 250

[1] CONINGTON has no room for Phorcus, only for "the Nereid train and Panope."

[2] "Panopeaque virgo."

[3] Portunus, the God of the Port. A portunate deity aiding portward a portunate and importunate petitioner. Phorcus was son of Neptune, and father of the Gorgons, Medusa, Stheno, and Euryale, and of their sisters, the Grææ.

[4] "Argenti magnum talentum." The Attic talent was so called to distinguish it from the smaller silver talent of Sicily. ANTHON thinks the epithet "magnum" here is merely ornamental. The recipients of the silver probably thought the epithet both ornamental and useful.

Round which there ran a double purple wave
Profuse of Melibœan tint,[1] wherein
Embroidered was the royal boy[2] caught up
From leafy Ida, following fleet with spear.
The flying stags, and keen as one who pants,
Whom seized with crooked claws and upward bore 255
Jove's thunder-bearing bird, while reach
In vain the old men standing guard their palms
Towards the heavens, and rages on the air
The bark of hunting-hounds who lose their lord.
To him,[3] then, who the second place had earned
A coat of mail he gave, with polished rings
And triple wire of gold, which he in war 260
Had taken, Æneas' self, 'neath Troy's high walls,
By rapid Simois' stream, from Troy's proud foe,
Demoleus: such the trophy was he deemed
A grace and guard unto a hero due.
Scarce Phegeus it and Sagaris' self had borne,
Æneas' servants stout, with vigorous grasp,
Upon their shoulders folded, from the field;
But, wearing it, Demoleus could with ease
Chase scattered Trojans swiftly to their gates. 265
Gifts gave he to the third[4] as earned by him:
Twin caldrons bright of bronze, and silver cups
Rough with the pictured ornaments rare of art.
And now, the prizes given, the wearers proud,

[1] Melibœa was the name of a shell-fish yielding a purple dye.
[2] Ganymede.
[3] Mnestheus.
[4] Gyas.

Upon their brows the ribbon red displayed,[1]
Passed here and there, when, from the cruel rock, 270
With trouble great brought off, and broken oars,
And one whole rank disabled, laughed at, sore,
And lacking honors, brought Sergestus back

[1] "Puniceis . . . tæniis." Ribbons of Punic, that is, Carthaginian, color, purple or scarlet, or, more generally speaking, "red." The appearance of these red ribbons at this juncture disturbs the judicious ANTHON, who argues that the red ribbons were there from the beginning, but that they had not been before mentioned, the term used before having been "green;" that they held in place upon the head the green wreaths. The poet, however, had not placed green wreaths on the heads of the captains, but only on those of the men (see line 134); the captains were in their parade suits of purple and gold (line 133). After the boat-race Æneas gave to Cloanthus, as victor, a laurel wreath (line 246). But, admitting that the green crowns of line 110 were worn by the captains, the poet, on the prizes being awarded, dismisses, as to the captains, the green head-gear, and substitutes in its place, or adds to it, the red ribbon: —

"Puniceis ibant evincti tempora tæniis."

The red ribbon of VIRGIL furnishes another to the already abundant proofs that there is nothing new under the sun; for the red ribbon still marks the highest order of merit at our agricultural fairs, and even in the international exhibitions.

DRYDEN: "Their conquering temples bound with purple bands."

PITT: —

"Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,
And purple fillets glitter on their head."

The last line might be improved by saying, for instance: —

A purple fillet glittering on each head.

SYMMONS: "Their laurel'd brows with purple fillets bound."

CONINGTON: —

"Each glorying in his several boon,
And wreathed with purple bright festoon."

MORRIS: "Were wending with the filleting of purple round the brow."

CRANCH: —

"The rivals all,
Proud of their sumptuous gifts, were moving on,
With scarlet ribbons bound about their brows."

PIERCE: "Those heroes paced the plain, bright fillets on each brow."

LONG: "Their temples wreathed with scarlet knots."

His ship. As, often, on the public way,
Is seen a serpent, over whom, oblique,
Hath passed a wheel of bronze, or whom a stone,
Cast on him by some wayfarer's hand hath hurt, 275
In vain long coils he gives his body pained,
Essaying to escape, and fierce in part,
Ardent in eye, hissing with neck erect,
But, where the wound is, twisting on himself,
And folding coil on coil, so hampered moved
The tardy ship; but yet her sails were spread, 280
And under full sail entered she the port.
Nor doth Æneas from Sergestus keep
The promised gift,[1] glad that his ship is saved
And comrades all brought back. To him is given
A slave, not ignorant she of useful arts
Such as Minerva teaches;[2] and her race 285
Of Crete, and Pholoë her name; and twins
Unto her breasts cling fast, fond of her care.
Father Æneas sought, this contest closed,[3]
A grassy plain, with wooded hills around
On all sides: part thereof a valley was,
And part thereof in form a theatre wide,
And for a race-course used. There, in the midst 290
Of many thousands, sat our hero down,
Again to give directions for the games.

[1] It will be seen throughout this Book that Æneas is very liberal of his gifts. He gives prizes to all contestants. He here remembers a promise which, it would seem, there is no mention of his having made.

[2] Spinning, weaving, and other domestic arts.

[3] "Hoc misso certamine." There lurks in *misso*, says ANTHON, the idea of a dismissal of those present at this contest. It might be added that this sense of the word has its illustration in the liturgy of the mass in the words, "*Ite, missa est*," — Go, you are dismissed.

Here urges he, by prizes fixed and praise,
All who might wish in foot-races to vie.
From all sides come they in. The Teucrians come,
And with them come Sicilians mixed. And come
Euryalus fair and Nisus first . . . [1]
In his green youth Euryalus stood, a form 295
Of marvelous beauty, and the boy had found
In Nisus' soul a deep devoted love.[2]
Them followed next Diores, prince derived
From Priam's royal race. Together came
Salius and Patron next. The one his birth
In Acarnania claimed, the other traced
His lineage down from the Tegæan stock
Arcadius honored. Helymus tough came next, 300
And Diopes, Trinacrian youths, to woods
Well wonted, King Acestes' friends
In court and field. Many there were besides
Whose names are hidden in a shadowy fame.[3]
Æneas, sitting in their midst, thus spoke:
"This understand, this joyfully receive,
None here of all this number shall depart 305
Without a gift: aglow with polished steel

[1] "Nisus et Euryalus primi." An imperfect line, which, as a merited compliment to VIRGIL's sensibility, we may suppose is of purpose to mark his sympathy with their characters, and as a premonition of their fate, which he records with exquisite pathos in the Ninth Book. It should also be noted that in the Ninth Book he makes a similar pause in line 467. At the mention of their names the line breaks off in the middle: —

"Euryali et Nisi . . ."

And that just below, in the present Book, at line 322, he makes a similar pause at the mention of the name of Euryalus: —

"Tertius Euryalus . . ."

[2] "Nisus amore pio pueri."

[3] "Multi præterea, quos fama obscura recondit."

Two Cretan spears, and, chased with silver pure,
A double axe,[1] for each and all. The three
Of highest merit special gifts shall have,
And with the golden olive shall be crowned.
A horse the first prize is, with trappings brave ; 310
The next an Amazonian quiver, filled
With Thracian arrows, and its belt with gold
Embroidered, and its tapering buckle gemmed ;
The third, this helmet proud in Argolis wrought."
His speech at end, all take their places due, 315
And, on the signal heard, rush on their course,
And spaces clear as by a storm dispersed,
All eyes at once upon the goal fixed firm.
And Nisus leads. Far glitters he beyond
Aught other striver in the glowing race,
Than winds or lightnings' wings more swift. And next, 320
But by a long space next, skims Salius on.
Space then somewhat being left, Euryalus fleet
Comes third . . . [2]
Euryalus close is followed in his turn
By Helymus' self, upon whose shoulder hangs,

[1] "Bipennem."

"Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus,
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes, animumque ferro."

HORACE.

[2] "Tertius Euryalus." Here another pause at the mention of the name of Euryalus.

It is noteworthy that thrice in the poem VIRGIL emphasizes the fate of these friends, and his sensibility in their regard. The other occasions are just above, in this Book (line 294) : —

"Nisus et Euryalus primi . . ."

And in the Ninth Book (line 467) : —

"Euryali et Nisi . . ."

The while he flies, Diores, foot on foot,
So close that if remained sufficient space 325
He might glide past the other, or in doubt
The question leave. And now, in the last stage
And weary, they unto the very end [1]
Were coming, when in some smooth blood, which steers,
There slain, upon the ground and through the grass
Had poured, unlucky Nisus slips. And here 330
The youth, even now a conqueror hailed,[2] his feet,
From 'neath him gliding, to the soil held not,
But prone he fell, all in the dung unclean
And sacred [3] gore; and not even then forgot

[1] WAGNER and ANTHON here set up the idea, which HEYNE combats, that the racers doubled, like the boats, around an exterior limit, and that this accident occurred near this limit, and therefore in the very middle of the race. HEYNE, in my opinion, is right, and WAGNER and ANTHON are wrong. It by no means follows that the foot-race should be governed by the rule of the boat-race; and there is neither in the nature of a foot-race nor in the text any good reason for so thinking.

[2] "Jam victor ovans." "An *exulting* victor," says ANTHON. But this does not give the sense of the word "ovans," which, rather than self-exultation, is the circumstance of being the recipient or subject of the exultations of others.

MORRIS is with ANTHON: "The victor, now, exulting."

DRYDEN: "The careless victor."

Herein he ignores "ovans." PITT ignores.

CONINGTON: "So late the conqueror, blithe and bold."

CRANCH: "Pressing exultant on."

PIERCE: "The hero, flushed with hope."

LONG: "Already counting on sure victory."

SYMMONS: "The youth, in triumph's eager pride."

Well said.

[3] "Sacroque cruore." The adjective may here well be supposed to have an ambiguous sense, implying either blessing or cursing. The Hebrew, the Latin, and the French tongues, and probably others, admit this peculiarity. "Sacra auri fames." "Sacré bête de Dieu." "Curse God (or bless God) and die."

Euryalus' aims and all his love for him.
For, as he rose from out the slime, straightway 335
In Salius' path he stood, and Salius fell
Thrown from his feet among the scattered dust.
On flies Euryalus, on, 'midst beat of hands
And cheers, and, through his friend's device, attains
The leading prize. Him Helymus next succeeds.
And now Diores the third honor wins.
But here the whole assembly rings, and most 340
The nearest seats, whereon the princes sit,[1]
Whose listening ears are stormed, and senses stunned,
With clamors mighty sent by Salius forth,
Who claims the prize as lost by utter fraud.
But safe Euryalus still remains, assured
Of general favor, loved for his brave tears
And for his innocence bright, a merit found
More pleasing in a form with beauty graced.[2]
Aids, and proclaims his aid with ringing voice, 345
Diores, who in vain for the third prize
Will look, if Salius be the first allowed.
Father Æneas then: "Your prizes, boys,

[1] "Ora prima patrum."

[2] "Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."

The Euryalus of our times is a Scotchman, Cummings, who, in the summer of 1881, accomplished a mile in 4 minutes and 16 2-5 seconds, thus running at the rate of over 14 miles per hour, and beating the fastest time theretofore of record, which was a mile in 4 minutes and 17 1-4 seconds. Had we Olympian or Sicilian data, we could compare the merits of Euryalus and Cummings. The success of the modern victor may recall, however, CAMPBELL's praise of Scotland: —

"Where Roman Eagles found unconquered foes
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire."

Are yours. No one shall move their order due,
But they shall stand just as they have been gained.
Let me, however, pity the hard case 350
Of our ill-faring friend." And, with the word,
A lion's skin immense of Gætula's wilds,
With weight of shaggy hair and golden claws,
He Salius gives.[1] But here broke Nisus out:
"If such rewards to conquered men are given,
And thou the fallen dost pity, what dost thou 355
To Nisus give? For I the crown of all
Well earned, only that Fortune hostile was
To me no less than unto Salius' self."
And with these words his face he showed, and limbs,
With slimy dung defiled. Laughed at the sight
The father, best of men, and ordered brought
A shield, fair-wrought, of Didymaon's arts,[2]
And by the Greeks from pillared height wrenched off 360
Of Neptune's sacred temple. And the youth
So excellent found he gives this gift so rare.
After the races all were ended quite,
And prizes given, and gifts distributed
As promised all: "Now, if there present be
A valorous manhood armed with prompt resource
Of heart and hand, let such its presence mark

[1] "A *tiger's* pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labor gay;
A vermeil edge, round the dark margin rolled;
And shone the terrors of his claws in gold."
STATIUS' *Hippomedon*, translated by GRAY.

[2] "Didymaonis artes." Arts, in the plural, to emphasize the excellence of the art. Didymaon's history is unknown. See remarks on this shield in the note to the 288th line of the Third Book.

By raising up, clad with the boxing-gloves,
Its brawny arms." This said he, and proposed 365
Twin honors for the fight: to him who wins,
A steer with golden horns, and garlanded;
To him who loses, for his solace given,
A sword and helmet worth a warrior's pride.
Delay was none; forthwith rose Dares up,
Dares of mighty strength, who welcomed was
By one delighted murmur of applause.
He was it who, alone, a match had proven 370
For Paris;[1] he the same who, at the tomb
Of mighty Hector, Butes felled, who claimed
From the Bebrycian race of Amycus huge[2]
Descent, — a man of bulk immense, and owned
The victor in the games which there were held, —
And in the yellow sands him dying stretched.
Such Dares was who first his lofty head 375
To battle lifts. Shows he his shoulders broad,
And right and left his arms alternate drives,
And beats, with mimic strokes, the empty air.
Where is his rival? Of that concourse vast
No man to meet him dares,[3] no man to draw
Against such odds the gloves for combat on.
So, full of fire, and deeming that the prize, 380
By full consent of all, belonged to him,
Before Æneas' feet he stood, nor thought
'T were needful longer space to wait for foes.

[1] Paris was famed as a boxer. He even surpassed Hector.

[2] A nation and hero renowned for pugilism.

[3] The word "Dares" is thus, conveniently, a Sicilian proper name and an English verb. I do not care, however, even to file a caveat for a patent on this pun.

Then with his left hand grasped he the bull's horn,
And thus he said: "O Goddess-born, if none
The fight will risk, what end of standing here
Shall be? How long is 't right for me to stay?
Give order that the gifts be hither brought." 385
And so the Dardans, too, with general voice,
Cried out that he his promised gifts should have.
Entellus,[1] hereupon, with heavy words
Is by Acestes lashed, as side by side
Upon the grass they sit: "Entellus, once
Of heroes vainly bravest, canst thou now 390
These gifts so great see taken by default?[2]
Where now is he, to us a very God,
Thy master Eryx, thought of now for naught?
Where now thy fame through all Trinacria spread,
And proud spoils pending from thy homestead's walls?"
He thereupon: "My love of praise remains,
Nor is my glory in the past by fear
Made less; but flows in current dull my blood, 395
Chilled and delayed by age, and freeze effete
My powers my limbs within. If unto me
That youthful fire remained which once I had,
And wherein now that rogue there[3] prides himself,
I should step forth, but not by prizes led,
Not by a pretty steer. I want no gifts." 400
Thus having said, into the midst he cast
Twin gloves[4] of weight immense, with which was wont

[1] Also a Sicilian.
[2] "Nullo certamine."
[3] "Improbus iste." See a note on improbus, Book Fourth, line 386.
[4] "Geminos cestus."

Fierce Eryx, in the battle's throng and stress,
His hands to clothe, his arms to fortify.
Astounded were they all. Seven mighty hides 405
Of bulls so huge[1] with lead were stiff sewed in,
And iron mixed through. Astounded more than all
Was Dares' self, and far he backward steps.[2]
Anchises' son, great-souled, their weight now tries,
And turns, now here, now there, their folds immense,
The while the ag'd Entellus from his breast
Such words as these sends forth, and these submits:
"What if the gloves of Hercules' fists ye saw, 410
And, on this very shore, that fatal fight?[3]
The gloves thou seest, Æneas, Eryx once,
Thine own half-brother, wore. (Thou canst see yet
How soiled they are with blood and battered brains.)
With these he Hercules' force withstood. To these
Well used I was, whilst better blood gave strength,
Nor yet had envious age upon my locks 415
His whitening fingers placed. But if our gauge
Declines the Trojan Dares to accept,
And this may suit Æneas the devout,
And him, Acestes, who encouraged me,
Let us the contest equalize. The hides
Of Eryx I withdraw. Thy fear dismiss. 420
Do thou, too, put aside the gloves of Troy."

[1] "Tantorum boum."

[2] "Longe recusat." HEYNE's sense is, doubtless, the correct one: "*Ferne* zurück sturzt." The same recusat, in an active sense, is used just below, line 417.

[3] Wherein Hercules slew Eryx.

He said, and from his shoulders threw he off
The double cloak, and thus his limbs laid bare,
Sinews, and brawny muscles, and huge bones,
And in the arena stood a giant forth.
Then he, the father, of Anchises' blood,
Gloves equal each to each set forth, and bound 425
Upon the palms of each his several pair.
At once erect on tip-toe each is drawn,
And each his fists advances high in air.
Far back their slanting heads from blows they draw,[1]
And hands with hands they mingle, and the fight
Slow on:[2] the one more sure of foot, more fresh 430
In youthful force; the other in his bulk
Of limb more strong, but having tottering knees,
And, in fatigue, a thickness in his breath
That shook his mighty muscles. But in vain
The men wounds many interchange. Fall thick
On hollow flank the flying blows. Great sounds 435
Give forth their breasts, and fast round ears and brows
Plies glove on glove; and crack 'neath heavy strokes
Their jaws. Entellus heavy stands unmoved,
The same his posture as at first, and shuns,
By watchful eyes and swaying body bent,
His foeman's blows: as one his foeman fights
Who with machines of war some city throned

[1] "Abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu."
A line full of animation and onomatopoesy.

[2] This part of the contest is described by the modern word "sparring."

On towering height attacks, or with his bands
Some mountain-fortress strong besieges close.[1] 440
Now these, now those, approaches he attempts,
Wanders his practiced eye from point to point,
Assault succeeds assault, but all in vain ;
The stubborn walls and towers refuse to yield.[2]
And now Entellus, rising to his height,
His right hand raises for a mighty blow ;
But Dares it descending from above
Foresees, and with his nimble body springs 445
Deftly aside. The blow descends on air ;
The man, heavy himself, falls heavily down
To earth, a ponderous mass, as falls at times
On Erymanthus or on Ida great,
Torn from its yielding roots, a hollow pine.
Rise now together, with deep feeling stirred, 450
The people all, Sicilian host alike
And Teucrian guest. Shouts smite the skies. Runs first

[1] The force of these similes I can confirm from personal observation. I have seen many of the very towns and fortifications from which the poet drew these pictures. For they are drawn from actual objects, many of which still survive. The hills and walls of Hyères (Hiæra ?), in the ancient Liguria, and the mighty rocks and fortress of Lourdes (Lordum), of Gaul, are prominent instances in point. Around both these places historical recollections thickly cluster. Lourdes has been always known as the key of the Pyrenees. Hyères, true to its Ligurian antecedents, successfully resisted a six months' siege from Charlemagne. The hills, the walls, the rocks, survive, grim with age, crowned with ivy, themselves immovable, the witnesses of many mutations. Nor less remarkable are other antique towns still perched on the Apennines and the Alps.

[2] "And as the Chief who some strong tower essays,
Amid cloud-kissing hills or marshy vales,
Seeks access by a thousand wiles and ways,
So the Earl scans the giant he assails."
Encounter of Raymond and Argantes. WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 7.

Acestes,[1] pitying, forward, and lifts up
From off the ground his friend of his own age.
But by the fall not balked nor frightened aught,
Returns he keener to the fight, and strength
By anger aids. For shame his powers evokes, 455
And valor conscious kindles all his soul.
On fire, with force resistless, now he drives
Throughout the lists headlong his flying foe;
Now from his right hand showering blows, and now
Them raining from his left. No stay, no rest.
As dash the angry clouds the pelting hail
Upon the roofs, so with keen blows and swift
With either hand this side and that he smites 460
The suffering Dares helpless 'neath the storm.
Father Æneas then permitted not
Such wrath should further go, Entellus thus
Permitted not with bitter mind to rage,
But made an end of strife, and Dares sore
And his distressful state thus soothed with words:
"My luckless friend, what madness rules thy mind? 465
Perceiv'st thou not that other Powers are here,
And that the will divine hath changed? Then why
With heaven contend? Yield thou unto the God."
Such were his words, and thus he with his voice
The battle broke in twain.[2] But Dares led

[1] The rules of the game give Acestes this opportunity. It is not allowed to strike a prostrate antagonist.

[2] "Dixitque, et prœlia voce diremit."
MORRIS' phrase is pretty, but lacks the force of the original: —
"So 'neath his word the battle sank to peace."

His faithful followers off unto the ships,
He dragging feeble knees, and throwing oft
His head from side to side, and from his mouth
Ejecting clotted gore, and with it teeth.[1] 470
Called,[2] they accept [3] the helmet and the sword ;
The bull and palm they to Entellus leave.
The victor he, his spirits running high,
And haughty with his bull : "Thou Goddess-born,
And ye of Teucer sprung, now learn at once
What youthful force my body erewhile claimed, 475
And from what death your Dares ye have saved."
He spoke, and, standing opposite the bull, of fight
The prize, with his right hand firm-poised and swift,
His aim direct he made between the horns,
And, rising to the blow, the bones dashed back 480
Upon the battered brain.[4] A fatal stroke ;

[1] "While clotted gore and mingled teeth
Flow from his mouth in mingled tide."

CONINGTON.

[2] "Vocati." PIERCE says "at trumpet's call;" but the word here probably notes only the hesitation of defeat and humiliation.

[3] Sic. "Accipiunt."

[4] I shall be accused of omitting mention of the cestuses, "duros cestus." "I know it." But I thought my reader might concur with me that this mad boxer seemed to be handling this animal "without gloves."

It should be observed, in this connection, that "effracto cerebro" means, not "the brain breaking forth," but "*the brain being broken in upon.*" The *concussion* of the brain, not the displacement of it, caused death. VIRGIL employs the *transitive* sense of "effractus," as found in the substantive "effractor," a burglar, one who breaks *in* upon a house. CONINGTON's line is therefore a mistranslation: —

"The brain came through the shattered skull."

Such a translation would condemn VIRGIL, not only as having been ignorant of the cause of death, but as making a statement which, in the nature of things, is incredible, if not impossible.

And falls the ox, lifeless and trembling, down
Upon the ground.[1] Whereon, from his full heart,
Entellus thus: "Eryx, to thee I send
A better soul instead of Dares' death.
Victorious now, thy fame and mine made sure,
Here lay I down the boxer's gloves and art."[2]
Invites Æneas now all those whose wish 485
May be to vie in proofs of archery bold,
In skill in sending forth the arrow swift,
And prizes due arrays for those whose aims
Shall win. And, with his mighty hand, a mast
From out Sergestus' ship he firm sets up,
And high upon its top a pigeon swift,

[1] "Procumbit humi bos." "The sound an echo to the sense." ANTHON.

[2] "Hic victor cestus artemque repono."

The term *cestus* (κεστος) is defined as an embroidered belt or ribbon, and is sometimes applied to the girdle or zone of Venus. The cestus of the boxers originally consisted of broad belts or thongs embroidered across the knuckles, with convenient bands or knobs of bronze. The cestuses of both Goddess and boxers would seem to have survived to this day. The cestus of the boxers is seen in that formidable weapon known, in the records of criminal trials, as "brass knucks." This weapon dispenses with the thong, but arms the knuckles with brass, or lead, or iron. Some philologists favor the spelling *cæstus*, and derive the word from the verb *cædere*, to kill. Brass knucks are of various patterns. The sketches following may give some idea of their shapes and mode of use: —

A mark for flying shafts, ties by a cord,
The cord passed through an opening in the wood.
Chance shall decide the order of the aims.
Meet now the men. A helmet's bronze contains 490
The lots thrown in. And leaps out first[1]
Hippocoön's lot, son he of Hyrtacus brave,
While favoring plaudits rise. And next the lot
Leaps out of Mnestheus, he who but just now
A victor issued from the naval race, —
Mnestheus, whose brows with olive green are crowned.
Comes forth thine third, Eurytion, brother thou 495
Of him Fame's darling, Pandarus great, who once,
The truce to break commanded, threw his spear
The first the Argive armament's lines within.[2]

[1] In the primitive method the lots were not drawn, but *shaken*, from the helmet.

Nisus and Hippocoön, being both sons of Hyrtacus, were of course brothers. The circumstance is one, among a number, showing that Nisus was, with our poet, a favorite character.

[2] Pandarus, called by Homer the godlike, was, of all bowmen, the most illustrious (O clarissime!). At the command of Minerva (jussus) he broke the truce with the Greeks by aiming at Menelaus an arrow, and wounding him therewith, and fatally, but for the mercy of Minerva herself: —

. . . . . .

"'Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope
That thou wilt hear my counsel? darest thou slip
A shaft at Menelaus?' . . .

. . . . . .

So Pallas spoke, to whom infatuate he
Listening uncased at once his polished bow.

. . . . . .

He raised his quiver's lid. He chose a dart
Unflown, full-fledged and barbed with pangs of death.
He lodged in haste the arrow on the string,
And vowed to Lycian Phœbus, bow-renowned,
A hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.

One only other lot the helmet held,
And this Acestes' was, bold he to dare
To measure labors with impetuous youth.
  Then bend they, with firm hands, the arching bows, 500
Each for himself, and from the quivers draw
The arrows forth. The arrow which cleaved first
The limpid air twanged from the sounding cord
Of young Hippocoön keen, and struck the mast.
There it, embedded, clung, while the pierced wood 505
Vibrated with the stroke, a trembling thing,
And fluttered violently the frightened bird,
And rung again all things with plaudits [1] given
To their boy-favorite by delighted crowds.
  Then Mnestheus keen stood forth, his bow in hand,
Of lofty things desirous,[2] of the prize

Compressing next nerve and notched arrow-head,
He drew back both together to his pap,
Drew home the nerve, the barb home to his bow,
And, when the horn* was curved to a wide arch,
He twanged it. Whizzed the bow-string, and the reed
Leaped off, impatient for the distant throng."

COWPER, *Iliad*, Book 4, lines 121 *et seq.*

1 "Et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu."

2 "Alta petens." I venture an innovation here, or, rather, I venture to follow VIRGIL, conceiving that the VIRGILIANS in a body have deserted him. Literally "alta petens" means "seeking the high," and, inasmuch as this was a trial of skill for a prize, a fair interpretation would seem to be that the high things the archer was seeking were the prize and the merit of getting it: alta premia petens. Yet the phrase is interpreted merely as referring to his care to make a high aim with his arrow: alta loca petens. And why loca? His care should not have been to make a high aim with his arrow, any more than a low aim, but an accurate aim; and, accord-

* His bow made of the horns of a goat.

And of the praise, as well, which skill reward.
His eye and arrow equally he trained.
But, as ill luck would have it, he the bird
Failed just to reach, but cut the cord whereby 510
Unto the lofty mast she by the foot
Was tied. And she, by flaxen cords and knots
No longer held, fled to the winds and clouds
Obscure of heaven.[1] Then, quick, Eurytion shrewd,

ingly, we find VIRGIL painting the archer in the very attitude of adjusting his aim to secure accuracy: "pariter oculos telumque tetendit." But even the judicious MORRIS says: "Aiming aloft." And PITT and ANTHON: "Aiming on high." DRYDEN: "Took his aim above."

CONINGTON: "Raises toward the sky his bow."

LONG: "His eye and arrow one."

LONG thus ignores "alta."

COOPER is silent.

SYMMONS: "At once his bow-string and his eye *intends*."

A queer expression and ignorative of "alta."

[1] "Nodos et vincula linea rupit
Quis innexa pedem malo pendebat ab alto;
Illa notos atque atra volans in nubila fugit."

Let us see what the VIRGILIANS will make out of this linen string (or these linen strings?) which Mnestheus' arrow had cut, and which could not have been as strong as a cable, or even as durable as the "vincula matrimonii," as its office was merely to tie a pigeon to a pole; and how they will treat the pole (the lofty mast) and the black clouds (atra nubila).

DRYDEN: —

"He cut the cord
Which fastened by the foot the flitting bird.
The captive thus released, away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies."

DRYDEN, thus, besides putting "vincula" in the singular (not an error of the printer, for he makes "cord" rhyme with "bird"), ignores the flax (linea) and the knots (nodos) and the lofty mast (malo alto).

PITT: "He cut the string that tied the trembling dove."

PITT thus ignores nodos and linea and ab alto malo, — the knots, the linen, and from the lofty mast.

SYMMONS: —

"The arrow parts the rope
That held the flutterer's foot: no more confined,
She seeks the clouds:"

ignoring, thus, knots, linen, mast, and black.

Who had long since, on ready bow, his aim
In waiting held, a vow to heaven pronounced,
And called his brother's name, the while he watched
The glad bird wheeling through the vacant air ;
And as her wings she clapped, a cloud beneath,
His arrow reached her. Her descent began.

CONINGTON: —

"The flaxen ties
Which to the mast had held her bound,
And forth into the clouds she flies."

CONINGTON thus ignores the knots (nodos) and the lofty mast (alto) and the black clouds (atra).

MORRIS: —

"The knots and lines of hempen twist
Whereby, all knitted to her foot, she to the mast was tied,
But, flying, towards the winds of heaven and murky mist
She hied."

This seems unnecessarily secure. Besides, in thus securing the bird, MORRIS fails to recognize the tall mast (alto).

CRANCH: —

"The knotted cord by which she hung. Aloft
Toward the clouds and through the air she speeds."

CRANCH thus ignores the lofty mast (malo alto) and the black clouds (atra).

PIERCE: "Cut the knots that bound the captive's foot. Than winds more swift, the bird sought dusky clouds."

PIERCE thus ignores the flaxen strings (vincula linea) and the lofty mast (malo alto).

LONG: —

"Yet cuts the knots, the hempen string, by which,
Foot-tied, it hung suspended from the mast ;
Free, to the winds and gathering gloom it flies."

LONG thus puts "vincula" in the singular (possibly an error of the printer), and ignores the loftiness of the mast (alto).

ANTHON: "The knots and hempen bands," and "the tall mast," and "dusky clouds."

COOPER: "The knots and hempen cords." No comment on the mast, nor on the clouds.

This review of the authorities adds another to the lengthy catalogue of proofs of the difficulty of accurate translation, especially of accurate translation from metre to metre.

Among the ethereal stars her life she left,
And, fallen to earth, brought back the clinging barb.
The palm thus lost, Acestes sole remained,
Who yet aerially his weapon tried, 520
His skill the father showing, and his bow
Full of resounding power. And here, behold,
A prodigy strange is seen, that sudden and full
Of augury is, how great the event soon showed,
When prophet-priests too late the omen sung.
For in the liquid clouds the reed took fire, 525
And marked its way with flames, and thinly fled,
Within the winds consumed, just as sometimes
We see in heaven unfixed a star its tress of light [1]
Across the azure move. With minds amazed
They stood, held rooted to the earth, the men,
Trinacrians, Teucrians all, and prayed the Gods; 530
But yet their greatest man, Æneas, missed
The omen's meaning plain, but straight embraced
Acestes, (full of joy [2] he, too,) and gifts

[1] "Crinemque volantia sidera ducunt."

[2] "Lætum amplexus Acesten." This passage is calculated to confer special comfort upon the "lay brethren." For it will have been observed that although the *people* perceived the omen (which prefigured the burning of the ships) neither the priesthood perceived it, nor Acestes, nor "their greatest man of all," Æneas. In this remarkable passage, in the interest of my lay constituency, I have been especially solicitous to make my English as plain as VIRGIL's Latin.

It may be observed that CONINGTON, apparently not apprehensive of the value of the "lætum" as descriptive of Acestes' state of mind, ignores it altogether. But CONINGTON is not alone; for with him are DRYDEN and PITT.

MORRIS is here equivocal.

PIERCE, or his printer, misinterprets this passage. He says Æneas

Of value great heaped on him, and thus spoke:
"Take, father, for I see Olympus' King
Doth wish, by auspices like these, that thou
Shouldst honors bear beyond the allotted gifts.
This present thou shalt have, Anchises' own, 535
Ag'd he like thee, a cup profusely wrought
With art's best tracery, which of old time gave
King Cisseus, he of Thrace, in kindness great,
Unto my sire Anchises, of his love
A pledge and monument fair that honored both."
So saying, he with laurel green the brows
Of King Acestes crowned, and named the king 540
Victorious first o'er all that there had striven.
Nor did the good Eurytion calm begrudge
The honor so conferred, although 't was he,
And only he, who from the heavens the bird
Brought down. Eurytion's gift came next, then his
Who cut the cord. And last was honored he
Who in the mast his flying arrow fixed.
Father Æneas kind, before had ceased 545
The archers' contest quite, had to him called
Epytis' son, one of his chosen guards,[1]

marked the sign. He should have said, and probably did write, he *missed* the sign.

LONG makes the same mistake. Let him, his printer, and his manuscript interplead; and (in the language of legal records) day is given.

[1] "In that bright moment, Ilium's host,
Fear-quelled before Achaia's warlike sons,
Had Troy reëntered, and the host of Greece,
By matchless might and fortitude their own,
Had snatched a victory from the grasp of Fate;
But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts
Æneas roused; Epytis' son he seemed,

Ascanius' chief companion, and within
His faithful ear had said: "Go! act![1] and seek
Ascanius, and him bid, if now his band
Of boys prepared he hath, and hath them taught
Their evolutions ready for parade,
That to his grandfather his troop he lead, 550
And him his soldiery show." Æneas' self
Makes leave the oblong field[2] the crowds therein,
Assembled to behold the archers' feats,
And through the fields an open pathway makes.
Come in the boys, and, in their parents' eyes,
All shine alike upon their champing steeds,
And, as they pass, draw from the admiring crowds,
Troy's and Trinacria's, equally, applause.[3] 555
The riders all wore pressed upon their casques,
As custom was, the crown of clustered leaves.
Two cherry-shafts, with iron tipped, each bore,[4]
And o'er their shoulders some the quiver bright

Periphas, ancient in the service grown
Of old Anchises, whom he dearly loved."

COWPER, *Iliad*, 17, 384.

[1] "Vade, age!"

[2] "Longo decedere circo." "Circus longus" suggest the Long Field (Longchamps) of the Boulogne Wood at Lutetia (Paris). Yet we are not prepared to call it, with DRYDEN, a "cirque."

[3] This military scene is not lost upon PIERCE. Like a true soldier, he says: "'Go tell Ascanius, if his troop be well in hand, the march arranged to form, and, under arms, parade before his grandsire's face.' With well-dressed ranks the boys advance; on champing steeds dash past their wondering sires."

[4] The text is "cornea" (from *cornus*, a horn), so called from the horny hardness of the wood. The usual translation is *cornel*-shafts, a phrase which conveys no meaning to the modern ear. The tree is a species of cherry (Cornus Mascula). It attains a height of some twenty feet, and is remarkable and desirable for the tough and dense fibre of its wood.

Had flung, and each a chain had on of gold
Twisted and flexible, and from the neck
Its way pursuing o'er the upper breast.[1]
Detachments three of knights there were; rode forth 560
Upon the plain commanders three, in rank
Alike; and numbered each command twice six.
One brilliant line the little Priam led,
He who a name inherited whereto
Ovations ceaseless rise, that of the king,
His grandsire. Son beloved of thee, he was,
Polites,[2] and the source illustrious grown, 565
Whence flows of cherished names through Italy's veins
A current bright. Bestrode the lad a steed
From Thracian meadows, mottled o'er with white,
His front feet white, and on his dancing crest
A milky star. And led another line
Young Atys, whence have come the Atii famed,[3]
A boy the boy Iülus dearly loved.
The last Iülus' self led forth, his form 570
In beauty passing all the rest. A horse
He rode of Sidon, which to him had given
Dido, the peerless queen, a monument this
To be, and pleasing memory, of her love.
Mounted the three detachments were of knights

[1] The torques is here described. A torques, taken as a trophy from a Gaul of gigantic stature, gave to Titus Manlius Capitolinus the additional title of Torquatus. Livy, 7, 10.

[2] Polites, son of Priam, killed by Pyrrhus at the sack of Troy, just before Pyrrhus dispatched Priam himself. See the story in the Second Book, line 526.

[3] From this family the Emperor Augustus himself was in part descended.

Upon Trinacrian horses [1] which belonged
Unto the King Acestes . . . [2]
Praises the blushing boys pursue and joy, 575
And in their faces Dardans recognize,
Repeated in their sons, their parents' traits.
And when at last throughout the throngs had passed
The mimic army, parents making glad,
Themselves delighted with the gay review,
Gives Periphas, the prompter of the play,
From where he stands afar, the signs agreed,
The signal-note upon the bugle winds,
And cracks his twirling lash.[3] In oblique line 580
They part, the same front keeping, and by twos
Each leader forms his separate stern command.
Again, upon the word, their ranks they wheel,
And charge with serried spears as though in fight;

[1] DRYDEN, zealous to improve an already beautiful picture, adds: —

"With golden bits adorned and purple reins."

It may have been his amiable purpose thus to fill out the imperfect line occurring just below, in the same spirit of accommodation which suggested to SERVIUS to fill out the imperfect line, number 470 of the Third Book, with the Didymaon shield. But VIRGIL was amply competent to arrange his own equipments and his own curiosity-shop.

[2] "Fertur equis." An imperfect line, which possibly indicates the thought of the poet that he had not done justice to these boys or to these horses (both subjects of which he was fond), and that he intended to return thereto with still higher praises.

[3] PIERCE alone, of all the VIRGILIANS, is here equal to the occasion. His life in the camp, on parade, and on the march was not for nothing. "Now when the gladsome boys had ridden in review, Epytis' son loud winds the signal note, and cracks his twirling lash. They part; by twos each captain forms his band. Again in serried ranks they wheel, and charge with level lance. On separate ground they turn, wind coil on coil, and feign the bloody strife: and now their backs in flight expose; now couch the hostile spear; then gallop, side by side, in truce agreed."

Charge and retreat, long changing circuits take,
Alternate circle within circle coil,
And all the ways of actual warfare feign ; 585
And now in flight their backs expose, and now
With hostile spears advance, or suddenly turn
To gallop side by side in mutual truce.
Confused like this, 't is said, in lofty Crete
The Labyrinth was, a woven path blind walls
Among, a shifting trap that diverse paths
A thousand had, and wherein he who sought 590
The numerous signs of exit followed on
An endless maze, wherein an error lay
Whether right on he tended or returned.
In such a maze the Teucrian boys at speed
The tangle follow on, and weave, in play,
Now flight, and battle now, retreat, attack;
Like to the dolphins, who the humid wave
Cut of Carpathia's sea and Libya's lake,[1] 595
And sport the foam among. This custom fair
And contests these Ascanius first renewed,
When Alba Longa first with walls he fenced,
And taught the Latin youths to celebrate then,
As had himself, as had the youths of Troy.
The Albans taught their sons, and thence the sons 600
Of mighty Rome thereafter learned the same,
And kept this glory of their country's games,

1 "Carpathicum Libycumque secant, luduntque per undas."
As the map will show, these bodies of water mingle. The dolphins mingle, and cross and recross the undeterminable boundary of the two seas. The line was probably defective, and the addition of "luduntque per undas" the work of some SERVIUS or DRYDEN, who thus essayed to help VIRGIL.

Whereof to-day the boys the Trojan Band
Are called, the game the Game of Troy.[1]
  Thus far in honor of the sacred sire,
Blest father of the people and their chief,
The celebration due of rites and games,
And contests of the valiant, had been had.
But Fortune, now, her friendly countenance changed,
Her faith of former days denied. For whilst 605
Were given around his tomb the solemn rites,
From heaven Saturnian Juno Iris sent
Unto the Ilian fleet, and on her pathway breathed
Propitious winds, whilst Juno many things
Revolved her mind within, steeped in its grief,
The grief of former days not yet dispelled.[2]
The maid, her way dispatching through the bow

[1] It is noteworthy that VIRGIL here improves on HOMER. He describes the Trojan Game as a substitute for the Homeric single combat, wrestling, and quoit-throwing, and, as COOPER well observes, it is worth them all.

The Ludus Trojanus was frequently exhibited under the auspices of Augustus. The cause of its discontinuance was an accident which befell Æserninus, grandson of Asiniu Pollio. The youth had the misfortune to break his leg while participating in the game.

SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS, in his *Life of Augustus* (sec. 43), speaks of the Game as childish sport, but admits the Emperor's fondness for it, and its popularity with all classes. The Game was always exhibited, he says, "*majorum minorumque puerorum dilectu:* to the delight of the *larger and smaller* boys."

[2] Her grief (as it will be remembered) arose from more than one cause: the slight her beauty received in the Judgment of Paris, and her consequent hatred of her successful rival, Venus, mother of Æneas, and her deep umbrage against Electra, mother of Dardanus, and against Jupiter himself, not only on Electra's account, but for his dismissal of her daughter Hebe in favor of Ganymede, — all causes set forth in the outset of the Poem. These personal affronts conspired to antagonize her against the Trojans and their friends, and this is the key of the Poem.

Of thousand tints, achieved, unseen by all, 610
Her swift descent. She sees the concourse great,
Surveys the shores, and looks upon the port
Deserted by the people, and the ships
Left empty to themselves. But far off weep
The Trojan dames, in secret, silent grief,
Anchises lost, while through their tears they view
The deep, deep sea: "Alas! such depths," they say, 615
"For weary ones, and so much sea beyond!"
One voice have all. A city they implore,
Grieving at thought of further toils by sea.
Therefore (of guile not ignorant she) herself
Within their midst she threw, and laid aside
Her face and garb celestial, and became 620
Of Doryclus the Ismarian the good wife,
Who, in that antique time, claimed race and name
And children, Beroë old, and in the midst
She came of the Dardanian dames, and said:
"O wretched, that no Grecian hand in war
Us unto death had dragged, our country's walls 625
Beneath! Unhappy race, for what dire end
Hath Fortune thee reserved? And now, since Troy
Fell from her height, have seven long summers passed,
And borne are we through straits, and through all lands,
'Midst rocks so many and so desolate toils;
And, tossed in mighty seas, still Italy's shores
Pursue, which e'er escape. Here now is land 630

Our brother Eryx owned; here is our host
Acestes. Who forbids walls here to build,
A city here to give to sea-worn souls?
O native land, O household Gods, in vain
From foemen snatched! Shall ne'er again arise
New walls of Troy? Nor e'er Hectorean streams,
Simois, Xanthus, pour their dimpling floods
Through peaceful harvest-fields? But be ye up 635
And doing, and with me the unlucky ships
With fire destroy, for in my sleep to me
Troy's prophet-priestess came, Cassandra's self,
And blazing torches placed my hands within.
'Here seek your Troy,' she said, 'here is your home.'
Now is the time to do; make no delay
On prodigies sure like these. Lo, here at hand
Are altars four to Neptune! Torches, then,
And courage for the deed the God supplies." 640
And, speaking thus, herself the baneful fire
She seizes, brightly flashing forth, raised high
In her right hand, and hurls it. Thereupon
Intent the minds were of the Ilian dames,
And stupefied their hearts. And of them one,
The eldest, Pyrgo, royal nurse at times
Of Priam's babes: "Not she is Beroë, no; 645
Not Rhetian wife of Doryclus is she.
Her traits divine, good mothers, note ye well.
Note well her grace, her mien not that of earth.
Note well her eyes that flame with holy fire,
Her spirit and her face, her voice, her step.
For I myself just now left Beroë sick, 650

Indignant that, alone, she from the feast
Is held, nor can her presence add with those
Who join to give Anchises honors due."
Such words she said . . .[1]
  But hesitating first in doubt they stand,
The matrons viewing with ill eyes the ships, 655
Between their love unhappy of that shore
And realms whereto they beckoned were by Fate.
Then rose, upon her well-poised wings, to heaven
The Goddess now confessed, and, in her flight,
Made beam once more her brilliant-tinted arch.
And now, by prodigies such amazed, and driven
By frenzy on, they cry aloud, and seize 660
The fire from out the penetralian hearths,[2]
Or spoil the shrines, and leaf and bough and brand
They hurl, while rages Vulcan, like a steed
Loose-reined, the thwarts among and oars, and swift
The ribs attacks and keels of painted fir.
  Brings to Anchises' tomb and to the seats
Whereon the people sat the games to view 665
A messenger, Eumelus, the wild news
Of ships on fire, and they, on looking round,
Behold the black smoke soar aloft to heaven.
And first Ascanius, just as when he led,
Delighted, his gay troop of cavaliers,
Hied forward on his horse towards the shore;

[1] "Hæc effata." An imperfect line, necessitating, or necessitated by, a pause. The pause closely precedes the flight of Iris, and may well have been intentional on the part of the poet, as intimating a moment of wonder and surprise.

[2] Of the neighboring buildings.

Nor can his masters, dead with fear, him hold.
"What madness, now, is this? What frenzy new? 670
And whither bent? And why?" the youth exclaims,
"Alas! my countrywomen, not the foe
Ye burn, unhappy, nor their camps! Your hopes,
'T is these ye burn! Behold me, I am here,
Your own Ascanius I." Then at their feet
His helmet down he cast, wherewith in sport
He had been clad to stir that mimic war.[1]
Æneas hastened; hastened, too, the bands 675
Of Teucrian men. In fear along the shore
The scattered matrons flee. The woods they seek,
And wheresoe'er the rocks concave hold forth
A furtive refuge. Loathe they now the deed,
Loathe they the light, and, changed, their own they know,
And Juno from their breasts is shaken off.
But none the less the flames their mastery hold. 680
Vomits the caulking forth its tardy smoke
From out the sea-soaked wood. The fiery steam
Its gradual poisons sends throughout the keels.
And naught avail the strength of heroes given
Nor rivers poured upon the stubborn flames.
Then did devout Æneas rend his robe, 685
And call the Gods to aid, and reach his palms
To heaven: "Almighty Jove, if thou dost not,

[1] He dashes off the helmet that they may the more plainly see that it is he, say the commentators. But is there not also something in it of courtesy and gallantry?

Even to the humblest, hate the Trojan race,
If moves thee yet thy former love for man
And pity for his toils,[1] grant to our fleet
To escape the flames now, Father, and to save
From utter death the little remnant left 690
Of Teucrian power ; or what remains, do thou,
If so my sins deserve, destroy outright,
With sudden thunder from thine own right hand."
  Scarce had he spoken, when an instant storm
Raged black with pouring rain, while shook the cliffs 695
And plains with thunder-peals. From the whole sky
The deluge poured in darkling floods profuse,
Lashed by the Southern gales in gust on gust.
O'erflow the ships, quenched is the wood half-burned ;
Beneath the storm subsides the fiery steam,
And, rescued from the pest, the fleet survives,
But not till four brave ships are ruined quite.
  Father Æneas, by this harsh ill-chance 700
And bitter change of Fortune's wayward ways,
As by a fall was thrown ; in keen distress
As by a blow was stunned ; and, frightened sore,[2]

[1] "Si quid pietas antiqua labores
Respicit humanos."

[2] I saw nothing for it, here, but to make four English lines say that for which one Latin line is sufficient : —

"At pater Æneas casu concussus acerbo."

In the third line I have endeavored to make the line labor as would a person thrown heavily upon the ground. Some of the VIRGILIANS here take occasion to qualify their sympathy for Æneas as betraying alarm and grief unbecoming a man; but I cannot join them. If he had not shown such

Now here, now there, within his breast his cares
Oppressed, he changed and turned, whether in fields
Sicilian he should stay, of all the Fates
Forgetful, or should yet for Italy strive.
Nautes[1] in years was well advanced, a man
Whom with all care Tritonian Pallas taught, 705

care and fright under the alarming state of the facts, he would have less deserved the title of hero. For heroism, in my estimate of it, is anything but indifference and foolhardiness. We do not forearm against dangers unless we foresee them.

As to the methods taken by the VIRGILIANS in disposing of this concise and meaningful line, in translation, let them speak for themselves: —

DRYDEN, strangely enough, makes no attempt to translate the line, but ignores it.

COOPER makes no comment.

PITT: —

"Meanwhile the hero by the loss oppressed,
With various cares that racked his laboring breast."

CONINGTON: —

"But good Æneas, all distraught
By that too cruel blow."

I have elsewhere urged that Æneas' title of "father," when used by VIRGIL, should find a place in the translation. PITT and CONINGTON and, as we shall directly see, CRANCH and PIERCE herein offend.

PIERCE: "Sore troubled by this sad event, Troy's hero," etc.

ANTHON: "Shocked by this bitter calamity, Father Æneas," etc.

CRANCH: "Æneas, by this grave disaster shocked."

But VIRGIL would have been shocked by the omission of Æneas' title of "father."

MORRIS: "But shaken by such bitter hap, Father Æneas," etc.

LONG: —

"Father Æneas, then, stunned at a blow
So hard."

SYMMONS: —

"But the great chief, confounded by the event,
Feels his strong breast by jarring counsels rent."

[1] The peculiar circumstance wherefrom the Nautian family derived its right to serve the altars of Minerva has been mentioned in a quotation from SERVIUS, in a note to the Third Book of the Æneid, at line 407.

And with her gifts had brought to eminence great.
She answers gave him, either mighty wrath
Of Heaven what might portend, or order given
By mastering Fates what might of man require.
And, comforting Æneas, Nautes came,
And to his ear gave prudent speech and calm.
"Thou Goddess' son, where Fates call and recall
There must we follow. Whatsoe'er may chance, 710
That must we bear, and Fortune rule thereby.
Acestes hast thou here, a Dardan, born
Of race divine. Him take into thy plans.
And him a willing ally shalt thou find.
To him the people of the lost ships give.
And to them add all who have irksome found
Thy noble enterprise and thine affairs.
The men grown old, the matrons wearied out 715
With life at sea, and whatsoe'er thou hast
Of weak or timid, seek thou out, and them
In walls permit within these lands their limbs
To rest, and by the King's permission given,
They shall their new-built town 'Acesta' call."[1]
With such words kindled of his aged friend,
His mind was yet in cares led far away, 720
And murky Night, drawn by her solemn steeds,
The starry pole controlled. But, thereupon,
There glided down from heaven his parent's face,
Anchises'. Suddenly it came, and thus
Poured forth its words, while he attentive heard:

[1] It was afterwards also called Agesta and Segesta.

"My son, than life, while life remained, more dear;
My son, in Ilian Fates well disciplined,[1] 725
Hither, by Jove's command, I come, — he who
A deluge sent to save the fleet from fire,
And, from high heaven, at last did pity thee.
The counsels which the aged Nautes gives
Are excellent. Well do thou them follow out.
To Italy's shores take thou the chosen youths, 730
The hearts that stoutest are. For thou shalt find
In Latium a hard race, of nature coarse,
Of manners fierce, whom thou by weight of war
Must hold in awe.[2] But, first, do thou of Dis
The nether home seek out, and seek, my son,
In deep Avernus, opportunities fair
Of speech with me. For me holds not the realm
Profane of Tartarus, and its gloomy shades,
But I frequent Elysium's courts, and share 735
Of pious souls the counsels sweetly wise.
There shall the Sibyl chaste thee lead through blood
Of sheep black-wooled abundant poured to Gods
Plutonian. And the coming time, thy race
And future walls, these thou shalt learn. And now
Farewell. The Night her middle journey far
Hath left, and on me breathe of cruel Dawn

[1] "Iliacis exercite fatis." See a former note on "exercite," Book Third, line 182. The meaning, I insist, is not a domestic one, "fretted," nor an academic one, "learned," but a military one, "drilled," "trained," "disciplined." The Fates, which ruled the Gods, also disciplined Æneas.

[2] "Debellanda." Battled-down. Awed by weight of war. The same word will be again used by the shade of Anchises, in Elysium. See the 853d line of the Sixth Book.

The panting steeds." And then, as ceased his words, 740
Melted the vision thin into the air,
Like smoke. "Where then," Æneas cried, "hast thou
In haste so urgent sped? Whom dost thou fly?
Or what doth tear thee from our[1] fond embrace?"
Of these things mindful,[2] he the ashes stirs
And dying fires revives, and, with the cake
For sacrifice appointed, and the wreaths
Of incense rising from the censer[3] heaped,
Adores, a suppliant, both the Hearth-God borne 745
From blazing Troy, and Vesta, pure as snow,
Immaculate snow, in penetralian shrines.[4]
His comrades then, and, first, Acestes' self,
Aside he took, and Jove's commands set forth
And precepts given by his dear parent's shade.
Delay is none in counsels, nor withholds
All due commands Acestes. They enroll 750
The matrons for the city, volunteers
Enlist[5] and souls not over-greedy grown
Of praise. The rowing-seats they now renew,
Repair the planks and stays where flames had crept,
And oars and rigging fit, as need may be.

[1] "*Nostris* complexibus."

[2] Here mark again the filial piety of Æneas and its effect. What Nautes could not, the ghost of Anchises could easily, achieve, — the diversion of our hero's mind from its consuming cares.

[3] According to PLINY, the censer, although known in the time of VIRGIL, was not known in the Homeric Age.

[4] All implied in "canæ."

[5] "Populumque volentem deponunt." And further deponent saith not.

In number small were they, but for the war
Vivid the valor was which in them burned.[1]
  Meanwhile Æneas with a plow marks out 755
The future city; homesteads grants by lot;
And names assigns. One part he Ilium calls.
Acestes, now indeed a Trojan king,
His added realm delights. He chooses ground
Which shall the forum be, and laws he gives
To fathers called in senate to convene.
Then, neighbor to the stars, on the high peak
Mount Eryx boasts, they lay foundations firm 760
Unto Idalian Venus; and the tomb
And sacred grove where rest Anchises' bones, —
Places whose holy fame is widely spread, —
Committed are unto a priest, that he
In order due may celebrate, grave, their rites.
  Nine days the feast continues, and the shrines
And altars honored are; and gentle winds
Now rule the sea, and Auster calls once more
With breezes brisk the trackless deep to try.
The hollow shore throughout is heard one wail 765
Of woe. Embraces mutual cease not
Night nor day. The very matrons even,
They unto whom the ocean's face seemed harsh,
And even its name a thing not to be borne,
Desire to go, and every service hard
Prefer to tarrying there. Whom solaces

[1] "Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus."
"A little band it is by tale, but valor lives in it."
MORRIS.

DRYDEN does not grapple with this phrase, but ignores it.

With soothing words and ways their kindly friend, 770
The good Æneas, and, himself in tears,
Commends unto his countryman, their king
Acestes. Bulls to Eryx three to slay,
And to the Storms a lamb, he gives command,
And that the hawsers be let loose. Himself,
His head with clustered olive-leaves bound round,
Stands forward in his prow, and holds the bowl, 775
And vitals[1] salted pours into the flood,
And flowing wine. Follows his keels the breeze,
And vie his men in lashing the deep sea,
Whereof they plow the widely-spreading plain.
But Venus, meanwhile, sore beset with cares,
To Neptune speaks, and, sad, from out her breast 780
Complaints like these pours forth: "The cruel rage
And heart that ne'er relents which Juno bears
Compel me, Neptune, every form of prayer
To try, myself abasing to this need;
For her nor piety's self nor length of days
Doth soften, nor, unbroken, doth she yield
To Fate nor Jove's decrees. 'T was not enough
With hate unspeakable to tear away 785
The Phrygian city from a nation's midst,
And what remains were left to persecute
With every ill, of Troy betrayed the bones
And ashes following everywhere. And well
Doth she the causes know of all this ill.[2]

[1] "Exta." The heart, liver, and other organs, from the inspection of which auguries were made: not "viscera," the entrails.

[2] "Causas tanti sciat illa furoris."
The VIRGILIANS opine that this is spoken ironically: "Doubtless she had some good reason for all this."

Lately, thyself dost know it, on yon shores
Thou sawest the sudden storm she raised, when heaven 790
With all the seas she mingled, and in vain
With blasts Æolian raved. This in thy realm
She dared . . .[1]
And see! 't was her crime, Sire, when, by her urged,
Basely the Trojan matrons burnt the ships,
And part, thus, of the Teucrian numbers forced 795
To linger in an unknown land. The rest, I beg,
Do thou safe sails assure throughout their way,
Until they touch Laurentum's[2] promised shore,
Where Tiber rolls: if lawful things I ask,
And if the wished-for walls the Fates accord."

DRYDEN may be excepted from this remark. He is diplomatic: —

"Let her the causes of her hatred tell."

But (to disregard irony and diplomacy both) would it not be more reasonable to make a construction like this? "The causes of her displeasure are well known. They are merely pride and jealousy. They are the affronts which she has received at the hands of Paris and Jupiter. The judgment of Paris she visits upon Æneas as my son. Her hatred of her husband she visits upon the Dardans, because Dardanus was the son of Electra." The VIRGILIANS pay a poor compliment to Neptune, so high in power at the Olympian court, and whose domains in territorial extent comprise three fourths of the superficial surface of the globe, in supposing that he was unacquainted with these leading facts in Olympian history. They would not escape, in these days, the curiosity of a cabin-boy on a Cunarder, to say nothing of the Midshipman Easys of a dozen navies. It is no answer to say that "sciat" is in the subjunctive. The subjunctive will fit itself to either position.

SYMMONS: "Whence the dire wrath she only can explain."

SYMMONS would seem to have lost the key of the Æneid.

[1] "In regnis hoc ausa tuis."

An imperfect line, indicating, probably, on the part of Venus, a dramatic pause. We may suppose that either her vehemence choked her speech, or that she paused to note the effect on her auditor.

[2] Laurentum was an ancient city of Latium, — its former capital.

Then spoke the son of Saturn, ruler he
Of mighty seas: "Yea, Cytherea, right 800
It is, and wholly right, that thou shouldst trust
In fields cerulean mine, thy place of birth.[1]
Such trust, too, I deserve, for oft the wrath
And frenzy, even, of the sea and sky
I have controlled. Nor less upon the land:
Let Xanthus witness, and Simois speak,
My care for thine Æneas. For, at Tróy,
When, following in pursuit, Achilles dashed 805
Against the walls the pallid Trojan ranks,
And thousands gave to death, and groaned replete

[1] Uranus and Terra were the parents of the Titans, of whom Saturn was one. Hated by their father, the Titans were thrust into a cave. Saturn was armed by his mother, Terra, with a sickle wherewith to mutilate his father. The drops which fell on the earth from the wound produced the Erinnyes, the Giants, and the Melian Nymphs. From the mutilated part which Saturn threw into the sea-foam was born Venus, who, from the island of Cythera, the first land whereon she walked, was called Cytherea. Such, at least, is the account given by HESIOD. Others, however, say that Venus was the daughter of Jupiter and the nymph Dione, and this is the account given by HOMER (*Iliad*, Book the Fifth, line 370) in treating of the wound given to Venus by Diomede: —

"But Venus on the knees
Sank of Dione, who, with folded arms
Maternal, to her bosom straining close
Her daughter, stroked her cheek, and thus inquired:
'My darling child! who? which of all the Gods
Hath rashly done such violence deep to thee
As if convicted of some open wrong?'
Her, then, the Goddess of love-kindling smiles,
Venus thus answered: "Diomede the proud,
Audacious Diomede, he gave the wound,
For that I stole Æneas from the fight,
My son, of all mankind my most beloved.
Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy,
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves."

COWPER, *Iliad*, 5, 428.

The rivers, and with corpses Xanthus choked,
Nor could its way towards the sea maintain,
Then I, from Peleus' valiant son away,
Æneas caught, wrapped in a hollow cloud, 810
And saved from Gods and men beyond his strength,
Desirous as I was to overthrow,
Built by my hands, the walls of perjured Troy.[1]
And now remain I in the self-same mind.
Dismiss thy fears. Safe, as thou dost desire,
He shall approach Avernus' gate. But one,
Alone, there shall be lost among the floods.
One head for many shall be given . . ."[2] 815
When thus the Goddess' heart he had made glad,
The Father his wild steeds together yokes
With gold, fixes the foaming bits their mouths
Within, and o'er their backs flings loose the reins.
Above the highest waters light he flies
In car cerulean-hued. Subside the waves; 820
The swelling floods sink down, and lose their rage,
Awed by the thunder of his rushing wheels.
Throughout the wide expanse of air is seen
No cloud. But then comes forth his various court.
Huge whales are seen; and Glaucus' chorus old;
Palæmon, Ino's son; the Tritons swift;
And Phorcus' army all.[3] And on his left 825

[1] In allusion to the bad faith of Laomedon.

[2] "Unum pro multis dabitur caput."
An imperfect line, suggestive of thought ample to fill many lines.

[3] Phorcus' army all is ignored by DRYDEN. SYMMONS saves Phorcus, but loses the army.

Thetis, the Goddess famed, and Melité,
And Panopea,[1] she the maiden fair,
Their stately graces lent, and Nesæë, sweet,
Spio, and Thalia; and thy queenly form,
Cymodocea,[2] moved among the waves.
  Father Æneas' mind, long-strained, here now
Bland joys unbend. To "raise the masts with speed!"
He orders all, and "stretch with sails the arms!"
Together all sheet home. Together all 830
Tack to the larboard, to the starboard tack;
And all together shift the horns, and so
Unshift;[3] while favoring gales the fleet drive on.
Led Palinurus the dense battle-line.[4]
The orders to the rest said: "Follow him!"
  And now moist Night the middle mark of heaven 835
Had near attained. In placid rest their limbs
Relaxed, the weary oarsmen scattered round
Beneath the benches lay, their oars at rest,
When, softly from the stars ethereal, Sleep
Slipped down to earth, his way through darkness made
And shadows, seeking, Palinurus, thee, 840
And to thee, blameless, bearing gloomy dreams.

1 "Panopeaque virgo."

2 One of the Nymphs into whom we shall see that the ships of Æneas, at the instance of Cybele, will be metamorphosed. See Book Tenth, line 225.

3 VIRGIL, like HOMER, omits no opportunity of displaying his accurate and practical nautical knowledge.

4 "Agmen." The fleet advanced in close order, as to an attack.

Upon the lofty stern sat down the God
In form like Phorbas.[1] In his ear this speech
He poured: "Iasian [2] Palinurus, wafts
The sea itself the fleet, and steadily on
The breezes blow; to rest the hour is given;
Thine head recline, and thine o'erwearied eyes 845
From labor draw. Myself a little while
Will in thy place thy duties undergo."
To whom thus Palinurus spoke, his eyes
Scarce raised: "Me dost thou ask to disregard
The calm sea's face and quiet waves, and give
My faith so weak to such a monster's truth?
For why should I mine own Æneas trust 850
Unto the winds deceitful, o'er and o'er
By lying auguries cheated of the skies
Serene?" Such answers gave he back, and held
Close-grasp'd and firm the helm, his eyes the while
Directed upwards to the stars. When lo!
The God a branch dipped in Lethean dew,
And sleep-producing with the power of Styx, 855
O'er either temple waves. His swimming eyes
It melts against his will. Scarce had the rest,
So unexpected, made his limbs fall limp,
When Sleep, above him bending, while away
Was torn the helm and of the stern a part,
Him headlong hurled into the limpid waves, 860

[1] A Trojan mentioned in the *Iliad*, Book 14, line 490: —

"Phorbas, rich in flocks and blest
By Mercury with such abundant wealth
As other Trojan none."

COWPER, *Iliad*, 14, 588.

[2] Son of Iasius.

His comrades calling often, but in vain ;
And Sleep, his wings upon the thin air spread,
Was gone. Yet rode in safety none the less
The fleet upon the sea, and fearlessly,
By Neptune's promises preserved, drove on.
And now beneath the Sirens' rocks it plowed,
Once dangerous, grim and white with bones of
men ;[1] 865
And thence were heard far off the sounding rocks,
Hoarse with the ceaseless pounding of the sea.
And there the father, for his ship strayed wide,
Perceived his pilot lost, and ruled, himself,[2]
The ship, while uttering groan on groan, his mind
With misery stunned, and calling his dead friend :
"O Palinurus, confident overmuch 870
In sky serene and sea, in sands unknown
Thy corpse shall lie unhonored by a tomb."

[1] Odyssey, Book 12, line 39 : —

"The wretch who, unforewarned, approaching hears
The Sirens' voice, his wife and little ones
Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return,
But him the Sirens, sitting in the meads,
Charm with mellifluous song."

COWPER, *Odyssey*, Book 12, line 49.

[2] SYMMONS affects to find fault with VIRGIL for placing Æneas at the helm when the helm was gone. But Virgil does no such thing. Virgil's word is "*rexit*." Æneas ruled, governed, the ship and its course, and, we may suppose, improvised a helm.

POSTSCRIPT.

Some of the VIRGILIANS criticise the close of this Book, maintaining that the tears and disembarkation at the beginning of the next book should close this one. They excuse VIRGIL, however, and lay the blame on Tucca and Varius, the revisers appointed by Augustus. My persuasion is that it was VIRGIL's own doing, and that it was and is right.

BOOK THE SIXTH, ENTITLED THE SIBYL.

ARGUMENT.

Landing at Cumæ, Æneas seeks an interview with the Sibyl, and under her auspices consults the oracle of Apollo. The oracle, by the mouth of the Sibyl, gives a shadowy picture of struggle in the Roman future, but declares that Juno will be won over completely and unalterably to the cause of Æneas. The Sibyl informs Æneas that no one can enter the Lower World without the golden bough, sacred to Juno, to be taken as a gift to Proserpina. The bough is concealed by the foliage of deep woods, but the doves of Venus guide him to it. After sacrifices offered, Æneas and the Sibyl enter Avernus. There they encounter the dreadful Passions; Woes; Monsters; Ghosts delayed upon the Styx, among them Palinurus; Charon, in whose boat they cross to the other side; and Cerberus, to whom the Sibyl throws a honeyed cake. There they traverse the abodes of the innocent, but unhappy; of despairing lovers, among them Dido, who refuses speech with Æneas; of defeated warriors, among them Deiphobus, gashed still with gory wounds. They approach and look into Tartarus, surrounded by its fiery torrent; but hasten to deposit at the threshold of Elysium the golden bough. In Elysium they meet poets, heroes, patriots, priests, and inventors; and find Anchises, who explains to them the origin and mysteries of nature, and shows them the procession of future Roman worthies, the destined descendants of Æneas and of his Italian and Trojan contemporaries.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

DEIPHOBE, *the Sibyl, Priestess of Apollo and Diana.*
CHARON, *Ferryman of the Styx.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
THE SHADE OF MUSÆUS.

THE SHADE OF ANCHISES.
THE SHADE OF PALINURUS.
THE SHADE OF DEIPHOBUS.

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Achates, soldiers, sailors, colonists, the doves of Venus, the dead Misenus, the souls of the departed in Avernus, Elysium and Tartarus, the future Worthies of Rome, the Shade of Dido, Woes, Monsters, Cerberus, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Tisiphone, Phlegyas.

THE SCENE: *Cumæ in Italy, the Grove of Avernus (the birdless), the Lower World.*

BOOK THE SIXTH: THE SIBYL.

So speaks the man,[1] and weeps, and to his fleet
Gives rein;[2] and glide his keels, at length, on shores
Where stands Eubœan Cumæ. Turn they there
Their prows to seaward. Then the anchor's tooth
Tenacious holds the ships, and the curved sterns,
High-reaching in the air, with ornament neat 5
A border make of fringe along the shore.[3]

[1] VIRGIL recurs here again to his homely phrase, *the man:*

"Arma *virumque* cano."

[2] His emotion driving him, he drives the fleet. In the heroic ages courage and sensibility were close companions.

[3] "Litora curvæ
Prætexunt puppes."

In the last line of the present Book VIRGIL describes the same method of coming to anchor at Caieta, — stern ashore: —

"Ancora de prora jacitur; stant litore puppes."

As an antiquarian fact, worthy of supplementing the discoveries of

Leaps forth of youth an ardent band, glad they
Hesperian soil to greet. The seeds of flame
Part seek in veins of flint, part scour the woods,
The coverts dense and drear of savage beasts,
And 'midst primeval forests troop to troop
Point out the silvery streams that grace the land.[1]
But those foundations deep, that cavern vast,
Where high Apollo sits, and secret seats 10
Where dwells the Sibyl reverenced from afar,
Whose mighty mind and soul the Delian God,
Prophet and poet he, inspires and rules,
And unto whom he makes the future known,
These seeks devout Æneas. Straight their [2] path
Led through the Trivian [3] Grove, the golden towers
towards

Schliemann at Troy, and of the German savans at Olympia, it may be noted that recently, near the village of Gogstad, on the Christiania Fjord, in Norway, a perfect Viking ship has been exhumed, the largest (being seventy-four feet in length) which has been to this day recovered from the olden times. It is probably of about the date of the coronation of Charlemagne as Emperor of the West, the year 800, and is doubtless the craft of one of those wild chieftains, or Sea-Kings, whose line ceased with the conquests of Harold the Fair-Haired, founder of the Norwegian State and Nation. The tumulus has been known through a long tradition as the King's Hill, and is without doubt a funereal monument. But the remarkable feature of the discovery is the position of the vessel, as illustrating ancient marine usages. It was found placed with *its prow toward the sea, its stern on shore.*

[1] Cumæ (Κύμη) was the earliest Greek settlement, says STRABO (sec. 243), in all Italy and Sicily. Its remains are still to be seen. Naples is the New City, so called (Νεάπολις); but is of very remote antiquity. The walls of Cumæ, the Grotto of the Sibyl, and the Tomb of VIRGIL all exist, and are all in the near vicinity of Naples. (*Personal Observation.*) The Goths, in 553, held the cave as a fortress. Narses, in undermining, brought the citadel down, through the roof of the cave, thus involving both in one common ruin.

[2] VIRGIL here treats Æneas as a noun of multitude, and we must do the same. We afterwards learn that Achates and others were his companions.

[3] Trivia, from tri via, three roads, the favorite position of her temples,

That symboled on the height bright Phœbus' rays
Gathered in sunshine on his upper fane.
A history old there is that Dædalus famed,
From realms of Minos fleeing on swift wings, 15
Himself consigned to heaven, and made his course,
A path unused before, to the Two Bears,[1]
Through frosts that round the Northern Pole bite keen;
And that above the Chalcidianic[2] towers
He hovered lightly;[3] and that when, at length,
To earth again descended, on these lands
He unto thee did consecrate, O thou
Of day the God, Apollo, those his wings
And all their oarage cunning, and built up
Vast temples. On the doors Androgeos' death 20
He figured, and the penalty sore which fell,
Alas! on the Cecropians[4] bid, each year,
The bodies of their offspring, girls and boys,
By sevens to render up. There stands the urn,
And there are seen the lots just now drawn out,
And opposite these, and raised up from the sea,
Responds the Gnosian land.[5] There is the love

was a name of Diana. The intervening grove appears to have been consecrated to her.

[1] "Arctos." The two constellations, the Greater and Lesser Bear, near the North Pole. The Alps are probably meant, as the legend carries him to the Po. All the incidents of the legend are against the supposition that his wings were the sails of ships.

[2] Of the colonists who settled at Cumæ, the original homes in Greece were Cume in Etolia, and Chalcis in Eubœa.

[3] "Levis superastitit." VIRGIL, as though foreseeing the progress, or retrogress, of the science of aërostation, is careful to say that Dædalus gently and easily balanced himself in the air.

[4] Athenians.

[5] Crete, whose principal city was Gnosus.

Unnatural for the bull, and Pasiphaë 25
Through guile embraced, and the mixed birth, two-formed,
The Minotaur, of Venus' hate the sign
Unspeakable. And here a tangled toil
And maze of walls in endless error bound,
That labor of a house, with clue unknown.
But Dædalus' heart felt pity for the Queen,[1]
And by a thread made clear the doubtful paths, 30
The blind and treacherous ways.[2] And, Icarus, thou,
Lost one, would have, in such a masterpiece,
Thy part, did grief permit. But twice thy fate

[1] For the *Princess* Ariadne, daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë. VIRGIL, by anticipation, calls her Queen.

[2] The story of the Minotaur is here merely hinted at by VIRGIL, as though to an audience already familiar with it. The Minotaur was a monster having the body of a man and the head of a bull, and was the result of an unnatural passion in Queen Pasiphaë for a bull of large size, brilliantly white in hue, which Neptune sent from the depths of the sea to Minos, King of Crete. Dædalus built the labyrinth for the confinement of the Minotaur. His favorite food was human flesh, and by him fourteen children were devoured each year, until Theseus, sent by the Athenians for that purpose, killed him. Nor would the heroic Greek have succeeded, unless Ariadne, in love with Theseus, had obtained from Dædalus the clue to the Labyrinth. The Greek children were demanded in expiation of the death of Androgeos, son of Minos and Pasiphaë, slain by the Greeks, it would seem, merely because of his gaining all the prizes at their games.

The legend probably symbolizes astronomical and political facts. By Pasiphaë is probably meant the moon, and by Taurus one of the zodiacal signs. The story of the children and Theseus may figure facts in the diplomatic relations of the Cretans and Atticans.

Minos, in Hades, was hailed as a just judge. But history has condemned him as an unjust and bloody tyrant. Modern instances of apotheosis of the judiciary would furnish similar discrepancies between the lavish and interested exaggerations of post-mortem praise, and the sharp condemnation of a bad record made up of errors of both head and heart.

DRYDEN, missing the merit of these lines, ignores, in line 30, "magnam," and in line 31, "opere in tanto."

Deplorably sad[1] to figure forth in gold
Thy father tried, and twice his hands fell down.
More yet remained, and these they would have viewed,
Recalling all the histories which they marked,
Had not Achates, sent before, appeared. 35
And with him came the Sibyl's self, at once
Of Phœbus' priestess and of Trivia's shrines,
Deiphobe, whose father Glaucus[3] was.
And earnest words unto the king she speaks:
"Not idle spectacles the times demand.
It may be better[4] that from out the herd
Ye seven stout steers select for sacrifice
That have as yet not felt the servile yoke,
And of ewe-lambs as many, culled, these too,
From out the flock as the good custom is."
Thus to Æneas did she speak, and he 40
Gave promptly his commands unto his men
That no delay should happen in these rites.
The Teucrians then the priestess calls, and bids
That they within the lofty temple come
Where of the rock Euboic the huge side

[1] His wings failing through too ambitious and lofty a flight (which the legend says took him too near the sun), he fell into the Ægean Sea, and was drowned. The incident VIRGIL relates illustrates, in a touching manner, the warmth of parental affection, always (and I speak from personal observation) an honorable peculiarity of the Italian people.

[2] May we not suppose that VIRGIL had herein a special purpose, and that that purpose was to illustrate and account for his own *imperfect lines?*

[3] A sea-deity.

[4] "Præsteterit." We have here an instance of that tense which the grammarians call the potential subjunctive, and which they define as that form of speech which "courteously avoids a direct and dogmatic assertion."

Into a cave is cut.[1] Therefrom lead forth
A hundred openings wide, a hundred doors,[2]
Whence come a hundred voices, answers given
Unto the Sibyl's prayers.[3] Arrived therein, 45
"Already time 't is to demand the Fates,"
She said, "Behold! the God! the God!" And now,
The entrance just within, at once her face
Appeared as not the same, and not the same
Her color, nor remained her hair smooth-combed,[4]
But heavy came her breath, and swelled her heart
With rage, and seemed to increase her size,
And as the God drew nearer, nearer still,
His power divine her spirit stronger made 50
With the afflatus of his heavenly will.[5]

[1] "Templa." Rock-temples, the cave and its various branches, not the Temple of Apollo crowning the heights with its golden roofs and tower. The arrangement of edifice and grotto resembled that of the Church and Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. — *Personal Observation.*

[2] "Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum
Unde ruunt totidem voces."

It is hard to understand this duplication, and really triplication, centum and centum and totidem. It is hard, indeed, to understand that there were only a single hundred of openings, closed by as many doors. The meaning is probably figurative, — a hundred echoes resounded; a hundred voices died away. The sighing of the winds, the sounds of the sea, the reverberations of the Sibyl's voice itself, were taken as responses sent by Apollo through a hundred avenues of sound.

[3] "Responsa Sibyllæ." My VIRGILIANS, except ANTHON, seem to misapprehend these words. They are answers *to* the Sibyl, not answers *of* the Sibyl. The VIRGILIANS confound the Sibyl with Apollo, whereas, as ANTHON well says, the Sibyl is none other than the priestess. From this censure I except LONG, who says distinctly and correctly: —

"Whence respond
As many voices *to* the Sibyl's spell."

[4] "Non comptæ mansere comæ."

[5] DRYDEN: "All the god came rushing on her soul."
PITT: (Word for word with DRYDEN.)

"And can it be thy vows and prayers have ceased,
Æneas, man of Troy? Have wholly ceased?"
She said, "For unto vows and prayers alone
Will open wide the awe-bound[1] dome its doors."
She spoke, and into silence lapsed. Throughout
Their solid bones a freezing tremor run
The Teucrians felt, and from his deepest breast 55
His prayers the king poured forth: "Phœbus divine,
Thou who towards the burdens grave of Troy
Hast e'er been pitiful; who didst direct
The Dardan aim and steel that Paris launched
Against Achilles' heel,[2] and, under whom

SYMMONS: "Swelled by the embosomed god, her form dilates."
COOPER: "She is inspired with a nearer influence of the god."
ANTHON: "Felt the divine afflatus."
CONINGTON: "The God comes rushing on his seer."
CRANCH: "Nearer breathed the presence of the god."
MORRIS: "Breath of God upon her heart was blown."
PIERCE: "By nearer deity inspired."
LONG: "Toned by the nearer presence of the God."
Thus all of the VIRGILIANS, except ANTHON, paraphrase the divine afflatus. I have thought it better, with ANTHON, to follow VIRGIL.

[1] "Attonitæ."
DRYDEN ignores the word.
PITT and LONG: "Awful."
SYMMONS: "Dread."
CONINGTON: "Spell-bound."
MORRIS: "Awe-mazed."
CRANCH and LEE and LONSDALE: "Awe-struck."
PIERCE: "Startled."
COOPER makes no comment.
ANTHON: "VIRGIL here attributes to this inanimate object the sensation of those who hear its sound."

[2] "Corpus in Æacidæ."
ANTHON: "Against the body of the descendant of Æacus."
CONINGTON: "True to Achilles' heel."

As leader, I have plowed so many seas
Encircling mighty lands, and far remote
Massylian tribes have seen, and fields which stretch 60
The Syrtes far beyond ; now we at last
Of fleeing Italy fair the coasts have grasped,
Trojan the fortune that hath followed us
Through all our grievous way. Now seems it right,
Ye Gods and Goddesses, who all, with eyes
That have but ill-approved the Trojan power 65
And Ilium's glory great, have seen our woes,
Have seen our wanderings wide, to spare our race,
To deal in mercy with unhappy men.
And thou, O poet-priestess,[1] wise in all
The future holds in store, grant thou, thyself,
Most holy one,[2] (nor do I realms demand
The Fates deny), that, settled finally firm
In peace in Latium's borders, Teucrian men
And Ilium's errant Gods and troubled shrines[3]
May find repose. Then will I rear a fane
To Phœbus sacred and chaste Trivia's name,

DRYDEN: "Pierced the proud Grecian's only mortal part."

Our military friends PIERCE and LONG are a little "off" on this subject. PIERCE makes it "Achilles," and LONG "Achilles' breast."

MORRIS follows VIRGIL strictly: "Against Achilles' body."

SYMMONS makes it: "Dire Achilles."

[1] "Vates." This, and "virgo" and "sacerdos" are the titles which VIRGIL gives to the Sibyl: poet-prophetess, virgin, priest.

[2] DRYDEN and CONINGTON, alone of the VIRGILIANS, begrudge to the Sibyl the superlative, "sanctissima." THESE VIRGILIANS say "sacred" and "dread."

[3] "Errantesque Deos, agitataque numina Trojæ."

This is a good line, whether in Latin or English; but DRYDEN and CRANCH between them manage to ignore all but one word of it. CRANCH ignores the "errantesque," and DRYDEN ignores the "agitataque numina Trojæ."

Built up of solid marble, and ordain 70
Apollo's festivals on joyous days.
Thee also in our reverent realms await
Thy penetralia honored, for thy lots
Shall here be given a place, and all thy words
Of secret Fates to come, benignant one,
Shall have due care from worthy men whom well
Therefor I will select and consecrate.
Only do thou commit not unto leaves
Thy prophecies, lest, to the sportive winds 75
A jest, they may be lost. But with thy mouth
Do thou them chant." His mouth here silent was.[1]

But not yet humbled to the inspiring God,
Throughout the cavern vast in disarray
Intoxicated raves the poet-seer,
In effort vain from off her heart to shake
His mastering spell. He all the more curbs in
Her frenzied mouth, tames her high heart, and molds, 80
By holding back, her headlong violence wild.[2]
And now, self-opened on their hinges, turn
The great dome's hundred gates[3] immense, and roll,

[1] "Ipsa canas, oro." "Finem dedit ore loquendi."

[2] The passage is, as becomes the occasion, a strange one. The metaphor is of a spirited steed seeking to escape from his master, but compelled to submit to his will.

[3] Whether by "ostia" VIRGIL meant the outer doors of the temple, or the doors which closed the openings from the cave into the mountain, is left in some doubt. "Ostia" occurs in three places: lines 43, 81, and 109. In the 43d line the meaning is indefinite; but ANTHON seems to think them doors covering the adytum. In the 81st he construes them as the

Full-voiced, upon the air, the oracle's words,
Which thus the poet-priestess doth pronounce:
"O thou, relieved from perils great at sea,
Upon the land awaît thee heavier yet.
To lands Lavinian come the Dardans shall. 85
From out thy breast this care, therefore, dismiss.
Yet that they had not come, this shall they wish.
Wars, horrid wars, I see, and with much blood
Encarnadined I Tiber's waters see. Nor yet
Shall Simois fail to thee, nor Xanthus' waves,
Nor Dorian camps. Born yet again shall be
Achilles' self in Latium's borders fair.
Juno, to Teucrians added, shall be theirs 90
Forever. And then thou, in heavy need,
Shalt supplicate what tribes Italian brave?
What cities not? The cause, too, of such woe
Again a bride by Teucrians entertained,
Again a foreign wooing. . . .[1]
But yield not thou to ills. Press thou still on, 95
The bolder for the bars that hold thee back,
Where Fortune calls. And safety's path shall lead
Whence thou shalt least expect, a Grecian town."[2]
With such words so inspired her songs of awe,

outer doors of the temples. But in the 81st VIRGIL uses the word as describing the doors which lead inward and downward towards Tartarus. That VIRGIL intended the word should be so used on each of the three occasions he used it is my conclusion, and in that light I have construed the word in all the places where found. "Fores" (line 47) describes the outer doors.

[1] "Externique iterum thalami." An imperfect line, which may mark the abrupt manner of the Sibyl, forcing herself to silence.

[2] The prophecy of the auxiliaries to be furnished Æneas by Pallantéum, the future city of Rome, called a Grecian town, because at that time the capital of the Arcadian King, Evander.

In double meanings mingled to the sense,
Doth Cumæ's Sibyl chant, true things in dark 100
Involved, the while the cavern groans. And shakes
Apollo still the reins that guide her course,
And turns beneath her breast the goading spur.[1]
When yielded first her fury, and her mouth
Though maddened still, was silent once again,
Æneas spoke, words like a hero said:
"Of labor, maid, to me no feature new,
Or form not meditated, can arise.
All things have I thought o'er, all things my mind 105
Within hath acted out.[2] One prayer I make:
Since here are found, 't is said, the gates
The king infernal owns, and here the lake
With overflow of Acheron's waves made dark,
Let me of my dear father see and touch
The eyes, the mouth; the way teach thou; spread wide
The sacred doors. Him through the flames and through 110
A thousand following darts I carried forth,
Rescued upon these shoulders from the midst

[1] "Et stimulus sub pectore vertit Apollo."
DRYDEN, MORRIS, and ANTHON here seem to lose sight of the metaphor. But it is plainly still the same metaphor, that of the restless steed controlled by rein and spur.

[2] ANTHON gives these heroic words too narrow a scope, I think, when he interprets them as referring to the shadowy hints of Helenus and the request of the ghost of Anchises. They seem to convey a higher idea: "I have courage for any emergency, for any horrors. Troy's fall and my misfortunes have made me a man of bronze."

Of hostile bands. He my companion was
Throughout my wanderings all, in every sea;
And every threat and hazard of the deep
And danger of the heavens he bore, infirm,
And sufferings far beyond an old man's lot
And strength. And he it was, indeed, that begged
That I should seek thee out and supplicate, 115
And so commanded me to make my way
Unto thy doors. In thy benignity, maid,
On son and father pity have, I pray.
For all things thou canst do: not thee in vain
Hath Hecaté placed Avernus' groves to rule.
If Orpheus thence his wife drew forth with notes
Melodious trilled upon his Thracian harp, 120
And Pollux could his brother from the Shades
Redeem, a death alternate dying each,
And went the road, and on it came again
So many times. . . .[1] And why need I recall
That Theseus there and Hercules went? And down
From highest Jove my lineage also comes."[2]
Such words there were he prayed withal, the while
The altars' horns he held, when thus to him 125
The poet-prophetess her answering words

[1] In the impetuosity of his speech the hero forgets to close his sentence. Castor was mortal, and Pollux immortal; but the immortal brother was allowed to share his immortality on alternate days, or, as one myth has it, on alternate half years. These brothers on earth were known as the sailor-helpers (ἀρωγοναυται). Jupiter placed them in the heavens, the constellation Gemini.

[2] "Et mi genus ab Jove summo.
"Summo" is ignored by DRYDEN and CRANCH.

Began: "From blood of Gods derived,
Anchises' son and Troy's, the way that leads
Towards the Avernian Shades full easy is;[1]
For, night and day, to all stand wide the doors
To gloomy Dis; but to regain the path,
The upward path,[2] and breathe once more the air
Of upper earth, this is the task, ay, this
The labor is.[3] A few alone to whom
Good Jove his love hath given, or whom hath borne 130
The flame of virtue upwards to the skies,
Of Gods the sons, have strength sufficient found
For this attempt. Woods hold the middle way,
And round them winds Cocytus' inky sloo.[4]
But if thy mind by so much love is moved,
If such desire is thine, that twice thou wouldst
The Stygian waters cross, and twice wouldst see
Black Tartarus' depths and of thy strength, in work 135
So wild, it pleaseth thee the test to make,

[1] "Facilis descensus Averni."

[2] "Sed revocare gradum."

[3] "Hoc opus, hic labor est."

Multitudes throng the gates of Death, but few return again to life. The VIRGILIANS with the exception of DRYDEN and LONG, do not offend by calling these gates the gates of hell. They are, with strict propriety, called by CONINGTON the gates which lead to the empire of departed souls. True, in the Homeric age, they were understood as leading only to Tartarus, but in the Virgilian age they led also to Elysium. This will be plainly seen before the close of the present Book.

[4] This spelling of slough is usually consigned to story-books spiced with the dialect of "the West." But it has on its side great antiquity. HALLIWELL thus quotes a Cambridge MS.: —

"And moche shame we hyt do,
And cast hyt in a fowle sloo."

Learn thou what first thou hast to do. There lies,
In foliage thick concealed, a golden branch,
Its leaves of gold, its slender twigs of gold.
Sacred 't is said to be to Juno, Queen
O'er all the Nether Worlds Supreme.[1] This branch
The whole grove hides, and shadows cover round
In folds obscure. But unto none 't is given 140
The hollow globe to enter until first
This tree he hath sought out, and it of this,
Its wealth of golden tresses, he hath shorn.
For this Proserpina the fair[2] ordained
Her gift should be, and so the gift it is
Which unto her her visitor meek must bring.
The branch removed, another branch succeeds,
With golden foliage furnished like the first.
So let thine eyes look high, and when 't is found 145
Firm clutch thy grasp upon it. It will come
As of itself, content to follow thee,
Without thy special effort, if the Fates
Thee call to this attempt, but, else, no strength
There is can bring it from its place nor sword
Whose edge is keen enough to shear it thence.
And one word more. Thou hast a friend whose corpse
Unburied lies (Alas! thou knowest it not), 150
And all thy fleet doth poison, whilst that thou,
Responses seeking, on our doors dost hang.

[1] "Junoni infernæ dictus sacer." Pros*er*pina, wife of Pluto, and the Juno of the Shades.

[2] "Pulchra Proserpina." Pros*er*pina is a derivative from the Greek Pers*eph*one. Persephone, with Luna and Diana, constituted the Triune Goddess. See Note to line 511 of Book Fourth.

Him first unto his own bring back, and him
Unto the sepulchre commit,[1] and then
The black-wooled ewes bring thou. Let works
Of piety pure, appeasing heaven, their aid
Lend first. And so, at length, the Stygian groves,
At length the realms whereto for living men
There leads no road, thou face to face shalt see."[2]
She said, and with pressed lips she held her peace.[3] 155

Æneas, with sad face, and eyes cast down,
Goes forth, the cavern leaving, and revolves
His mind within the blind results yet reached.
With him, as partner of his way, there walks
Achates, faithful ever, who his steps
With equal cares weighs down. In various speech
Much they discussed together whom she meant, 160
The poet-prophetess, by that lost friend
Whose body waited burial at their hands.
But, as they onward went,[4] they met, at last,
Misenus dead upon the sea-sand dry,

[1] Further on in this Book (at line 327) the Sibyl will give the reason for sepulture; it was to enable the ghosts to pass the Styx. The ghost of Palinurus on the very banks of the Styx will beg for burial (line 371). This necessity of sepulture was sufficiently complied with (it should seem) by the act of thrice sprinkling with dust the remains. Thus the heroic Princess Antigone* saved the ghost of her brother Polynices from its long and unhappy wandering, and thence may have originated the form in the Christian ritual: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Thence, too, perhaps, is the formula of the early church, "Requiescat in pace."

[2] "Aspicies."

[3] Here again is observed the art of the poet. The Sibyl, fearful that she had disclosed too much, compels herself to silence.

[4] PIERCE says: "Arrived at camp." But this military conclusion is not warranted by the text.

* According to the narration of SOPHOCLES.

Not worthy he of end so pitiful:
Misenus son of Æolus,[1] than whom
None more excelled by bronze in stirring men, 165
And whose keen blasts might fire e'en Mars himself.[2]
Of Hector great he had been officer high,
And, near his person, had a splendid part
Sustained, both with his bugle's blast
And with his spear. But, when succumbed his chief
Achilles' conquering arm beneath, then sought
This hero, bravest of the brave, a place
Near him who unto Hector equal stands, 170
Æneas leader of the Dardan host.
But then, when on a hollow conchal shell,
He emulates, skilled, the sound of stormy waves,
A Triton, envious, if the tale be true,
Of this his music,[3] seizes the rash man,

[1] DRYDEN says "the wind-god;" but it seems more likely that some mortal Æolus is meant. I suggest that it may be a noble Trojan mentioned in Book 12, line 542.

[2] "Misenum Æoliden . . .
Ære ciere viros . . ."

So stood the lines at first, confessedly incomplete, half lines, or hemistichs of seven syllables each. In the quiet of his study, VIRGIL supplied what was wanting to the first half line, so that it read: —

"Misenum Æoliden, quo non præstantior alter,"

And, in the glow of recitation before Augustus, he made the second complete: —

"Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu."

DRYDEN supposes that all of Virgil's imperfect lines were to be filled out; but here he must be wrong. I have given elsewhere good reasons for the opposite opinion. DRYDEN cites, in support of his opinion, the perfect lines of the pastoral poems; but this argument does not apply to a dramatic poem, which is improved by emotional pauses.

[3] The conchal shell was the Triton's own instrument.

And, 'midst the foaming rocks, beneath the waves
Him drowns. And, therefore, all, with clamorous grief,
Have gathered round, of whom none more than he,
Devout Æneas, sorrowed for the dead.
Then hasten they, in tears, and all delays
Cast by, the solemn preparation due
For burial rites, following the Sibyl's words,
And vie, in sorrowing strife, in building high
With trees the funeral pile. The antique wood
They seek, of savage beasts the lairs.
Prone fall the pines, the ilex to the axe
Responds in echoing sounds, and to the wedge
The ash-logs yield, and yields the straight-grained oak,
And down the mountains roll the mighty elms.[1]
And, at the head of all, Æneas worked,
Encouraging his men and armed as they,
The while these things he turns his heavy heart
Within, the forest vast observing sad,
And voices thus a prayer: "If only now
That branch of gold, hid in a grove so great,
Itself would show! For did she not speak truth,
The poet-prophetess, of thee, alas!
Misenus dead?" He scarce the words had said
When from the heavens flew down, his very eyes

[1] Another opportunity, which VIRGIL cannot omit to improve, of exhibiting his knowledge of forest trees and of the methods of dealing with their different varieties. The death of Misenus and its perpetuation in geography, it will be plainly seen, our poet will have in view in recounting the death of Caieta, Æneas' nurse, at the beginning of the next Book.

Beneath, two doves, and on the greensward stood.
At once the hero mightiest[1] recognized
His mother's birds, and joyful them addressed:
"Be ye my leaders, birds, if way there be,
And, by your flight in air, my course direct 195
Unto that tree where shades the fertile ground
The precious branch. And, thou, divine,
My mother, fail me not, in this my need,
In this the point and pivot of my fate."
Thus having said, he hastened on his path,
What signs they made observing, and what course
They took. At times they fed, at times in air
They soared, but not so far but that in view 200
Of him they kept who followed them. At last
When at Avernus' noisome jaws[2] arrived,
Quick they arise in flight, but through the air
A little voyage made, them brings to seats
Desired[3] upon the tree. Thence gleams the gold

[1] "Maximus heros."

MORRIS: "Mightiest battle-king."

LONG: "The mighty warrior."

But CONINGTON and CRANCH ignore "maximus," and DRYDEN, SYMMONS, and PIERCE ignore both the words: "maximus heros."

[2] Lake Avernus was supposed to engender a pestilential air, so noxious to birds that it was believed none ever crossed its waters. And from this belief the lake has its name, from α privative and ὄρνις, a bird, Aornis, Aornos, Avernus. The birds seem to have regarded the lake with its fatal air as a wild beast or reptile about to seize them with its jaws. The poisonous qualities of the lake are described by VIRGIL just below.*

[3] The commentators are undecided as to whether these seats were desired by the birds or by Æneas. My opinion is that they were desired by *both*. And so the text and my translation say.

* In the neighborhood of Lake Avernus is situated the *grotto del cane*, remarkable for the accumulation of carbonic acid along its floor, which is fatal to dogs and other small animals.

In contrast bright with branches dark and leaves
Of sombre hue: as, in the winter's cold, 205
Blooms, with a foliage fresh, the mistletoe,
Which, with its golden family bright of leaves,
Girds round some grisly monarch of the woods
Whose foliage sere the autumn winds have strewn: [1]

[1] DRYDEN has misunderstood this simile, and makes nonsense of the passage. PITT is no better.

MORRIS is unintelligible.

CRANCH has misapprehended.

SYMMONS, CONINGTON, PIERCE, and LONG have appreciated the simile, but have not fully appreciated it.

VIRGIL knew better than all of them the wintry winds and the mistletoe. The significance of VIRGIL's lines is a double significance: the contrast of the golden mistletoe with the leafless tree, and the reverence paid to the mistletoe as a religious plant. On the oak, more rarely than on any other tree, was the mistletoe found, and when found on that tree it was honored with peculiar veneration: and it is to the oak that we may suppose VIRGIL here to allude. The cutting of the mistletoe from the oak was made a religious ceremony. This occurred only once in the year, on the sixth day after the first new moon. In the midst of the thronging crowds, a priest, white-robed, severed the sacred plant from the tree with a golden sickle. Two other priests, white-robed, received it in a mantle white as the snow. Upon the sacrificial altars bled and smoked two white heifers. A priest, like his brethren, white-robed, divided the plant among the people, who preserved, in their homes, each his several portion of the sacred harvest. And the day was brought to a close, amidst universal rejoicings, by games and festivities, and music and dancing and feasting. What more apt and charming simile could VIRGIL have used on this occasion; and what patience can we have with translators insensible to these beauties of their master?

Nor were the Druid priesthood and ceremonies of Brittanic or even of Gallic origin: remotely traced, they are found to have their rise, like so many of those institutions claimed as indigenous, from the almost prehistoric usages of oriental nations.

Their history and ceremonies in Gaul employed the neat and diligent pen of JULIUS CÆSAR (*Comm. Bel. Gal.* c. vi), and he enjoys the distinction of having given to literature the most intelligible account of this remarkable hierarchy, as it existed in that warlike and well-nigh irrepressible province.

They worshiped, some say, a sole Supreme Deity, but CÆSAR says the Gallic Druids worshiped the Olympian Gods: "Deum maxime Mercurium

So, on the ilex dark, shone forth of gold
The glory bright, and so, as passed the breeze,
Its gentle motion moved the tinkling foil.
Seized it at once Æneas, and broke off 210
In greedy haste the branch, which seemed to stay,[1]
So eager was the man to grasp thereat,
And to the Sibyl's threshold carried it,
Beneath the roof where dwelt the poet-seer.
But, none the less, meanwhile, upon the shore
The Teucrians wept Misenus, and the debt
Supreme of piety there discharged, howbeit
Ungrateful[2] were his ashes pale. And first
A mighty pyre they made, whose sides[3] with leaves 215
Of darkened hue they deftly intertwine,
And whose chief wood the sombre cypress was,
And it adorn with all his shining arms.
Some caldrons bring, and baths milk-warm provide,

colunt; post hunc Apollinem, et Martem, et Jovem, et Minervam" (*Comm. Bel. Gal.* vi. sec. 17). Information of the general nature, as well as of the minor features, of their ritual, which I have just described, may have been obtained by the poet from the veterans of CÆSAR's Gallic campaigns; or he might even have obtained them from the Druidical clergy themselves, with whose observances the tolerant yoke of the Empire probably interfered but little.

[1] "Cunctantem." To translate this "tough" or "lingering," or "delaying" is to make false the assurance of the Sibyl that the branch would voluntarily fall into the grasp and follow the hand of Æneas.

CONINGTON: "His haste o'ercomes its coy delay."
The line is pretty.

[2] "Cinero ingrato." Ungrateful, because unconscious.

[3] "Latera." A law of the Twelve Tables enforced the leaving rugged and unsmoothed, as nature provided, the sides of the funeral pyre. Affection and art combined to temper the severe simplicity of the law, by ornamenting these rugged sides with foliage. The undue extravagance of the wealthy in their funereal observances probably suggested this law.

And lave the body stark, and it anoint.
And groans are heard. Then place they on the couch
The limbs bewailed, and on them throw 220
His purple suits of state, his well-known garb.
Some the huge bier take up, a ministry sad!
And, as the custom of the fathers was,
With face averted touch the kindling torch.
And now the mass of gifts together burns,
The frankincense, the meats, the cups with oil 225
From ripened olives pressed. The ashes fall.
The flames at last sink down. Lave they with wine
The smoking last remains. With wine they soak
The thirsty ashes left. The whitened bones
Collected, Corynæus lays an urn
Of bronze within, and thrice his comrades round
With water pure he goes, it in a gentle dew 230
Upon them sprinkling lightly from a branch
Of fruitful olive. Cleansed he thus the men.
And thrice he called, "Misenus, fare thee well!"
But built devout Æneas huge and high
His sepulchre, whereon were seen his arms,
His oar, his bugle, carved. Towered a hill near by
Whose head the winds swept keen,[1] the same
Which Mount Misenus now is called, and still
Shall be while Time in circling ages rolls. 235
Æneas executed promptly thus
The precepts which the Sibyl had pronounced.[2]

[1] VIRGIL does not exaggerate the freedom of the gales of Punta di Miseno. — *Personal Observation.*

[2] "His actis propere exsequitur precepta Sibyllæ."

A cavern old there was, immense, with mouth
Extending wide of flinty rocks. A lake
Of pitchy blackness and a forest dim
With darkening shadows, covered it with gloom,
And over it no thing that flies might dare 240
Its life upon its darksome jaws to risk,
So noxious was the breath they poured to heaven:
Whence, by the Greeks, the place was Bird-less called.
Four black-skinned steers here, first of all, are brought,
To bide the Priestess' will, and wine from bowls
She on their foreheads pours, and then the hair 245
That highest is around their horns she culls,
And on the sacred fire the first-fruits lays
Of sacrifice, the while aloud she calls

The fourteen-syllable Latin line defies translation into an equivalent English line of ten.

I know that this is, on my part, a New Reading. I know that CONINGTON says: —

"This done, he hastens to fulfill
The dictates of the Sibyl's will;"

And MORRIS: —

"This done, those deeds the Sibyl bade he setteth swift about."

But I submit that in view of the facts, and of the context, my reading is the right one. Æneas had already executed all the commands of the Sibyl, He had sacrificed the seven bullocks, the seven ewes, had buried Misenus, and had obtained the golden branch. Nothing remained but an adventure founded on an ambition of his own — his entry into the World of Shadows and his interview with Anchises. True, he sacrifices a black lamb, a barren cow, and two or more bulls, besides the animals already offered, but these new victims were not by command of the Sibyl. They were volunteered by Æneas. I conclude, therefore, that "his actis" is *not* in the ablative absolute, that the comma after it is a modern error, and that "exsequitur" is only the sprightlier present form of the past tense. I observe that in the latest revised edition of the CONINGTONIAN TEXT *the comma is omitted.*

On Hecaté, of might in Heaven, of might
In Erebus deep. The knives the others thrust,
And in the bowls the tepid blood collect.
Himself Æneas with his sword struck down,
To her that bore the dread Eumenides three, 250
And to her sister[1] great, a black-wooled lamb.
And, unto thee, Proserpina fair, a cow
That barren is, and flaming altars built
Nocturnal to the Stygian King, whereon
Whole bulls, their hides stripped off, he sacrificed,
And over all the roasting vital parts[2]
Rich oil with liberal hand profusely poured.
And see, as dawns the day, and slowly come 255
Up from their orient bed his earliest rays,
Beneath their feet the ground a moaning makes,
The wooded heights are stirred, and yelping dogs
Are heard the Goddess heralding below!
"Far, far, O far away be ye, profane,"[3]
Cries loud the seer, "nor stay the grove within.
And thou, do thou, the way pursue, and draw 260
From out its scabbard forth thy sword.[4] Now need
Of courage is, Æneas, now of heart
Immovable." This only did she say,

[1] The mother of the Furies was Night. Her sister was Earth. They are both said to have been the daughters of Chaos.

[2] "Ardentibus extis." The exta, as already shown, were the heart and liver, parts from the appearance of which auguries were made.

[3] "Procul, O procul este, profani."

The allusion is supposed to be to the companions of Æneas. The form of words, however, may well suit the beginning of this remarkable journey, undertaken after so ample a course of religious preparation.

[4] Ulysses wore his sword in Hades "to chase the ghosts," but, at the request of the Shade of Tiresias, he put it up. COWPER, *Iliad*, XI. 54, 115.

And in the open cavern wild she plunged.
He, with no timid steps, her leadership
Follows with trust and ardor like her own.

INVOCATION:

Gods, unto whom the empire is of souls!
And ye, o'er whom they rule, pale, silent Shades!
Thou Chaos! And thou Phlegethon's fire![1] In night 265
That spread o'er voiceless regions wide, may 't be
To me allowed to speak what I have heard!
Be it within your wills that with my words
I may those things set forth which in the depths
Of Earth are hid and in the darkness whelmed![2]
On went they, darkling, through the shadows deep,
As in the night, through empty halls of Dis
And realms inane, their way obscure, as when, 270
In woods, throws o'er the scene the doubtful moon
A checkered shade malignant, and in shade
Hides Jupiter the mirky mournful skies,
And from all things black night their color takes.[3]

[1] From Φλέγω, to burn. A river in Tartarus which rolled in waves of fire.

[2] "Et caligine mersas."

Burke (Section Sixth of the *Sublime and Beautiful*) remarks on this passage that "all general privations are great, because they are terrible; *vacuity*, *darkness*, *solitude*, and *silence*." "With what a fire of imagination," he continues, "yet with what severity of judgment, has VIRGIL amassed all these circumstances, where he knows that all the images of a tremendous dignity ought to be united,—where, before he unlocks the secrets of the great deep, he seems to be seized with a religious horror, and to retire astonished at the boldness of his own design."

[3] "By such pale light, as through some forest brown
Streams from the yellow moon when in her wane."

The subterranean journey of the two knights to consult the "courteous wizard." WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 14.

The vestibule grim before of Orcus' realms,
And just his jaws within, Grief sat, and there
The avenging Cares [1] their beds had placed
And pale diseases lived, and sad Old Age, 275
And Fear, and Hunger that persuades to crime,
And squalid Want, forms terrible to see;
And Death and Toil; and Sleep akin to Death;
And Evil Thoughts.[2] And opposite ranked to them
Stood War that slaughters men,[3] and, ranged near by,
The iron cells wherein the Furies rave; 280
And there of Discord mad the shape was seen,
Her hair of vipers bound with bloody wreaths.
And in the midst an aged elm immense
And dark, and like huge arms its branches spread,
The chosen seat, 'twas said, of hosts of Dreams
That idle were and false, the which clung close
Each gloomy leaf beneath. Besides were seen 285
Of various savage beasts the monstrous shapes
There stabled. There the Centaurs were. And there
Scyllas bi-formed were seen, and Briareus,[4]
He of the hundred arms; the serpent dire
Of Lerna with its hiss; and, spitting flames,
Chimæra; Gorgons; Harpies; grim and huge
The form of that three-bodied Shade.[5] Here, seized 290

[1] Ultrices Curæ. Usually translated Remorse.
[2] "Mala mentis gaudia."
[3] "Mortiferum."
[4] Bri-a-reus. Three syllables only.
[5] Geryon. Three men in one. Slain by Hercules. The addition of the

With terror sudden, grasps his sword Æneas,
And to the comers offers its drawn edge,
And, had his learned guide [1] him minded not
That these were lives but bodiless now, their forms
A hollow image, on them straight he had
His onslaught made, and cleaved, as air is cleaved,
Their unsubstantial shadows with his sword.
Hence leads the path Tartarean Acheron towards 295
Which tends, a stream of turbid mud profuse,
Which sucks and swells and boils along its course,
And belches on Cocytus all its sand.
And horrible the ferryman who serves
These miry waves and floods, Charon his name,
In squalor wrapt, upon whose chin grows thick
The long white beard neglected, and whose eyes 300
Stand out in fire, while from his shoulders hangs,
Tied in a knot, his 'kerchief old and foul. His boat
He poles and manages with sails, — sails, pole
And boat encrusted o'er with rust, the rust
An aged rust, — but new and fresh his age
Seemed like a God's, so strong the old man was.
Thereto rushed down a crowd immense, and filled 305
The noisome banks; matrons and men, and Shades
Defunct of life of heroes great of soul;
And boys; and girls unwedded; and, on biers
Stretched out, their parents' eyes before, child-forms

Harpies and Geryon to the happy family was too much for the nervous systems of VIRGIL and Æneas.

1 "Docta comes."

Beloved.[1] As many were they as the leaves
That in the early frosts of autumn fall,
Or as the birds whose flying multitudes fleet 310
Seek shelter from the storms when the cold year
Comes in across the sea on sunny lands.
There stood they praying to be first to cross,
There held they hands extended in their love
For the far-shore. The sailor sad now these, 315
Now those, accepts, but drives remote the rest
To bide upon the hither bank their time.
Wondering at this, and by the tumult moved,
Æneas said: "O Virgin, tell me why
This rush comes towards the stream, and what it is
The souls seem so to seek? And by what rule
Do some the bank desert, and others plow 320
With oars, which none forbid, the livid depths?"
To him the long-lived[2] priestess answer made:
"Anchises' son, thou very child of heaven,
The stagnant depths thou see'st Cocytus are
And Styx, that Styx whereby the Gods with awe
Make solemn oath, an oath they fear to break.[3]
The wretched crowd that waits are they that graves
Have none, whose bones unhappy lack repose. 325
The ferryman is Charon. Those he takes

[1] This description of the throng of souls in the Lower World we have already met with in the Fourth Georgic, lines 475 to 478. VIRGIL here quotes them from his own description in that Georgic of the journey of Orpheus through the Lower World in search of Eurydice.

[2] The age of the Sibyl at this date was about seven hundred years. Apollo had accorded her as many years of life as the sand which she held in her hand had grains. Her life was now but half spent.

[3] The penalty for the violation of such an oath was the loss of nectar and ambrosia for nine years; some say a hundred years.

The stream across the buried are. The rest
Beyond these banks, these rough and horrid floods,
It is not given to take, until in peace
Their gathered bones repose. A hundred years
They wander, and around these regions flit,
Until at last the long-sought shores they gain." 330
Stood still Anchises' son, nor moved from out
His very foot-marks there. Much thought he. Much
Their lot unequal pitied he in mind.
There saw he sad, and lacking the last rites
And honors due the dead, Leucaspis pale,
Orontes, too, the Lycian fleet's brave chief.
These borne from Troy, through stormy waters driven, 335
Auster o'erwhelmed and sunk, both ships and men.
And see! the pilot Palinurus comes,
Who, on the Libyan voyage, while the stars
He watched, was from the stern cast down, and fell
In waves immersed. Him sad, although the gloom 340
Made scarcely visible, Æneas first
Addressed: "Among the Gods which one thee snatched,
O Palinurus, from our midst, and plunged
Within the bosom of the sea? O say;
For me Apollo by this one response
My mind deceived, he never false before,
Who sung thy safety on the treacherous sea 345
And thine arrival in Ausonian bounds.
Lo! this the faith that to his word belongs!"

But he: "Apollo's tripod hath not thee
Deceived, Anchisian duke,[1] nor hath a God
Me merged within the bosom of the sea.[2]
For, with a mighty force the helm being wrenched,
As guard I clenched it firm to guide its course, 350
And, falling, dragged with me. By the rough seas
I swear that not so much of fear I took
For mine own self, as lest thy ship, its helm
Torn off, its pilot gone, might fail in waves
That rolled so high! Three stormy nights me vexed, 355
The burning South Wind's breath through wide-spread wastes
Of water winged, but with the fourth day's dawn,
Aloft upon the summit of a wave
I Italy sighted plain. By slow degrees
I swam to land, and thought me safe, but now
Some cruel people, while my garments hung
With weight of water wet, and to the rocks
That made the mountain's base my crooked hands 360
Clung desperately, me ignorantly thought
Some beast of prey, and me with weapons killed.
Now me the floods possess, and turn the winds
Towards the shore. And I thee do beseech,
By heaven's sweet light and air, by him thy sire,
And by the hopes of rising Iülus fair,

[1] "Dux Anchisiade." Literally "Leader, son of Anchises." Words ignored by DRYDEN and CONINGTON.

[2] VIRGIL has already related that Palinurus was drowned by the God of Sleep, disguised as Phorbas. But Palinurus did not know it, and therefore his denial to Æneas.

Save me, indomitable one, from ills 365
So great, or o'er me cast the earth, for so
Thou canst, and at the Velian harbor seek
My mortal frame. Or do thou, if thou canst,
If thee the way thy Goddess mother kind
Hath shown (for not, I think, without heaven's help,
Thou art prepared o'er rivers such as these
And Stygian pools to pass), the right hand give 370
To miserable me, and me thus take
With thee the dreary flood across, that so
In death at least I may have quiet rest." [1]

[1] "Sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam."

NOTE IN MEMORIAM:

It was precisely at this point in my translation — the prayer of Palinurus to be admitted to quiet rest in the tomb — that I was called upon to lament the sudden, though not unexpected, death of my wife, — my life-companion, my more than other self, the sharer of all my joys and sorrows, the mother of my children.

No words of mine can do justice to the beauty of her person, of her character, and of her life. Elbra Cecilia was of mixed French and Italian descent, and she united in herself all the good qualities of both these races. Although domestic in her tastes and preferences, and devoted to her family, the care of her health required long journeys and protracted absences; and everywhere that we journeyed, and everywhere that she lingered, — on the Mississippi, on the Hudson, on the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine, the Riviera, the Tiber, the Po, the Arno, or the Danube, — she was the toast of social life, the cynosure of appreciative and admiring eyes. Her friends were numbered by the number of the persons with whom she conversed. And often, the friends of only an hour have had to confess that their brief conversations with her were among the pleasantest memories of long lives full of happy associations.

But I will not further extend this memorial note, this meagre tribute to a devoted wife and mother and fascinating friend, than by adding thereto the spontaneous tributes which the dread event elicited from others. They are taken from the journals of a city which she honored by her life and consecrated by her death, and from the correspondence of friends: —

. . . "Christian graces and social virtues secured her a large circle of loving friends." . . .

Note in Memoriam.

"One needed only to step into the presence of this home to recognize that a genuine refinement was its ruling spirit. In all her relations to society and her home, she never departed from the true lady that she was both by nature and culture. Her domestic duties were ever carefully discharged, and her time so arranged that every day found some leisure for reading and mental culture. In a large and well-selected library, she made herself a companion indeed to her husband and sons, who especially delighted in study and intellectual conversation with her. She was gentle, yet never possessed of that weakness of character which is often a concomitant of gentleness. Firm in her convictions and orderings, she won respect and love from her entire household. It is said of her that her humblest servant was at all times treated with the same courtesy as the lady who, bedecked in gems, paid court to her in the salons of fashionable life. . . .

"She has had every attention which affectionate solicitude could suggest, and an ample purse provide. Change of scene and of climate, travel, recreation, have all been successively tried in vain. . . .

"All that medical skill, travel, salubrity of climate, and careful nursing could accomplish proved futile. In company with her husband she twice visited Europe, and the change seemed to give her a new lease on life. But all was in vain. She died in a spirit of calmness and resignation that is vouchsafed only to those who have led a holy and a Christian life. . . .

"Her illness had extended over eleven years, and was borne with heroic fortitude and sweet patience. She died with the consolations of religion, and surrounded by those to whom she was dear, and who had long loved her patient and gentle nature. . . .

"Her patience and determined will did much to prolong her life, but finally the messenger of Death spoke, and she fell asleep, leaving sweet memories and good influences behind her." . . .

"Her family desire us to express their thanks to the kind friends whose gifts of flowers made the surroundings of the funeral so appropriate to the life and character of the deceased. Mention has been made of the elegant and profuse gifts sent to the residence; but it remains to speak of the decoration and lining of the grave. This was, indeed, a rare and exquisite work of devotion, and was as grateful as it was unexpected. It made the tomb lose almost all its terror, and become, without metaphor, a couch of roses, a bed of balm: —

'The world's sweet inn from pain and weariness.'"

. . . . . .

"'We loved her for the soul that blent
In joy or sorrow with our own, —
An echo-harp that warbled back
Each glad or grieving tone.

"'She sleeps, but many a sorrowing heart
In bitterest tear-drops melts and woe

So spake the troubled Shade, when thus began
The poet-prophetess: "Whence this for thee,
O Palinurus, so accursed desire
That thou, unburied, should'st the Stygian waves
And the stern river of the Furies see, 375
And, all unbidden, seek these bounds to pass.[1]
Cease thou to hope by prayer decrees divine
To bend, but keep thee mindful of my words,
Of thy hard case the solace, for, compelled
By heavenly prodigies sent, the neighboring lands,
Throughout thy cities far and wide, thy bones
Shall sanctify, and thee a tomb shall raise,
And to the tomb shall solemn offerings send, 380
As year by year the circling seasons roll,
And, evermore, to bear thy memory on,
The place as Palinurum [2] shall be known."

That one so good and beautiful
Should fade and perish so.'"

And out of many letters from cherished friends I select the following: —

"You have the satisfaction of knowing that your loss is not entirely your own, and that others have, in a less degree, the right to mourn with you and to lament the end of a lovely and exemplary life." . . .

"It is with sorrow that I hear of the death of your charming wife. I can write nothing which would express to you the sympathy I feel. I knew her so well that I can appreciate your loss. Believe that my sympathy for you is heartfelt."

". . . so bright, so kind, so much an ornament to our society in Aiken."

". . . Among the cherished things close holden by memory will be our delightful recollections of her." . . .

"It will always be a gratifying reflection to Mrs. ———, Mrs. ———, and myself, that an opportunity for even a brief intercourse with our departed friend was afforded us at Hyères." . . .

"Her faith and her loyalty to religion were such that, had she lived in the times of the persecution of the primitive church, she would, had occasion called, have sealed them with her blood, as the martyrs did."

[1] DANTE and the Shade of VIRGIL discuss the merits of this line in the Sixth Canto of the *Purgatory*.

[2] *Capo di Palinuro*, the Promontory of Palinurum, so named to this

At these words fled his cares, and for a while
Sad sorrow left his heart. He joyed to think
That to a part of Earth his name was given.
Then, on their destined road, they still proceed,
And near the stream. Whom when the ferryman dread, 385
Again upon the Stygian wave afloat,
Saw through the silent grove their path pursue,
He thus first them addresses, and his words
Sharp words are of reproach, and freely said:
"Whoe'er thou art who, armed, our streams doth storm,
Say, do,[1] why comest thou? Now, where thou art,
Stand still. Of Shades the place this is; of Sleep 390
And drowsy Night. For me not lawful is 't
Of those that live the bodies to take o'er.
Not pleased at all was I upon this lake
The hero Hercules' self to have received,
Nor Theseus and Pirithous proud, although
Of Gods begotten and of strength supreme;
For e'en the guard Tartarean, by his hand[2] 395
Made captive, Hercules sought to quell, and him
Dragged trembling from the footstool of the King,
The King who rules o'er all the World of Shades;

day. And the peasantry who will show you the remains of ancient buildings on the headland will claim that they are the ruins of the tomb of Palinurus. Of the surroundings of Naples I have, under favorable circumstances, made a special study. Our poet will again have reference to the burial-place of Palinurus, as well as to that of Misenus, in recording the death of Caieta, the nurse of Æneas, at the beginning of the next Book.

[1] "Fare, age."

[2] "Manu," without weapons.

While sought that other from her chamber's couch
His spouse, Proserpina[1] fair, to bear away."
To which remonstrance of the surly God
Made answer brief the Amphrysian[2] prophetess sage: 400
"Designs like these exist not here. Let cease,
Therefore, thy warmth.[3] For here no violence rash
Our weapons signify. His cave within
The mighty Janitor his watch fore'er
May keep, and to the bloodless Shades give fear,
And still Prosperina chaste shall wisely rule
Her uncle's house within, unharmed by us.
Æneas, he of Troy, renowned alike
For proofs of piety rare and arms, descends
Unto the depths of Erebus' gloom, to seek
His father out. If thee moves not such worth, 405
If thou to piety prov'n, like this remain'st
Insensible, yet let me beg that thou
This branch would recognize and it respect."
And, thereupon, the branch which she had brought,
Her bosom hid within, she to him showed.
Then, down his heart sank: all its rage was gone.
Nor more was said than this.[4] He, wondering much,
At sight of this the fateful branch, unseen

[1] Pros*er*pina. Accent on the second syllable. That other was Pirithous.

[2] "Amphrysia vates." So called from a title of Apollo. In DRYDEN the Amphrysian prophetess shrinks into the "Sibyl;" in CONINGTON into the "wise Amphrysian dame;" in SYMMONS, into the "holy dame."

[3] "Absiste moveri."

[4] "Nec plura his." The VIRGILIANS are divided. Some say *he* said no more. I reconcile these opposing parties by saying that they *both* lapsed into silence. A construction and a fact which VIRGIL's text abundantly confirms.

Since long years gone, his coal-blue barge turns round[1] 410
And nears the shore. The other souls who sat
The seats upon he thence drives forth, and clears
The ship, whose ribs within at once he takes
The huge Æneas. Groaned beneath the weight
The hide-sewed boat, and much its gaps let in
The marshy flood. Seer and man, at length, 415
Unto the other shore he safely brought,
The gleaming sedge and hateful mire among.
And Cerbĕrus[2] huge these realms makes ring with sounds,
There, as he lays, immense, in cavern couched,
And from his triple jaws drives barkings fierce;
To whom the poet-prophetess, when now
His triple neck she saw with serpents hiss,
Threw, mixed with drowsy drugs, a honied cake. 420
He, stretching his three throats with hunger crazed,
The cake caught up, and on the ground his backs[3]
Stretched out wide-spread o'er all the cavern floor.
Æneas occupies the approach, the guard in sleep
Deep buried, and the dreaded bank quick clears,
The bank the dead can never pass again. 425
At once were voices heard and wailings vast.

[1] "Advertit." The Third Canto of DANTE's *Lower World* describes the interview of the Shade of VIRGIL with Charon. Charon admits the two poets into his boat on VIRGIL's assurance that a will all-potent decrees it. In the Fifth Canto, a similar assurance from VIRGIL allays the opposition of Minos; in the Seventh Canto of Plutus; and in the Twenty-first of Malacoda. In the same way VIRGIL obtains from Cato, the custodian of Purgatory, admittance thereto.

[2] Cerb'rus, two syllables.

[3] "Immania terga."

And weeping souls of babes were seen at first,
Whom Fate from sweet life took and mothers' breasts,
And plunged in this dark day and bitter woe.
Near these were those condemned to die for deeds 430
They did not do. Nor were these seats deprived
Of right of trial. Here a judge they had.
The Seeker Minos moves the urn, and calls
The silent jury, and inquires of lives
And crimes, and true indictments hears and weighs.[1]
Next came they to the sad, who, innocent, crazed,
Their deaths brought on themselves by their own hands, 435
And, tiring of the hated light, cast life
And all its changing scenes away. But now
How do they long for earth and earth's bright air,
Even with poverty and labor joined! Alas!
The law denies their wish. The unloving lake,
With mournful wave, and Styx, with twisted stream
Nine[2] times before his prisoners coiled, forbid.

[1] DANTE is on the side of those who contend that the guilty confess their misdeeds to Minos. *Lower World*, Canto Fifth.

NOHDEN and ANTHON consider that these lines as to right of trial are misplaced, because they apply to all the Shades in Erebus. I do not think so. They relate directly to the case of those whom the law has unjustly condemned, and whom the law must, even in the next world, vindicate. With me are indistinctly the body of the VIRGILIANS, and distinctly DRYDEN: —

> "Nor want they lots nor judges to review
> The wrongful sentence and award a new."

The "urn," according to the ancient custom, had in it the names of the jurors or assistant judges, who were selected by lot. The same method prevails at this day.

[2] "Nine," observes ANTHON, "is the square of the sacred three."

Not far from hence were seen through all parts stretched 440
The Grieving Fields.[1] Such is the name they bear.
Here those whom love severe with cruel tooth
Devours, secluded paths conceal hedged in
With myrtle-sprays. For, e'en in death, their cares
Desert them not. Here Phædra[2] he beholds;
Procris;[3] and Eriphyle[4] sad the wounds 445
Displaying of her cruel son; and here

[1] "Lugentes Campi." The Lamenting Fields. The Grieving Fields.
"The Mourning Fields." CONINGTON and LONG.
"The Fields of Mourning." ANTHON and CRANCH.
"The Mournful Fields . . .
So called from lovers that inhabit there." — DRYDEN.
"The pale fields, which Sorrow calls her own." — SYMMONS.
"The vale of tears." — PIERCE.
The latter throws into his version a strong tinge of romance: "Beyond the vale of tears, so called, extend its distant bounds, where paths sequestered hide those souls consumed of broken hearts. . . . Laodamia roamed that charming spot. . . ."

[2] Phædra was the wife of Theseus. She committed suicide, after having instigated the murder of the virtuous Hippolytus, by whom her advances had been scorned.

[3] Procris was frenzied with an unreasonable jealousy towards Cephalus, her husband. Following him to the chase, and concealing herself in a thicket, she was there slain by her own husband, who mistook her for some wild animal.

[4] Eriphyle was the wife of Amphiaraus, a king and prophet. Bribed by the present of a costly necklace, she conspired with King Polynices to send her husband as a member of that famous confederation of Peloponnesian chieftains whom Æschylus has immortalized in his drama of "The Seven against Thebes." His gifts of prophecy assured him that from this expedition he would never return alive; and in going he left directions with his son that, so soon as the son should hear of his father's death, he should kill his mother. And the son committed the horrible deed.

Evadne[1] and Pasiphaë rash,[2] while walks
Laodamia[3] in their company weird,
And Cæneus,[4] once a warrior fierce, and then
A woman, and, at last, here in the Shades,
Cænis no longer, but once more again
Wearing the warrior-guise she once wore well.
And, through this sylvan scene was wandering sad 450
Dido the Tyrian queen, her wounds yet fresh.[5]
Whom when the Trojan hero recognized
Through darkling shades, as when one sees the moon,
Or thinks he sees her, when the month is young,
Obscured by racks of clouds, fell fast his tears, 455

[1] Evadne slighted the addresses of Apollo, preferring Capaneus, one of the famous "Seven against Thebes." Impious and blasphemous, Capaneus was smitten by a thunderbolt; and Evadne threw herself upon his funeral pyre, and there perished.

[2] Pasiphaë has been mentioned by VIRGIL before, near the beginning of this Book. A queen, of brutal passions, she became the mother of the Minotaur, a monster having a man's body and a bull's head, who was confined in the Labyrinth, sustained on the flesh of the children of the Athenians, and was slain by Theseus aided by Ariadne and Dædalus.

[3] Laodamia (accent on the penultimate) was the devoted wife of Protesilaus. Her husband dying, she attached herself fanatically to his statue, never allowing the same to be out of her sight. Her father collected combustibles to burn the statue, and placing it thereon, set fire to the pile. Laodamia followed the statue into the flames, and with it was consumed.

[4] Cæneus was one of the Lapithæ. Before he became a woman he, having from Neptune the gift of invulnerability, was famous for his exploits in the wars against the Centaurs; but his arrogant pride offended Jupiter, who changed his sex. It is noticeable that in the text VIRGIL mentions only the feminine form of the name: "femina Cænis." We here meet again the heroic word "juvenis," a favorite name with VIRGIL to indicate the possessor of distinguished valor.

[5] "Recens a vulnere." But "recens a vulneribus," had the metre permitted the plural, would have been nearer in accordance with Book Four, lines 660 and 683: Dido's "thus, thus," and her sister's "vulnera."

And thus, with tender love, he her addressed:
"True, then, unhappy Dido, was the word
Which spoke thee dead, and true that with the sword
Thou didst the end pursue? Alas! have I
The cause been of thy death? Not so, I swear
By all the stars, by powers above, and, if
Claims faith the nether world, O Queen, by it,
That not of my accord thy land I left, 460
But me commands of Gods, which now me force,
Throughout these shades to go and mouldy caves
And night profound, imperiously drove.
Nor could it seem a thing that could be so,
That grief so great my absence thee would cause.
Stay, stay, thy steps, and from our sight thyself 465
Do not withdraw. Whom dost thou fly? For Fate
This moment only gives me for this word."
So was Æneas soothing with his words
That angry soul, which wore a savage look,[1]
And so was calling up his own sad tears,
While she her eyes upon the ground held fixed
Averse; nor more was moved her countenance firm 470
By this the first beginning of his speech,
Than if of flint 't were made or Parian stone.
At length she speeds away, and, hostile, seeks
The shady grove, where Sychæus kind, her spouse

[1] "Ardentem et torva tuentem . . . animum."
I follow here, in preference, the original text, and not the "tuentis" of WAGNER and ANTHON, which seems to me to do violence to the language of VIRGIL.

Of former times, to all her cares responds,
To all her love an equal love returns. 475
But none the less Æneas, pierced with grief
By this encounter sad, with tears profuse
And pity deep her follows from afar.
Thence toil they on upon the route proposed.[1]
And now the outer regions they approached,
Secluded plains which those whose fame in war
Illustrious was, frequented most. Him here
Met Tydeus;[2] here in arms renowned him met 480
Parthenopæus;[3] him Adrastus[4] met,
A marble image pale; and here a host
Dardanian fallen in war and wept to heaven[5]
With plenteous tears. Their long-drawn ranks he saw,
And inward groaned. There Glaucus[6] was,

[1] "Inde datum molitur iter." (Molior, molire, molitus.) With VIRGIL a favorite word, — perhaps the favorite one in his list. MOLIÈRE seems to have known this, in selecting the word for his pseudonym.

[2] Tydeus was King of Calydon, one of the famous "Seven against Thebes," and the most renowned hero of that memorable campaign. He was the father of Diomede, whose patronymic thence is Tydides.

[3] Parthenopæus was also one of the "Seven."

[4] Adrastus was also one of the "Seven," and the only one of the number who survived the campaign. He abandoned the siege, and retreated to his own realms. VIRGIL paints him pale with fear.

[5] "Hic multum fleti ad superos, belloque caduci
Dardanidæ."

[6] Glaucus was the leader, with Sarpedon, of the Lycian auxiliaries of King Priam. His armor was of gold, Diomede's of bronze (usually and incorrectly termed brass); and, on the discovery made on the field of battle, while antagonized in war, that there existed between their respective grandfathers an intimate friendship, the two heroes, by a mutual inspiration, not rare in the heroic ages, exchanged armor, Diomede assuming the golden armor of Glaucus, and Glaucus the bronze of Diomede. Thence comes the saying, applicable to a case of inequality in values: "the exchange of Glaucus and Diomede."

And there Thersilochus[1] and Medon[2] were; there too,
Ye, three great sons of great Antenor,[3] were,
And Polyphœtes unto Ceres vowed;[4]

[1] Thersilochus was renowned as an antagonist of Achilles, and was slain by him.

[2] Medon is variously represented: as one of the Centaurs, as the first Athenian archon, and as one of the suitors of Penelope; but the Medon of our text should be a Trojan.

[3] The three most renowned of the sons of Antenor were Polybus, Agenor, and Acamas. Antenor was a Trojan prince, the father of nineteen sons, the most celebrated of whom were the three above named. His magnanimity prevented his betraying Ulysses whom he recognized in the guise of a mendicant in Troy. This circumstance, together with others of a like nature, placed him under suspicion on the part of the more violent partisans of the Trojan cause.

The three sons are thus mentioned by HOMER: —

> "Opposite, on the rising ground appeared
> The Trojans; them majestic Hector led,
> Noble Polydamas, Æneas raised
> To godlike honors in all Trojan hearts,
> And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
> Agenor, and young Acamas advanced."
>
> COWPER, *Iliad*, XI., 68.

Agenor wounded Achilles, and had Apollo for his auxiliary: —

> "Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail
> Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
> That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds
> Agenor thence, whom calm he sent away."
>
> COWPER, *Iliad*, XXI., *sub fin.*

Acamas HOMER speaks of in the Second Book (sub. fin.) as "the heroic Acamas."

LONG speaks of these three heroes as "the three sons whom Antenor had." But, considering the sex of Antenor, this does not seem entirely proper. Antenor had, in the same sense, sixteen sons besides; but the entire family had, undoubtedly, a mother or mothers.

CRANCH, intent on doing justice to this prolific family, brings into the text, where only three belong, the whole nineteen.

He seems to have had warrant for this in DRYDEN, SYMMONS, and CONINGTON, who do the same thing.

MORRIS: "The three Antenor-sons."

PITT: "Three valiant sons of sage Antenor."

[4] Polyphœtes was "vowed to Ceres;" that is, he was the priest of

And, shaking empty reins and ghostly spear, 485
Idæus came.[1] Around, both right and left,
The numerous spirits crowd. Nor is 't enough
Him once to have seen. They love to linger on,
With him their pace to keep, and from him learn
What causes him there brought.[2] But when came on
The Grecian chieftains, when the squadrons pale
Of Agamemnon saw the man in arms 490
Effulgent through the dusky shades, with fear
Immense they shook. Some their backs turned, as erst
They sought their ships. Some uttered squeaking sounds,[3]

Ceres. The mention of this ecclesiastic is plainly a tribute on the part of the poet to his favorite subject the Genius of Agriculture. I have no apology for the use of the word "ecclesiastic" in this connection. In the Homeric ages the ecclesia was the public legislative assembly, a secular institution; but the clergy were then, as now, willing to take a hand in politics. Polyphœtes probably had on VIRGIL's admiration a threefold claim, as priest, as politician, and as warrior." His name, indeed, would indicate that he was a many-sided man.

[1] "And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty rein and aims his airy spear."
DRYDEN.

"And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand."
DRYDEN, in *Annus Mirabilis.*

[2] "The warlike dead of every age
Who gem the fair historic page,
Resign their sainted rest;
And, half-reclining on his sword,
Each wondering chief and battle-lord
Salutes the illustrious guest."
COLLINS, *Ode on the Death of Colonel Ross.*

[3] "*Horatio*: . . .
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

But, so begun, the battle-shout was gone,
The empty sounds their gaping mouths deceived.
  And here Deiphobus he sees, the son
Of royal Priam, torn in every limb, 495
His head one cruel wound, his face and hands
Despoiled, his ears from off his temples chopped,
His nose cut off. Scarce him he knew as there
He trembling stood, and seeking to conceal
His fearful punishment; and with a voice
Familiar once, Æneas thus him pressed:
"Potent in arms, Deiphobus, derived 500
From lofty Teucer's blood, who hath so wrought
With thee? Whose might hath so prevailed thee thus
To use? To me Fame brought thee on that night
Supreme with slaughter vast of warring Greeks,
Worn out and resting on the gōre confused
Of corpses heaped. Then I myself the tomb,
An empty tomb, built on the Rhetian shore, 505
And thrice thy mighty Manes there I called.
Thy name and arms the place protect. Thee, friend,
I could not see, these ghastly shameful wounds,
Nor could I, Wanderer as I was myself,
Thy bones place safe thy country's bounds within."
  To whom the son of Priam: "Naught, O friend,
Of all thy duty hast thou left undone 510
Deiphobus towards and his last rites.

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."
Hamlet, Act I., Scene 1.

But me my fates, and that destructive crime
Of her the Spartan woman,[1] sad have merged
In all this sea of ills. 'T is she hath left
These souvenirs dire.[2] For how that fatal night
We all by false delights deluded were
Thou knowest; alas! too much of cause there is 515
This well to bear in mind! When, at a leap,
The fatal horse scaled lofty Pergamus' heights,
Carrying his heavy birth of foot[3] full-armed,
She, song and dance pretending to the Gods,
Led forth of Phrygian maids a shouting band.
Flamed high her traitorous torch above the top
Of Troy's proud citadel waved, and thus she called
The Greeks. Then me, with cares worn down and steeped 520
In sleep, the hapless chamber held, where rest,
Sweet rest and deep, to placid death most like,
Me prisoner held. Meanwhile, my patriot wife,
My *admirable* wife, the arms had taken
From all the house, and from my head that friend
That ever faithful was to me, my sword;
Within the chamber Menelaus calls; 525
And open wide throws all the doors. Hoped she,
No doubt, that this a valued gift would be
To him who claimed her early love, and thus
Extinguish might the fame of ancient ills. . . .
But why delay? They rush the doors within,

[1] Helen.

[2] "Monumenta."

[3] Deiphobus, it must be understood, lapses, in his warmth, into the familiar language of the camp: "Armatum peditem."

And with them comes one who to crime exhorts,
Ulysses of the race of Æolus[1] vile.
Gods, do thou so unto these dastard Greeks
As they to me have done, if penalties due 530
With pious mouth I ask. But thou, do thou
In turn tell me what chances thee have brought
Here living. Com'st thou here by wanderings led
At sea, or by monitions taught of heaven,
Or lashed by Fate, that thou these sunless homes
Dost visit and this sorrowing land of Shades?"
  But now speech answering speech the time consumed,
Until Aurora's rosy team had climbed 535
The middle heavens, and the four steeds had passed,
In their ethereal course, the hour of noon.[2]
And chance there was that all the time allowed
Would so be spent, but spoke Æneas' guide,
The Sibyl, and thus him in brief words warned:
"Night comes apace, Æneas, and in vain
We spend the hours in tears. The place this is 540
Where into two the road divides. The right
Leads on, the walls of mighty Dis beneath,
And us to Elysium leads, and is our road.
The left the wicked punishes, and them
Sends hopeless down to impious Tartarus damned."
  Again Deiphobus: "Let cease thine ire,

[1] "Æolides." The son of Æolus was Sisyphus, a noted robber. The term would therefore imply that Ulysses was the son of this robber: an insult to his birth, his father being Laertes.

[2] I here try to resolve into plentiful English words the doubts of HEYNE as to the meaning of this passage.

Great priestess, I will go, the number[1] full 545
To make. I will again the deep shades seek.
Go, thou, our glory, go, and may for thee
Fortune in store have better fates than mine."
So saying, he, at the word, his footsteps turned.[2]
Looked now Æneas, and beneath the rock
That now at once upon his left hand frowned,
Saw strongholds deep which by a triple wall
Were fortified. Round this a river ran 550
Both deep and wide, Tartarean Phlegethon hot,
Its torrent[3] flames torn 'midst resounding rocks.
And opposite these arose the mighty gates
And adamantine piers of solid bulk
With which no force of man could vie, nor power

[1] "Explebo numerum." As to what number he would make full, criticism is divided. HEYNE thinks the number of the disembodied spirits whom he had left. Others think that it means the number of years of purification allotted to the souls before their release from the place of darkness. Plato taught that the souls of the deceased passed a certain number of years in purification.

DRYDEN, PITT, and PIERCE follow the Platonean theory: -

"Lo to the secret shadows I retire
To pay my penance till the years expire."

DRYDEN and PITT (word for word alike).

"I will fulfill the number of my destined years." — PIERCE.

CONINGTON, MORRIS, and LONG are undecided: —

"The shadowy circle I complete."
"I will depart and fill the tale."
"I will depart, fill my allotted place," etc.

ANTHON and CRANCH (word for word alike) depart from the Platoneans: —

"I will complete the number of the Shades."

SYMMONS loses the idea in the unmeaning words, "I will fulfill my doom."

[2] "Tantum effatus, et in verbo vestigia torsit."

[3] "Fierce Phlegethon
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."
Paradise Lost, II., 580.

Of heavenly denizen nor steel be found
Whose edge they would not turn like melting wax.
Far upwards soars the iron citadel stern,
And there Tisiphone in bloody robe 555
Whereof the folds are in her girdle tucked,
Keeps sleepless guard upon the vestibule red
Both night and day. Hence groans are heard, and stripes
Their cruel echoes give, and gratings harsh
Of iron and draggled chains the ear appall.[1]
Stands still Æneas, by the uproar stunned
And rooted to the spot.[2] "O virgin, say 560
What shapes of crimes are these? What penalties due
Are here compelled? And what this uproar dire
Which with such weight of horror loads the air?"
Then thus the seer her answer wise began:[3]
"Illustrious leader of the Teucrian hosts,
'T is not allowed that one unstained by crimes
Should on the accursed threshold stand; but me
When placed Queen Hecaté to rule the groves[4]
Avernian, me she taught the punishments 565
Divine, and through them all me led. This work

[1] "The King of Ghosts . . . the damned sprites . . . the grots of brimstone blue."

Graphic, but tame. TASSO by WIFFEN, Canto 9.

DANTE places Pyrrhus in Tartarus, steeped in the river of blood.

[2] I prefer, with CONINGTON, the reading: "strepitumque exterritus hæsit," instead of "strepitumque exterritus hausit."

[3] "Tum vates sic orsa loqui." She could only *begin* a narration of which the detail is infinite. And it will be observed that she closes by saying that the detail is impossible.

[4] "Sed me quum lucis Hecate præfecit Avernis."

To DANTE and the Shade of VIRGIL an angel sent from heaven opens Tartarus. — *Lower World*, Canto 9.

In charge the Cretan Rhadamanthus hath,
A realm most hard. He lashes crimes and hears.[1]
And men who, when in life, pleased with the fraud
(An idle fraud which would not always cheat),
Put off to latest date their penance due
(And were e'en then close-mouthed), he makes confess."
And, while they stand to view the grim, sad sight, 570
Tisiphone, the avenging girded guard,
Insulting frights the guilty with her scourge,
And, with her left hand, threatening to launch forth
Her rabid reptiles, calls a savage band
Of sister Furies. Then, at length, with sound,
Shrill-shrieking, horrible, wide open fly,
Upon their hinges huge, th' accursed gates.[2]

[1] "Castigatque auditque dolos." The lashing first, the hearing afterwards. Herein VIRGIL intimates the swift punishment of the guilty. Minos investigates, Rhadamanthus punishes. The homely form of speech which puts the chastisement first is a familiar one. The heir, seeking of counsel the construction of a will, is heard to say, "My father died and made a will." Indeed, we have this very instance, death first, action afterwards, in VIRGIL: Second Book of the Æneid, line 353: —

"Moriamur et in media arma ruamus."
"Let us then die, die, rushing on the foe."

And in the Third Book, at line 58, VIRGIL announces the prodigy of the roots oozing blood: —

"Ad proceres primumque parentem."
"To chosen chiefs, and to my father first."

But the VIRGILIANS, in this instance, without an exception, decline to follow VIRGIL.

[2] "On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus." *Paradise Lost*, II., 879.

"And dost thou see, there in the vestibule, yet, 575
What guardian sits? And direer far the face
Which there the threshold keeps, and hath its seat
Within, immense with fifty yawning throats,
Pitch-black, the Water-Snake.[1] Then Tartarus deep
Is seen, sheer down beneath the shadows plunged,
Twofold, as far as measures towards the sky
Olympus' height. And there Earth's ancient race, 580
The Titans, lie, by thunderbolts o'erthrown,
And to the deepest gulfs condemned. Here, too,
The bodies vast that to Aloius' sons,[2]
The giant twins, belonged, I saw, who heaven
Attacked, and thought of Jove the rulership
To naught to bring, and him from out his realms

SYMMONS and ANTHON say that it is the Sibyl, and not VIRGIL, who now speaks; and with them seems to be CONINGTON. But against them my ballot is cast with the majority of the VIRGILIANS. As to the opening of the gates, VIRGIL does not say that Tisiphone's province is to control the gates, but he does say that it is her province to watch the vestibule. He not only says it as of himself, but he makes the Sibyl also say it. Impliedly, then, the control of the gates is not with Tisiphone. But even if it were, the argument of SYMMONS is a *non-sequitur*. Admit that at her call the gates open. Yet this does not prove that the Sibyl, and not VIRGIL, says that "the gates fly open." Tisiphone calls not the gates, but her sisters. She, with bloody robe tucked up, with cracking whip in one hand and hissing serpents in the other, inspires awe and terror as leader of the Furies, "insultans," and calls on her sister Furies to do their several parts in the management of the damned. I have, indeed, concluded that the four and a half lines, from "Continuo" to "Cernis," are the explanations of VIRGIL, and not of the Sibyl. He, in this passage, returns to Tisiphone, whom a few lines before he had but partly described. The words "Cernis custodia qualis," have fixed me in this conclusion.

[1] "Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra."

[2] The giants Otus and Ephialtes.

To banish forth. And there rash Salmoneus [1] 585
I saw by punishments severe chastised,
For that the flames and sounds he mocked
Of high Olympus. Borne by horses four,
And flash of torches bright, through Grecian tribes,
Through Elis' city proud, as one to whom
Ovations just are paid, in state he went,
And for himself all honors claimed of Gods.
Senseless, the storm, he sought, and fire of heaven, 590
That none can imitate, with glare profane,
And rattling clamors made by horses' hoofs
Upon a bridge of bronze,[2] to counterfeit.
But him the Almighty Father,[3] with his bolt,
Launched from the sombre curtains of the sky,
Him shriveled into naught. Supreme in power,
Not torches he employed nor smoky lights
From fagots kindled of the resinous pine,
But him with fury of the whirlwind lashed.[4]

[1] Sal-mo-neus. Three syllables.

[2] "Ære." By copper or by bronze. By copper probably hardened by a lost art. See note to line 35 of the First Book. And see other passages noted in the Index.

[3] "Pater omnipotens."

DRYDEN: "The king of heaven."

CONINGTON: "The Almighty Sire."

MORRIS and LONG: "The Almighty Father."

CRANCH: "The Omnipotent."

SYMMONS: "The Almighty."

PIERCE: "Jove."

The three latter thus ignore "pater."

[4] "Precipitemque immani turbine adegit." "Then the LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind. . . . Then Job answered the LORD and said, 'Behold I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. No, I cannot answer thee. Twice my tongue hath moved; but I can only say that I am vile.'" BIBLE OF THE PEOPLE.

Then Tityos, too, was seen, the foster-child 595
Of Earth, our common parent.[1] Stretched he lays
O'er all of acres nine, and with hooked beak
A vulture huge his deathless liver clips
And entrails rich in woes, and for his feasts
Them tears, and makes his home the ample ribs
Beneath. Soon as devoured renewed; no peace 600
His fibres have.[2] And what of others there?
Shall I recount? The Lapithæ?[3] Their chiefs,
Ixion and Pirithous proud? Or him
Upon whom seems the rock that him o'erhangs
With inky weight about to fall, now, now,
And thus forever threatens still to fall?
Of lofty feasting-couches genial shine
The golden pediments rich, and feasts there are
Set forth in royal state, but crouches near 605
She of the Furies chief, and with her hands
Those[4] who the food would touch prevents,
And rises in her wrath, and lifts her torch
All lurid fierce, and in dire cries breaks forth.
And here are they whose hate 'gainst brethren ran

[1] "Terræ omniparentis alumnum." "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken. For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." BIBLE OF THE PEOPLE.

[2] The offense of Tityos was incontinence. The liver, therefore, as the seat of desire, becomes also the seat of punishment.

[3] Rude mountaineers of Thessaly.

[4] Tantalus and like voluptuaries.

In the gloomy halls of Eblis, Soliman Ben Daoud, the pre-Adamite Sultan, was promised relief from his woes so soon as a perennial cataract, which mocked his sufferings, should cease to flow. Till then, in his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, would continue to be seen, through his pitying hand, his heart enveloped in flames. BECKFORD, *Vathek.*

Whilst life remained, or who their parents beat,[1]
Or clients snared by fraud, or who alone
Hung covetously o'er treasure found in earth, 610
Nor shared it with their friends: and many such
Were these; and they who for adultery's guilt
Were slain; and they who impious wars pursued,
Nor feared, by rashness urged, the faith to break
To rightful masters pledged.[2] These in strict guard
Await their punishment due. Nor seek to learn 615
What punishment, the forms, the modes of woe,
That them befall. Some roll a mighty stone,[3]
And, bound to spokes of wheels, some helpless hang.[4]
There sits, and shall forever sit, Theseus[5]
Unhappy. And there Phlegyas,[6] too, his cry
Most wretched raises, and throughout the shades
His testimony sends with ringing voice:
'Be warned, and follow righteousness, nor Gods 620
Contemn.' And there is one who base enough
Was found his country's rights for gold to sell,

[1] "Pulsatusve parens."

[2] An allusion, probably, to the servile wars.

[3] Sisyphus and other robbers.

[4] Ixion, and other violators of the sacredness of hospitality. Atlas, for a breach of hospitality, was changed into a mountain, with dreary and frosty summit, and so has his punishment on earth, as a warning before the eyes of living men.

[5] The-seus. Two syllables. Upon an enchanted rock. And so, also, suffered Pirithous. But Hercules released Theseus, a circumstance VIRGIL seems to have forgotten.

[6] Phlegyas was king of the Lapithæ and father of Ixion. Despising Apollo, he set fire to his temple. Apollo punished the sacrilege with death, and Phlegyas in Tartarus utters ceaseless lamentations and warnings.

And o'er it place a master's [1] powerful grasp.
There one who for a price laws made, and then
Unmade. There he who sought his daughter's bed
And marriage base. And thus of monstrous wrong
All dared to think, and turned from thought to acts.
Not if a hundred tongues I had,[2] and mouths 625
A hundred, and a voice with strength of steel,
Could I of crimes all forms describe, nor e'en
The names run through of all their punishments."
When Phœbus' long-lived priestess thus had said,
"But now do press thy way,"[3] she urged; "the gift 630
We undertook to make must now be made,
And let us hasten. I the towers behold
Drawn from the vast Cyclopean forges hot,
And just before us are the gates round-arched,
Those where our precepts say the gift [4] we bring
We must upon the sacred threshold fix."
She said, and side by side, through twilight dim,[5]
The middle space they pass, and near the gates.

[1] "Dominum." An odious title because applied to the owner of slaves.

[2] "Had I a hundred mouths and tongues, yea, more,
Throat, lungs, and breath of brass to sound abroad
Their deeds, I could not fittingly record
What numbers lifeless sank upon the plain
In their first charge."
WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 9.

[3] "Sed jam age, carpe viam."
The homely phrase of VIRGIL would authorize us to say,
"But now do *nip* thy way."

[4] The golden branch of Juno, a gift for Pros*er*pina.

[5] "The dim religious light." WORDSWORTH.

Æneas enters straight the vestibule bright, 635
With water new[1] his body sprinkles o'er,
And, in the threshold there the sacred bough
Sets safe as bidden by the sacred law.
These things, at length, being done, the Goddess' gift
Now in her own realm set, around they looked
On places full of joy, delightful green
Through woodlands fortunate spread, and happy seats.
A freer air here clothed the fields, a light 640
That purple glowed. A sun its own, and stars
Its own, it had. Some in palæstral[2] fields,
Where waves the velvet grass, vie in the games,
And some, where gleams the golden sand, their strength
Or skill exert. And some keep time with feet
To music's strains, or sing the gladsome song.
And in long robes[3] the poet-priest of Thrace[4] 645
In melodies sweet gives forth his seven-fold notes;
And now his harp, with fingers, taralas,
And now, in fervor rising with the song,
Trums with the touches of his ivory quill.
The ancient race of Teucer here is seen,
Their forms most beautiful, grand heroic men,

[1] "Recenti aqua."

[2] "Palæstris." The word has no equivalent in modern poverty. *Field-sports* is probably our nearest. The word palæstral is of my own origination.

[3] "A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garlands and singing robes about him." MILTON, *Reason of Church Government*, Book II.

[4] Orpheus.

Great-souled, who saw the light in better years,
Ilus, Assaracus wise and he, of Troy 650
The builder, Dardanus famed. The arms far off
Cause wonder, and the chariots ranged
In order due, but void of occupants now,
And spears infixed in earth, and loose, the fields
Throughout, the grazing steeds. Such liking fond
Of glorious war, its pomp and circumstance,
As men while living had, such care for steeds 655
That sleek in pastures feed, the same had they
Beyond this living state. He looked and saw
To right and left the feasters in the grass,
And those who sung the battle-chorus glad
Among the scented laurel-groves, whence sends
Eridanus'[1] God his ample waves to earth.
Here was a band who wounds sustained in fight 660
For native land. Here priests who chaste and pure
Remained through all their lives. And poets here
Devout, and who have words given forth that well
Might please Apollo. Here were those who brought
To daily life aids from invented arts.[2]
And those who, by good deeds, a memory left
Grateful to all. And these, patriot and priest, 665
Poet, inventor, lover of his kind,
Wore each upon his head a snowy wreath.[3]
To these, as round they poured, the Sibyl thus

[1] The Po, in Piedmont. The largest river in Italy. It is said to have its rise in the Lower World. As a matter of fact, for two miles near its source it is a subterranean stream.

[2] "Inventas per artes."

[3] The halo of the saints. DRYDEN ignores the "nivea."

Her words addressed, and to Musæus [1] more
Than to the rest, as in the midst he stood
Of numbers great who held him circled round,
His lofty shoulders towering broad o'er all:
"Tell us, ye happy souls, and, chiefest, thou,
Poet most excellent, what region holds, 670
What place contains, Anchises. Him it is
Our errand here concerns, the rivers great
Of Erebus' plains for him we have passed o'er."
And answer brief thus her the hero gave:
"No certain home he hath. We here the groves,
The twilight groves,[2] inhabit, and we rest
On sloping banks of streams and meadows green
With wandering brooks. But ye, if bears so strong 675
Within your heart this wish, yon ridge surmount,
And there at once an easy path your feet
I'll set within." Forward he went. Arrived
At summit of the ridge, he shows below
The shining fields. Thence onward fare the two.
But deep within a valley green concealed,
Where for repose he had withdrawn remote, 680

[1] A poet of the mythic age, supposed to be contemporary with Orpheus. The mythical father of poetry, as Orpheus is of music.

MUSÆUS is here made to occupy the place which HOMER might have filled, — HOMER, whom DANTE, with the shade of VIRGIL by his side, passing through the same shadows, could call

"the monarch of sublimest song,
Who o'er the others like an eagle soars."

We cannot but applaud, however, the ingenuity of VIRGIL in substituting another name for that of a poet whom he himself proposed to imitate and to excel, and whom by the general acclaim of scholars he surpasses, if not in sublimity, in pathos.

[2] "Lucis opacis.

In study meditating, he surveyed
The souls embraced therein, and who were soon
Their way to take to brighter light above.
Nor only so, but by good chance he then,
Busy in mind with past and future things,
Was reckoning o'er all his descendants dear,
Their fates, their fortunes, manners, men, and tribes.[1]
And now when opposite him, the herbage green
Across, he saw Æneas come, he held, 685
With glad alacrity, forth extended far,
Both hands. And down his cheeks tears poured. And fell
From out his lips his words:[2] "And art thou come
At last? And hath thy piety brave, as doubt
None had I that it would, fought out the way,
The rugged way, unto thy parent loved?
And is it given thy countenance dear to see,
My son, and our familiar speech once more
To give and take again? And so, indeed, 690
I had it all thought out, and reckoned up,
The times computing, and I find my care
Is not for naught. And here I thee receive
Borne through what lands, and through what waters borne!
How cast about, my son, in perils oft!
How feared I harm to thee from Libyan realms!"

[1] "Fataque, fortunasque virum, moresque, manusque." Line for line. Ten English syllables for fifteen Latin.

[2] "Et vox excidit ore." His meditation had been so mature that it was easy for him to speak.

But he: "Thou me, my father, and thy ghost, 695
Thy sacred image sad, approaching oft
And oft, me drove these gates to seek. Stands safe
My fleet the Tyrrhene salt within. But grant,
My father, me thy hand to clasp, — oh, grant,
And from our[1] fond embrace withdraw thou not!"
And speaking so, in copious flood, the tears 700
His face ran down. Three times did he essay
Around his neck his arms to bring. Three times
The form embraced his hands compressed escaped,
As though some zephyr light or fleeting dream.
Meanwhile, beholds Æneas, in a vale
That spreads far outward from the view,[2] a grove
Sequestered, and the breezes hears that music make
Through all its branches green, and there, through seats
Where sweet content reposed, a river ran,
The deep Lethean stream. And in the glades 705
Which there the grove inlaced, and on the banks,
There flitted countless tribes. In mighty swarms
The people thronged, like bees in summer fair
Upon the various flower-banks settling down,
And round the lilies white their busy streams
Pouring in eager files; and filled the fields
With all this murmur strange. The sudden sight
Æneas horrified, he knowing not 710

[1] "Nostro."

[2] This passage is full of difficulties for the translator. A probable error or two in the text, terms which elude definition, and a *lethargy* inspired by the subject have made me almost despair of a satisfactory rendering. I have only escaped from my despair by an ample use of English words.

What might its causes be ; and them he sought
To know, — what floods they were which yonder flowed,
Or who the souls that, in such numbers great,
Upon the shores are seen. Then answers him
Anchises, parent dear to son beloved :
"The souls, to whom by force of Fate are due
New bodies, drink of the Lethean stream
Deep draughts and safe, and long forgetfulness. 715
And these, indeed, to tell thee of for long
Have I desired, and unto thee our race,
Deep in the future times that are to be,
To summon here and show thee face to face,[1]
That thou with me the more, when Italy's realms
Are found, might joy." "O Father, may we think
That souls sublime from hence to earth again
Shall go, and there resume again once more 720
The garb their slothful bodies had ? And they
Whom plagues such fell desire of mortal life
And light, must they not wretched be ?" "Of this
I will full answer to thee make, my son,"
Anchises quickly said, and thus each thing,
As came its proper order, set he forth :
"The heaven, at first, and earth and watery fields,
The moon's bright globe and the Titanian stars,[2] 725
An inward Spirit feeds, and, poured throughout

[1] "Coram." The language of the law-courts.

[2] Why Titanian ? Probably because the expression was intended to include the sun and the planets.

I have endeavored in such terms to translate this remarkable elucidation of the pre-Christian religious philosophy as to make a commentary superfluous.

All parts and particles, there doth exist
A Mind intelligent which moves the mass
And mingles with the body vast of things.
Thence come the tribes of men, and flocks, and life
Of fowls, and monsters which the deep holds in
Its marble plain beneath. A fiery Force 730
And heavenly Origin high there is these seeds
Within, or otherwise would lag the flesh,
The earthly parts and perishable limbs [1]
Would torpid grow and dull. Hence Fear and Hope,
And Grief and Joy, hence, shut in darkness up,
A dungeon blind, they see, they feel, the light
Of better regions in a sphere far higher.
Then when, the light extinguished, life is gone, 735
Not then doth every ill or corporal plague
The wretched quite desert. In wondrous ways
There must deep-set to them still close adhere
A multitude great of faults ingrained.[2] Therefore
They disciplined here must be by punishments fixed, 740
And of the old ills pay the penalty due.

The celestial origin, the principle of heat, the intelligent spirit moving upon the mass of matter, are all in consonance with the first pages of Genesis, and these in harmony with the latest revelations of science, — even with that most daring one of all, which its authors even hesitated to call a revelation or a discovery, but announced as an hypothesis merely — the nebular hypothesis of Herschel and Laplace. I have heretofore made allusion to this same feature in ancient records and literature, in a note to line 608 of the First Book: "Dum polus sidera pascet."

See, also, the Song of Silenus in the Sixth Eclogue.

[1] "This muddy vesture of decay."

Merchant of Venice, V., 1.

[2] MORRIS uses the same word "engrained:" but my use of the word is not a borrowing, but a coincidence.

Some souls are spread suspended to the winds;
From some the stain in gulfs is washed away
Of waters vast, or is by fire burned out.
Each soul its own doth suffer.[1] And therefrom
Through wide Elysium we are sent. A few
The happy fields retain until long time, 745
A cycle full, the ingrained stain hath cleansed,
And pure hath left that heavenly tone divine,
That fiery vigor, free as unmixed air,
It once received.[2] These all, when hath revolved
The wheeling circle of a thousand years,
A God calls forth in mighty band, the shore
Of Lethe's stream upon, that they, of naught 750
The memory having kept, again may see
The upper world, and may to take once more
A bodily form be well content and pleased."[3]
Anchises so had spoken, when he drew
Into the midst of this great multitude wide,

[1] "Quisque suos patimur Manes."

CONINGTON: —

"Each for himself, we all sustain
The durance of our ghostly pain."

[2] Ætherium sensum, atque auraï simplicis ignem."

I have used ample words to indicate the reference this clause has to the prior one of

"Igneus . . . vigor et cœlestis origo."

As COWPER observes, in one of his notes to his incomparable translation of the Odyssey, "the translation here is somewhat pleonastic, for the sake of perspicuity." Book Nineteenth of the Odyssey, sub fin.

[3] Some souls, as a reward for their exalted virtue, were exempt from transmigration. Of this number was Anchises At least such seems to have been the Olympian theory. The legends of Buddhism, on the contrary, record five hundred and fifty different states of being, human and infrahuman, wherethrough the soul of Prince Siddârtha had passed before he became Bdudha. And the first grace or sense of power accorded to him, after his six years of penance, was the ability to look back through all these states of being. ARNOLD, *Light of Asia.*

This sounding crowd, the two to whom he spake,
His son and his companion, and a hill
Chose out for vantage-ground, wherefrom at ease
They could the long ranks scan of those who passed,
And of the coming all the faces see. 755
"Come now, and I will tell what glory waits
Upon the Dardan race, and who shall yet
Our children's children be in Italy's realms,
Illustrious souls who in our name shall shine
In the long list heroic; and thou, too,
Thy destiny's path shalt learn.[1] Him dost thou see, 760
A youth who on a spear-shaft[2] leans? He first
In order due of Fate is seen. He first
Unto the heavenly spheres shall rise, of blood
Commingled with the Italian race, his name
An Alban name. Thy son 't is, Silvius, late

[1] In the *Jerusalem*, to Godfrey comes, in a vision, a winged knight, who proves to be Hugo: —

"Here, as the moving spheres, the vast blue sky.
The lights, and the rich music he admires,
Lo, to his side a wingéd knight draws nigh,
With sunbeams crowned, and circumfused with fires!
And in a voice to which the clearest choirs
And perfect marriage of sweet sounds below,
Breathed out from beauteous lips or golden wires,
Would be but discord, said, 'Canst thou bestow
No smile, or dost thou not thy once-loved Hugo know?
. . . . . .
Your blood shall mix, and from that union spring
A glorious issue dear to all mankind.'"

WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 14.

And again to Godfrey appeared in a vision the archangel Michael, and opened to the hero a vision of "the whole hierarchy of heaven." Canto 18.

[2] "Pura hasta." A mere shaft, a spear without a head. Given to young men as a first honor for meritorious military service.

Unto his mother born, and last to thee
Of all.[1] Lavinia fair, thy wife, shall him
Give birth, him bringing from the woods,[2] a king 765
And sire of kings, from whom dates first
In Alba Longa our dominion firm.
And next see Procas, pride he of our race;
Capys; and Numitor; and he thy name
Who shall restore, Æneas Silvius, one
Alike for piety rare and arms renowned,
If ever he the throne of Alba takes. 770
And see what warriors here undaunted move,
And what unbending strength they show, behold!
And they whose brows crowns bear of civic oak,
These unto thee Nomentum give, and give
The Gabian and Fidenian towers, and build
On chaste[3] Collatia's hills her citadels proud.
So shall they thee Pometia's walls present, 775

[1] " . . . Tua postuma proles
Quem tibi longævo serum Lavinia conjux."

CASSELLIUS VINDEX, as reported by GELLIUS, defines the word postuma as not *posthumous*, but the same as *posterus*, late. The word has sometimes only, not always, the sense of our word "posthumous."

[2] "Casu quodam in silvis natus." — LIVY, I, 4.

[3] Collatia was the scene of the self-immolation of Lucretia. LAMPUGNANI, a lawyer of Milan, composed, and inserted in the text, a line still found in some editions: —

"Laude pudicitiæ celebres, addentque superbos."

As I needed an adjective to fill out the VIRGILIAN line I have called Collatia the "chaste" city, on the suggestion of LAMPUGNANI. His line was worthy of VIRGIL, and I am glad of an opportunity of adopting part of it. The ruins of massive walls still exist on the site of Collatia. So heavy are they as to have given it the modern name of Castellacio, the castellated town.

It should be remembered that a shadowy procession files by in solemn march, of whom Anchises points out to Æneas and the Sibyl the principal characters. We have here, without doubt, the finest illustration in all literature of that prophetic "mirror" which SHELLEY seems to have had in

And Castrum Inui, and to them add
Bola and Cora strong. These all shall then
Be names. Now are they nameless lands.
"And just now, Romulus' self, Mars' son, appears.
See him his grandsire Numitor's side approach.
His mother, Ilia, there, her line shall trace
Down from Assaracus' blood. And see ye, high
Above his brow, the double crests that wave,
Tokens from out his father's hands, that show 780
The father his own honors gives the son, —
Honors that raise him to the height of heaven.
And, lo, my son, under his auspices great,
Rome shall arise renowned, whose empire wide
Shall every land embrace, whose mastering minds
Shall soar to heaven,[1] whose seven proud towers[2] around

view in painting the "gigantic shadows" which "futurity casts upon the present," and which CAMPBELL, in his warning that "coming events cast their shadows before," puts in the mouth of Lochiel.

[1] "Animos equabit Olympo." In the inverse order of merit, as estimated by me, I append the views of my brother VIRGILIANS: —

DRYDEN: "Rome, whose ascending towers shall heaven invade."
PITT: "Her fame and valor tower above the skies."
MORRIS: —
"Whose lordship filleth all the earth, whose heart Olympus' home."
LONG: "Her empire measure by the ends of earth,
Her daring by the pinnacle of heaven."
COOPER: "Her courage, her valor," will equal Olympus.
ANTHON: "Her lofty spirit" will equal Olympus.
SYMMONS: "Her great soul shall high as heaven ascend."
CRANCH: "Shall match her genius with Olympian heights."
CONINGTON: —
"Imperial Rome shall rise,
Extend her reign to utmost earth,
Her genius to the skies."
PIERCE: "Shall bound her grandeur by the stars."

CONINGTON and PIERCE bear away the prize, *me judice*.

[2] "Septem arces." I reserve for the Eighth Book an examination of this phrase.

She shall her wall build strong, glad in her breed
Of men. So, turret-crowned and charioted,
Is borne through Phrygian cities, glad at heart 785
That Gods her children are, her darlings blest
In Heaven a hundred thrones possessing bright,
The Berecynthian Mother.[1] Hither now
Bend thy twin orbs of sight. This Nation see,
Thy Romans. Cæsar [2] here behold advance,
And all Iülus' race that e'er shall come 790
Beneath the axis of the mighty sky.
Here, here is he, the man long promised thee
By seers' deep words and prophecies true of Gods,
Augustus Cæsar.[3] His career attend:
Divine his origin great he will again

THE GOLDEN AGE

Restore, which to the fields
Well ruled of Latium Saturn once did bring;[4]

[1] Cybele, the fabled Mother of the Gods; called the Berecynthian because the inhabitants of Mount Berecynthus were especially devoted to her worship.

"Lo, the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods."

MILTON, Arcady.

[2] Julius Cæsar.

[3] Octavianus, Cæsar Augustus; so entitled by a decree of the Senate in the 727th year of the City. This poem was VIRGIL'S first public opportunity of using this title. He read, in the presence of Augustus and Octavia, in the 730th year of the City, the present Book of the Poem.

[4] In the Eighth Book, line 324, VIRGIL will again touch upon THE GOLDEN AGE in the course of the table-talk of that admirable story-teller, the Arcadian *bon-homme*, King Evander.

But a more explicit allusion to it has already been made in the beginning of the Fourth Eclogue: —

"Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas:
'Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;

2693

And far the Garamantian bounds beyond,
And Indian realms, he will his conquests drive. 795

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
Casta fave Lucina; tuus jam regnat Apollo.' "

" Comes now the last age she of Cumæ sung:
' From all time's circling fullness there is born
A mighty order; comes the Virgin back;
Return Saturnian realms; from lofty heaven
Is sent a new race down; to him, the child
Now born, whereby the iron race shall cease,
And wide, throughout all lands, a golden one
Shall rise, do thou, Lucina chaste, be kind,
For now holds sway thine own Apollo's power.' "

According to the opinion of PENN, (announced after a review of all attainable sources of criticism), the entire Fourth Eclogue, excepting the introductory words, is the language of the Cumæan Sibyl herself; she speaking, and VIRGIL only quoting from or interpreting her divinations.

The allusion of VIRGIL, or the Sibyl, is to the Platonic year of nearly twenty-six thousand years, during which the sun, by slow degrees, by a retrograde movement known as the precession of the equinoxes, changes his path among the fixed stars, removing his point of crossing the equator slowly backwards towards the west. Thus a perfect revolution is accomplished; the entire circuit of the ecliptic is completed; and at the end of this period the heavenly bodies occupy towards each other the same position which they did at the beginning of this great year. Each Platonic year includes four ages, which, in the order of their succession, are named the Golden, the Silver, the Brazen, and the Iron. The escape from the Iron Age; therefore, was necessarily into the Golden, and the speedy return of the Golden Age was the prediction of the Cumæan Sibyl.

A controversy has existed, and perhaps still exists, as to whether VIRGIL designed by these passages, pastoral and epic, to predict the coming of the Messiah. My own opinion is (and I believe it is a view of the subject not heretofore advanced) that the Sibylline leaves, which VIRGIL adopts, did so predict, but that VIRGIL's construction of the prediction limited its application first to the child of the consul Pollio, and, on the death of this child, to some member of the *Julian line* of Rome. National pride easily makes these substitutions. Since VIRGIL's time the enlightened barbarians of the North have, within my own observation, given to a Sibyl's temple, that of the Sibyl of Tivoli, the title of the Church of St. George; and the children of Israel, to this day, are looking forward to the coming of a Jewish Mes-

The stars beyond there lies the land, the path
Beyond which circles all the changing year
And rolling sun, where Atlas heaven sustains
His shoulders huge upon, and turns, with stars
That burn bestrewn, the radiant pole.[1] And now
The Caspian realms with horror quake, the words
Of answering Gods to hear, and trembles all
Mæotia's land, and, far as reach its waves, 800
The seven-mouthed Nile. Not so much ground, my son,
Did Hercules' self o'erpass, he who transfixed
After long search the doe[2] of foot of bronze,

siah, devoted to the mission of restoring them to the list of the nations of the earth.

The Lenni-Lenape Indians, a tribe inhabiting the valley of the Delaware, had a national chant or song wherein they described the Golden Age: —

"*All were willingly pleased, all were easy-thinking, and all were well-happified.*" RAFINESQUE's *American Nations*, cited by DONNELLY, *Atlantis*, pp. 109, 290.

The Golden Age, at least in our western hemisphere, was literally and without metaphor one of gold, but of gold not used for money nor ornament, but as the tears of the sun, and sacred to the Gods. In the notes to the Pastoral of Varus (Fifth Pastoral, *ante*) we have seen described plants and men and animals of solid gold; and we know that in the purer age of the Roman Republic the Senate desired the same thing, — to withdraw gold from commerce and ornament, — by prohibiting the working of the gold mines of Italy.

[1] This seems the proper place to note that the Pleiades, the daughters of Atlas and Pleione, were known to the Romans as the VIRGILIAN stars. So informs us LUCIUS AMPELLUS (a writer who flourished after the time of Trajan) in the Third Chapter of his *Liber Memorialis*.

Like the planets, like the mouths of the Nile, like the branches of the candlestick of the tabernacle, like the hills of Rome, the Pleiades were seven in number. The central one, Halcyone, it was long a favorite theory of the astronomers, a theory still maintained by some, is the centre of the universe, around which all the heavenly systems revolve.

[2] "Cervam."

And peace made reign in Erymanthean groves,
And with his bow the Lernean monster awed;
Nor Bacchus, when in conquest he his car,
With Nysæan tigers yoked, from out his heights, 805
Drove to the war with reins all wreathed with vines.
And shall we doubt that deeds our fame shall spread,
Or fear our lodgment drive from out the land?
"But who is he, there in the distance far,
That in his hands the holy things doth bear?
The hair I recognize and whitened chin
Which shall unto a Roman king[1] belong, 810
The first who shall on laws the city base,
From little Curæ sent and sterile land,
A mighty empire to control. To whom
Succeeds one who his country's peace[2] shall break,
And shall the dull to arms arouse, and lines
Long unaccustomed to the triumph, stir with zeal,—
Tullus his name. Whom followeth next 815
Ancus, too boastful far, and who shall be
Of popularity's power too rashly sure.
And there the kings Tarquinian[3] thou[4] dost see.
And, proud of soul, avenging Brutus comes;
And see ye not the fasces rendered back?
The rule of consul[5] he the first will take,

[1] Numa.

[2] This is said as a compliment to Augustus, who restored the peace of the Roman world.

[3] These were two in number, Priscus and Superbus. The Seven Kings are therefore all mentioned, with the exception only of Servius Tullius.

[4] It is observable that Anchises, in his zeal to serve his son, has forgotten for the moment the presence of the Sibyl.

[5] "Consulis imperium."

And axes cruel; who, when wars his sons 820
Seek on the state to bring, their father stern
Shall, in the name of beauteous liberty wronged,
To suffer doom. Unhappy parent thou!
And, whatsoe'er of these thy deeds shall be
By coming ages thought, prevails with thee
Thy love of native land, thy greed of praise.[1]
"And, just now, see the Decii, there; and see,
There, in the distance, too, the Drusi[2] pass; 825
And, with his axe severe Torquatus[3] comes;
And comes Camillus, bringing from proud foes
In Gallia's land his country's standards back.
And thou dost see in harmony blent two souls.[4]
Brilliant alike, with equal arms and will,
They stand, while on their heads night settles down.
Alas! between them what fell war would rise
If that by them the light of life were reached!
What combats then would rage, with endless deaths
And gory fields foul with fraternal hate,

[1] Brutus not only ordered, but witnessed, the execution. VIRGIL seems solicitous to place of record his detestation of the unnatural severity of this sentence and execution. And his abhorrence of the act has, without doubt, had much to do with the bringing about of a change in the law. No such occurrence would, in modern law, be possible. Jephthah and Idomeneus and Brutus can no longer afflict the better feelings of mankind. The modern codes forbid that any one shall try a cause who is related to either party by blood or marriage. The law is, nevertheless, vindicated by an indifferent trier on a change of venue, and parental affection is spared the test of an ordeal so tragic. "The offender is not spared; the father is." *The Charity of the Law*, TURPIE.

[2] CONINGTON suggests that the mention of the Drusi is intended as a compliment to Livia Drusilla, wife of Augustus.

[3] Titus Manlius Torquatus. He put his son to death for disobedience of orders.

[4] Cæsar and Pompey.

From Alpine heights and from Monaco's[1] tower 830
The father-in-law descending to the field,
The son-in-law against him leading ranks
From out the adverse East! My sons, thy minds
Keep free from thoughts of wars so dire as these,
Nor turn against thy country's bosom fair
Thy mastering powers.[2] And do thou first her spare,

[1] "Arce Monœci." This allusion to Monaco must have been especially pleasing to Augustus, before whom this Book of the Æneid was read by its author. Monaco was enthroned within the very heart of the Ligurian territory, and was memorable as the seat of the overthrow of the Ligurian power. Its foundation was attributed to Hercules.

The Ligurians were mountain tribes which inhabited the steeps and valleys of the Mediterranean Alps on the Riviera, the shore of the Gulf of Genoa. In the Civil War they were the allies of Cæsar. Historians are divided in an argument as to whether the difficulties experienced by Rome in overthrowing them resulted from their prowess or from their duplicity. After an examination of their country I am persuaded that neither cause is the right one, and that it resided in the impregnable position of their homes. The abrupt rise of the Mediterranean Alps out of the waters of the sea left no passage way, nor chance for a passage way (nor did one exist until Napoleon the First made one), into the Ligurian country except across impracticable mountains. In this situation the Ligurians could laugh at their invaders. So they resisted the whole might of the Roman armies for eighty years, until Augustus, as the crowning military effort of his later years, accomplished their humiliation. And in the most romantic and most superb point of all his laborious campaigns, he caused to be erected, in the thirteenth year of our era, just a year before his death, a monument, a massive tower of stone, one of the great landmarks of Southern Europe, — a monument which to this day exists, lifting its symmetrical and robust form above the promontory of Monaco and the red roofs of Roccabruna; and, almost in sight of Nice on the one hand and of Mentone on the other, looking far away over the classic waves of an incomparable sea. *Personal Observation.*

[2] "Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires."

LUCRETIUS gives us a similar instance of happy alliteration, partly with the same letter: —

"Verbera ventorum vitare
Et murmura magna minarum."

O thou who dost thy lineage bright deduce
From high Olympus! Cast, thou blood of mine,
From out thine hand thy weapons forth . . .[1] 835
"Behold him[2] now, who, with rich Corinth's spoils,
Up to the lofty Capitol's heights his car
Will drive in triumph as a conqueror crowned:
For Greeks that shall his sword illustrious make
With slaughter huge; and Argos' overthrow;
And downfall of Mycenæ, city fair
Where Agamemnon ruled, and of the king[3]
From Æacus derived, that valiant source
Whence strong in arms Achilles traced his birth;
Avenging thus our Trojan ancestry wronged 840
And Pallas' shrine defiled by Argive crime.
"Who[4] thee shall leave unmentioned Cato great?
Or Cossus? Who the Gracchi's race? Or who
The Scipios grim, twin thunderbolts of war
And Libya's scourge? Fabricius strong, though poor?[5]

[1] "Projice tela manu, sanguis meus."
An imperfect line. The motive uncertain, unless to note, in a way of which words were incapable, the poet's horror of civil war.

[2] Lucius Mummius Achaicus.

[3] Perses, king of Macedon, a descendant of Æacus through Achilles. From him the Second Macedonian War was called the Persic War.

[4] Our poet seems here to have forgotten, for the moment, the dramatic situation and the speaking Anchises, and to launch forth into an apostrophe on his own account.

[5] "Parvoque potentem Fabricium."
MORRIS: "Poor and strong."
LONG: "Whose poverty was power."
PIERCE: "Rich in scanty store."
The strong poor man. More literally still: The potent with little, Fabricius.

Or thee, Serranus, from thy furrows called?[1]
Or where drive ye, great Fabii, wearied me, — 845
Ye, of whom thou[2] the Greatest,[3] art the one
Who by delay to us the State restored?[4]
"More softly others may bright bronzes[5] mould,
Until they seem to breathe, and better bring,
As freely I concede, from marble carved,
The living features forth,[6] and better plead
The cause,[7] and with apt lines the measures trace 850
Of heaven, and tell where rise and set the stars;[8]
But thou, O Roman, mind thee the great arts
Of government[9] to learn. These shall be thine.

[1] "Vel te sulco, Serrane, serentem." VIRGIL has here indulged in a play on words. I may be excused, then, for a similar liberty.

Caius Atilius Regulus Serranus was summoned from the plow to the consulship. PLINY, N. H. 13, 4. VIRGIL's allusion is usually supposed to be to Cincinnatus. The poet may have intended it to refer to both or either. LONG sides with the Cincinnatians: —

"Or Cincinnatus sowing in his fields."

[2] VIRGIL here recognizes again the dramatic surroundings, and gives the word to Anchises, who points out to Æneas and the Sibyl the form of Fabius Maximus, the shield of Rome, passing in the shadowy procession.

[3] "Maximus."

[4] "Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem."

VIRGIL adopted this line almost literally from ENNIUS ("Ille noster Ennius," as Cicero calls him). And, in adopting it, he omitted to change the tense to the present or future; for one of these tenses it should have in the mouth of the Shade of Anchises.

[5] To say nothing of the Jupiter and the Augustus, PLINY (35, 11, 40, sec. 128) relates that, in VIRGIL's day, there stood on the Palatine a bronze colossus of Apollo, fifty feet in height, and of marvelous symmetry and beauty, the work of an artist of Italy.

[6] The Corinthians.

[7] The Athenians.

[8] The Egyptians.

[9] In oratory the Romans successfully disputed the palm with the Athe-

Thou shalt thine Empire on the peoples lay.
Thou shalt the ways of Peace unto them teach.

nians, but VIRGIL purposely subordinates every other glory to that of the capacity to establish and maintain a wise and firm government.

LORD MACAULAY makes his *Prophecy of Capys* to turn on the prediction of Roman supremacy made by Capys to Romulus; but statesman, philosopher, parliamentarian, as his lordship was, his idea of Roman supremacy is the vulgar one of war alone. He has no word for Rome's civil supremacy, none for her dominion founded on LAW, none for her mastery based on her ability in the science of GOVERNMENT. More than a hundred years before MACAULAY wrote, ADDISON had placed in the mouth of Juba the sentiment for which I contend: —

"SYPHAX:

Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these, are arts, my Prince,
Wherein your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA:

These are all virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolished world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
The embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men."

ADDISON'S *Tragedy of Cato*, Scene 4.

It is not difficult to imagine that ADDISON, in penning these lines, had in view this very passage of VIRGIL.

In the Fourth Book of the Æneid (line 231) we have seen that Jupiter promises Venus that her son Æneas shall put the entire globe under the dominion of *laws*: —

"Totum sub *leges* mitteret orbem."

TASSO, with all his disposition to imitate VIRGIL, has proven himself here feeble even in imitation: He is relating the Prophecy of Peter the Hermit: —

"I see, I see him with the rushing years
Tame the strong crimes of Cæsars and of Kings;

Thou shalt the conquered spare, but shalt fight down
The proud contemners of thy State and Laws."[1]
Father Anchises thus had said; and then,
To those who heard and marveled at his speech,
These further words he added thereunto:
"Behold ye, how Marcellus[2] shines, for he 855

And with the mild shade of its silver wings,
I see his brooding Eagle overspread
Th' Eternal City and the Church . . .
. . . . . to strike down
The haughty, raise the weak, the guilty goad,
And shield young merit from misfortune's frown—
These be their arts; and in this glorious mode
Shall Este's Eagle soar beyond the Solar road."
Close of 10th Canto, WIFFEN.

[1] Of this passage I desire to submit a version in the meter and method of MORRIS, and adopting his phrase, "by constant weight of war":—

Others, 't is true, the breathing bronze more artfully may trace,
And better from the marble block bring beauty, joy, and grace,
Others may better plead the cause and weave the learned discourse,
And mark heaven out, and show each star, its rising and its course;
But rugged Roman hearts with power shall drive their conquests far,
Shall summon peace and plant her plumes white o'er the laureled car,
And spare the weak, and awe the proud by constant weight of war.

[2] Marcus Claudius Marcellus, called the "Sword of Rome," as Fabius Maximus was called the "Shield." These titles, as the antagonists of Hannibal, they dearly earned.

Here begins, properly, the Eulogy upon "the Young Marcellus." And, in the whole history of funereal eloquence, it stands without a peer.

Octavia was the sister of Augustus and widow of Marcus Marcellus, a man of consular rank. Their son, "the Young Marcellus," Marcus Claudius Marcellus the younger, was a general favorite. The Emperor was especially pleased with the noble and upright character and military genius of his nephew, and had presented to him his daughter Julia in marriage, and intended him for his successor. He died of malaria at Baiæ, at the early age of eighteen, universally lamented. Augustus himself pronounced his funeral oration. After frequent solicitations from Augustus, VIRGIL finally so far controlled his natural modesty as to consent to read in his presence the Sixth Book. Octavia was present. Her son had been but a short time dead. She is described by the annalists of the time as eminently

The SPOLIA OPIMA [1] shall gain and all
Shall overtop of victors famed. For he,
When shall the City shake a tumult [2] grim,
Shall save the Roman State. A mounted knight
He shall the hosts of Carthage overthrow
And crush rebellious Gaul, and shall hang up
Unto Quirinus, Father he of all
That unto glory clings, his trophies rich,

beautiful and eminently good. VIRGIL had, with the management of a true artist, brought into the foreground the name of Marcus Claudius Marcellus (the elder) as the most eminent in Roman annals, and had lavished praises upon some mysterious youth of rare excellence of character, purposely to excite the attention and curiosity of his hearers. With equal art he withholds the name of this admirable character until the very close of his Eulogy: —

"Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis."

The astonished and delighted mother heard, and, in the conflict of her emotions, swooned away. Augustus directed that, for every line of this Eulogy, the poet should receive ten thousand sesterces, a sum equal to about four hundred dollars, and, if I am right in beginning the Eulogy at line 854, there were thirty-two lines, making the entire gift about twelve thousand dollars, which, allowing for the difference in values between ancient and modern times, would now, probably, represent the sum of sixty thousand dollars.

[1] These were, as their title indicates, the choicest spoils of war, being the arms of a king in chief command of an adverse army, taken from him on his defeat in single combat: "quæ dux duci detraxit." (LIVY, iv. 20).

[2] More dreadful to the Roman imagination than "bellum," a war. The best definition of this appalling word "*timor multus*," much fear, is found in the beginning of Cicero's Eighth Philippic against Mark Antony, and it I commend to my learned reader: "At in quo fuit controversia? Belli nomen ponendum in sententia quidam non putabant: tumultum appellare malebant, ignari non modo rerum, sed etiam verborum. Potest enim esse bellum sine tumultu: tumultus esse sine bello non potest. Quid enim est aliud tumultus, nisi perturbatio tanta, ut major timor oriatur? Unde etiam nomen ductum est tumultus. Itaque majores nostri, tumultum Italicum, quod erat domesticus; tumultum Gallicum, quod erat Italiæ finitimus, præterea nullum tumultum nominabant. Gravius autem tumultum esse quam bellum, hinc intelligi licet, quod bello vacationes valent, tumultu non valent." OPERA OMNIA CICERONIS, *Ernesti*, vol. ii. part 2, p. 1445.

The third[1] that shall in all our annals be."
And now Æneas, for Marcellus near 860
A youth he saw of beauty excellent walk
In shining arms, but with a forehead sad,
And face cast down the Elysian light to shun:
"Who, father, is that one who follows on
The hero's steps, and seems his son to be,
Or of some kin to that resplendent race?
What uproar round him make his hosts of friends! 865
And what a noble presence doth he bear!
But in dim shade black Night his head involves."
Father Anchises, then, his slow words forced
Through tears that would not down: "O son,
Thy people's mighty grief seek not to know.
The Fates him only show unto the world,
Nor more permit. Too much to ye, O Gods, 870
Might seem Rome's mighty growth,[2] if claim she might
These gifts to be her own. What groans of men
Upon great Rome that Field of Mars shall bring![3]
What obsequies rare, O Tiber, shalt thou see
As thou shalt glide, slow murmuring, chilled and grieved,
His recent tomb beside! No youth shall e'er, 875
From Ilian race through Latin stock derived,

[1] Romulus took the first Spolia Opima; Cossus the second; Marcellus the third.

[2] "Romana propago potens."

[3] The Young Marcellus was buried in the Mausoleum of Augustus, situated in the Field of Mars. Portions of this Mausoleum still remain, and, at the time I saw them were used by "Sister Rose" as an hospital.

Such hope in all the Roman sires call forth,
Nor shall the land of Romulus proud in praise
Of any of her darlings so delight.
Alas! for piety wept! Alas! for faith
Of ancient days! Alas! for that right hand
Unmatched in war! None ever 'gainst him armed 880
Unscathed shall 'scape, whether on foot
He march the foe against, or on his horse
Whose foaming flanks against their lines he spurs.
Alas! lamented youth, bemoaned by all,
If thou can'st break of rugged Fate the bonds
Thou yet may'st be Marcellus.[1] Lilies bring
High-heaped in plenteous handfuls. And for me,[2]
I purple flowers will scatter,[3] and of him,
My child, will load the soul with gifts, 885
And empty service do unto his tomb." [4]

Then wandered they that region vast about
In broad ethereal fields, and all things saw,
Which then Anchises to his son made clear,

[1] "Tu Marcellus eris." If I mistake not, here is an intimation that he, too, may be exempted from the process of transmigration; and not only that, but that he may be speedily sent back by a special decree, to take his place again upon the Earth.

[2] It will be remembered that it is still Anchises who is speaking.

[3] DANTE puts the words of VIRGIL in the mouths of angels doing homage to the name of Christ. *Purgatory*, Canto 30.

"Fling lilies from o'erflowing hands
And I will strew his grave with violets."

LONG.

A pretty line. But would it not be better versification to say: —

"And I his grave will strew with violets deep."?

[4] Here are indicated prayers for the dead, and comparatively empty service in decorating his tomb.

And all his soul enkindled with the love
Of coming fame, and laid before his eyes 890
The wars that would be waged,[1] and all the land
Laurentian, and the tribes that it possess,
And King Latinus' city, and whereby
He should each labor shun or each sustain.
Two gates of Sleep there are, one called of horn,
Wherefrom true ghosts an easy exit have,
The other shining fair of ivory white, 895
But whence false reveries rise by spirits sent
To heaven. To these the three approached, while yet
Anchises his discourse pursued. And there
He them dismissed, his son and her his guide,
The Sibyl, through the gate of ivory fair.[2]

[1] "Bella gerenda."

[2] Here a great puzzle meets the VIRGILIANS, which they leave undecided. Translating "Umbris" and "Manes" both and only by the name of "dreams," they ask, in surprise, why VIRGIL should have sent his favorite Æneas and the Sibyl through the gate whence issued false dreams? I venture to suggest that there was a necessity in the case which gave VIRGIL no choice.

If I am right in my understanding of the words I have just quoted, the gates of Sleep, like the river of Lethe, have their uses in the economy of the dead. One of these gates was reserved for the exit of spirits who had passed through their thousand years of purgatorial expiation. The other remained for purposes less exalted, the idle imaginings of the good spirits yet in probation, and the casual departures of their mortal visitors, such as the Sibyl, in their leave-takings of the World of Shadows.

The idea of the gates as applied to true and false *dreams* comes from HOMER (Od. XIX, 695). But I think VIRGIL has given to his gates of Sleep different purposes than those for which HOMER designed his, and that the HOMERISTS have made too hasty a construction of the language of VIRGIL.

To make plainer the distinction which I draw between the meanings of VIRGIL and HOMER, I append the words of HOMER as rendered by COWPER.

He seeks the shortest way the ships to find
And once again his comrades all to see.
Then bear they on, in voyage aimed direct 900
Unto Caieta's [1] port. And there arrived,
The anchor outward from the prow is cast
The sterns stand ranged the sandy shore along.[2]

Penelope is addressing Ulysses: —

"*Dreams* are inexplicable, O my guest!
And ofttimes mere delusions that receive
No just accomplishment. There are two gates
Through which the fleeting phantoms pass; of horn
Is one, and one of ivory. Such *dreams*
As through the thin-leaved ivory portal come
Soothe, but perform not, uttering empty sounds;
But such as through the polished horn escape
If haply seen by any mortal eye
Prove faithful witnesses and are fulfilled."

I have already observed that the ivory portal of VIRGIL is used by good spirits. The "Manes," whose false reveries ascend to heaven through this portal, are benevolent spirits, good genii, as opposed to the bad spirits, the malevolent larvæ and lemures who seem to have had no share in VIRGIL'S gates of Sleep.

[1] Now Gaieta.

[2] As to this mode of placing ships in harbor, see the first lines of this Sixth Book, and the note thereto.

POSTSCRIPT.

Profiting by this Book of the Æneid, TASSO brings before Godfrey the vision of Paradise, wherein he sees Hugo, who counsels the recall of Rinaldo.

BOOK THE SEVENTH, ENTITLED LATINUS.

ARGUMENT.

Arrived at the mouth of the Tiber, the Trojan voyagers find Latium in profound peace under King Latinus, whose daughter, Lavinia, has been sought in marriage by Turnus, a native prince. To him her hand has been refused, the oracles declaring that she must be reserved for a foreign wooer, and Æneas is by Latinus accepted as her future husband. Turnus is befriended by the Queen, Amata; and Juno, displeased at the proposed marriage and at the escape of Æneas from the dangers of the sea, summons the Fury Alecto from the Lower World to enkindle war; and herself throws open the gates of the Temple of Janus. The Book closes with a description of the forces arrayed against Æneas, and of their leaders, Mezentius, Lausus, Messapus, Turnus, Camilla, and others.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

JUNO, *Wife of Jupiter.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
ASCANIUS, *Son of Æneas.*
ILIONEUS, *The Trojan Orator.*
FAUNUS, *the Prophet, Father of Latinus.*
LATINUS, *King of Latium.*
AMATA, *Wife of Latinus.*
TURNUS, *King of the Rutuli, Suitor for Lavinia, Daughter of Latinus and Amata.*
ALECTO, *Leader of the Furies.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

LAVINIA, CAMILLA, *Trojan orators, the Latin troops and leaders, matrons, rustics.*

SCENE: *Olympus, Tartarus, Caieta, the banks of the Tiber, Latium.*

BOOK THE SEVENTH: LATINUS.

UNTO our shores, eternal Fame,[1] thou, too,[2]
Æneas' nurse, Caieta, through thy death,
Hast given, and guards thy memory now the place.
Thy bones its name have glorious made, if aught
There be of glory in that one in land
Of great Hesperia hath renown. Performed
Devout Æneas all due obsequies kind, 5
And heaped the grave; and when the unruly sea
To peace had settled down, with sails his way
He took, and left the port. Breathe through the night
The gentle winds, nor is the moon's white face
Withdrawn. Gleams all the pulsing plain with light
In tremulous splendor o'er its waters poured.
Of Circe's land now close they skim the shore, 10
Whose groves resound with the assiduous song
Of the rich daughter of the Sun, whom none
Should see, and where at night she torches burns

1 "Æternam famam." This enduring and honorable Fame is the counterpart of that vile Fame which VIRGIL pictures in the Fourth Book.

DRYDEN, PITT, and SYMMONS call this our better Fame: —

"Immortal fame."

MORRIS: "A deathless tale."

PIERCE: "Fadeless lustre."

CRANCH and LONG: "Eternal fame."

CONINGTON ignores the "æternam," and paraphrases the "famam" into "glory."

2 "Quoque." In the use of this word, VIRGIL doubtless had in mind Misenus and Palinurus, both of whom, as related by him in the preceding book, gave names to prominent geographical points.

Of cedar, while is heard her shuttle clang,
Now back, now forth, the light threads through and through.[1]
And thence the roar and wrath of lions rose, 15
Their chains accusing, through the silvery night,
And grunted bristling swine, raged prisoned bears,
And howled enormous wolves. These changed from men
The cruel Goddess had, with potent herbs,
And them had clothed with looks and hides of beasts. 20
But lest the pious voyagers spared from Troy
Such evils dire should suffer, there delayed,
Neptune with prosperous winds their canvas filled,
And helped across the boiling seas their flight.
And now with rays the sea was red, and down 25
From heights of air Aurora, saffron-hued,
Resplendent shone, and rolled her rosy car
High up the sky,[2] when stilled the winds,
And every sail fell flat, and plunged the oars
The marble plain within. And now arise
From out the watery depths a mighty grove
Æneas saw. Here break in joyous floods 30

[1] "Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas."

[2] "The odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread
Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,
Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head
Adorned with roses plucked in Paradise."
WIFFEN'S TASSO, beginning of 3d Canto.

Another picture of Aurora TASSO gives in the beginning of his 8th Canto: —

"And the calm morn, in the cerulean east,
With cheek of rose and golden-sandaled foot,
Left her divine pavilion to salute
With smiles the world."

And eddying whirls, and golden with their sands,
Into the sea the Tiberine waves. And fowls
Of various plumage here at home, around,
Above, and on the bosom broad of this
Their favorite haunt, toned the sweet air with songs,
And, through the grove, sped light on rustling
wings. 35
Thither he bent, with all his fleet, his course,
And gave command their prows to land to turn,
And left, delighted, sea and stream and ship.

INVOCATION TO ERATO.

Now do thou help me, Erato, here to tell
The times, the modes of life, the state and form
Of things that then prevailed in Latium's bounds
Antique, when first that armament brave sought land
Upon Ausonian shores, and to recall 40
The earliest steps that first began the war.
Do thou, O Goddess, thou, thy poet guide!
Rough wars I now set forth, the battle-line,
And kings by zeal arrayed in horrid strife,
The Tyrrhene host, and, driven to arms, the lands
Hesperia holds. For me of things is born
An order new; a greater work I move.[1] 45
An aged king, Latinus, o'er the fields

[1] "Majus opus moveo" VIRGIL, here dropping the method of the Odyssey, pursues that of the Iliad: —

"Muse! to my mind recall those bygone times;
Say, what was then the standing state of things;
What powers the Caliph moved, from what far climes,
What troops of vassals, and what trains of kings;
The hosts, the leaders, and the arms he brings
From the wide Orient to the South, rehearse!

And cities ruled that quiet were with peace
Continued long. Of Faunus, as we hear,
And of a Nymph Laurentian he was son.
Picus was Faunus' father. Picus claims
Thee as his parent, Saturn. Thou beginn'st
His line. By Fate's decree no son he had, 50
No issue male was his ; for snatched away
A son had been, his rising star of hope.
Alone a daughter such a house sustained,
And such a world of peace and joy made glad.
Of marriageable years she was, and fair.
Her hand sought many suitors, not alone
From Latium's bounds, but all Ausonia round ; 55
And Turnus, graced with charms above the rest,
Was one. Of glorious ancestry old, pleased he
Latinus' queen, who, with a great desire,
Him sought her son-in-law to make ; but awed
They were by portents of the Gods, which dread on dread
As bars fixed firm against their nuptial vows.
A laurel-tree there was in the mid-court,
The sacred place of all the palace grounds, 60
Which through long years, by fear, its hallowed leaves
Retained ; for there, when first those towers were raised,
Father Latinus' self, 't is said, it found,
And it to Phœbus vowed, and from it named

Thou, only thou, hast power to unlock the springs
Of antique story, and assist my verse
In arms to venture half the banded universe!"
WIFFEN'S TASSO, 17th Canto, *sub init.*

Laurentians those his colonists there placed.
Now, wonderful to tell, of bees a swarm,
Borne with great whirring through the liquid air, 65
Its top beset, and, woven foot with foot,
Possession sudden seized, as would a host
A fortress strong, and from the boughs hung down.
And forthwith cries their prophet-priest: "I see,"
He says, "approach a stranger man, and comes,
From those same parts to these same parts, a host
Who shall us master in the height of power." 70
  Moreover, while the maid Lavinia stood
Her father near, and fed with hallowed brands
The altar-fire, behold (ill-omened sight!),
The fire her long hair seized; and her attire
With crackling flame was burned; and seized the flames 75
Her royal tresses fair and gem-wrought crown;
And she, in smoke and yellow light wrapped close,
The plague Vulcanian scattered through the house.
And it, indeed, all said, did seem a thing
Dreadful to hear and wonderful to see.
And that herself by Fame and Fate should be 80
Illustrious, all foretold; but that a war,
A mighty war, it to the people showed.
  And seeks the king, by these dread signs alarmed,
His prophet-father Faunus' oracles' shades,
And him consults, the grove within, which round
The fount of Albunea deep hems in,
Of groves the chief, where, from its high rocks, roars
The water down, and wide exhales its stench

Of sulphur-fumes.[1] From thence seek all the tribes 85
Of Italy wide and of Œnotria's bounds
In doubtful things responses. When the priest
His gifts had taken, and, through the silent night,
Had laid him down upon the pelts spread out
Of slaughtered sheep, and slumber sought, in ways
Of wonder great he flitting symbols sees
In multitude sent, and various voices hears, 90
And speech enjoys with Gods, and counsel holds
With Acheron's shades from deep Avernus come.
Father Latinus, then, himself, here slew
A hundred yearling ewes; and to await
Responses sought by him, he laid him down
Upon the heap of wool torn from his ewes. 95
Sent from the inmost recess of the grove,
The sudden answer came: "Seek not, my son,
In Latin bonds of wedlock to unite.
Trust not the bridal set on foot. There come
From other lands our sons-in-law. Our blood
And name shall they up to the stars exalt;
And from their stock descendants shall behold,
Turned, overturned, and ruled beneath their feet, 100
All things the Sun doth see on all his path
From ocean unto ocean." Nor within
His lips kept close Latinus these the words
Responsive given by Father Faunus forth,
The deep monitions of the silent night;

[1] Bonstetter informs us that the ancient Albunea (so called from the whitish deposit made by its water) is now the *Acqua Solforata d'Altieri*, and that the Albulæ Aquæ are tributaries of the Anio.

And Fame,[1] already flying widely round
Th' Ausonian cities, them had spread, when moored 105
Their fleet upon the Tiber's grassy banks
Their armed Laomedontian visitors strange.
  Æneas and his princes first in rank,
And pretty Iülus' self, beneath the limbs
Far-spreading of a lofty tree lie down
At rest, and set the feast; for such to them, 110
That day, was Jove's command; and through the grass
On wheaten cakes [2] the meat they place, and pile
The Cereal dish with rustic fruits. All else
Consumed, it chanced that, urged by victuals' lack,
Their teeth upon the Cereal dish they turned,
And hands and jaws audaciously lay on
The puny orb of that full-fated crust, 115
Nor spare the four-fold platters, when "Alas!"
Said Iülus, "here our tables e'en we eat."
Not more intending. But the word was said,
And, first of all words, brought, on now being heard,
To all their burdening cares and toils an end.
First from the speaker's lips, as forth it fell,
Æneas seized it, and its meaning urged,[3]

[1] "Volitans Fama per urbes." Fame, in its good sense.

[2] Made of flour, honey, and oil, and generally used on sacred occasions. In the way of honor to the Goddess of Agriculture, they are here called *Cereal* cakes. They were of circular form, and marked into four quarters by a cross.

[3] "Pressit." My reading here is new. The old reading supposes that by the word "pressit" is meant he pressed *upon it, in his mind,* — animo understood.

Much by this special providence overcome.
Forthwith he said: "Hail, land, by Fates my due, 120
Attained! And ye, ye faithful Trojans,[1] hail!
Hail, household Gods! your home is here, and here
Your country is! For now I do recall,
My sire Anchises [2] left to me of Fate
These mysteries vague: 'When thee, O son, on shores
Unknown abiding, hunger's pangs shall drive
Thy tables to consume, then lay aside 125
Thy toils, and hope for homes; and mind thee there
Thy first foundations firm and walls to build,
And throw the high-heaped rampart round.' This, then,
That hunger is. This, as our last, remained,

[1] "Salve Fatis mihi debita Tellus!
Vosque, ait, O fidi Trojæ! Salvete Penates!
Hic domus, hæc patria est!"

My reading here is new. For the usual comma after Trojæ I substitute an exclamation point. I read, "Ye faithful *men of* Troy," not (as the old versions have it), "Ye Penates, faithful *to* Troy!" Æneas hails, as I read the passage, the land, the people, and the Gods. He hails the land as the home of the Trojans and of their Gods. The old reading makes him hail only the land and the Gods, ignoring the people, the "fidi Trojæ," the faithful men of Troy. It was not necessary for Æneas to say that the household Gods were faithful to Troy, for that would imply that somewhere else he had intimated that they were unfaithful, and that now he was making to them the *amende honorable*. He nowhere else makes this intimation, although in the Sixth Book, in his colloquy with the Shade of Palinurus, he breaks out in vehement distrust of Apollo.

[2] Not Anchises, but Celæno; unless we suppose that he received the same prediction from Anchises as part of the unreported instructions and warnings which he gave him in Elysium.

To place to ills an end . . .[1]
Then stir ye, men, and, with the earliest rays 130
Of the delighted sun,[2] let us trace out
What places here exist, what men they have,
And where are built their forts; and let us make
Our search in different parties, going ways
That from each other tend. Now unto Jove
Libations pour, and with due prayers invoke
My sire Anchises, and the wine again
Upon the tables place, to aid our joy."
So having spoken, with the leafy branch 135
His brows he binds, and prays. And his first prayers
Unto the Genius of the Place are made,
And Earth of Gods first-born, the Nymphs, and streams
As yet unknown. Then Night he next invokes
And all the rising banners of the Night,[3]
Idæan Jove, and, with all reverence meek
The Phrygian Mother of the Gods,[4] nor leaves
Forgotten either, one in heaven and one 140
In Erebus still, his parents dear. Here thrice
From out a cloudless sky the Almighty Sire

[1] Exitiis positura modum."
An imperfect line. Possibly a dramatic, a pathetic, pause.

[2] "Læti solis."
"Of this *delighted land*."
MILTON.

[3] "Noctisque orientia signa."
"And all the stars that gild
Night's sable throne."
DRYDEN.

[4] Cybele.

Rang deafening thunder-peals. His own hand launched
The lightning forth, and spread its blaze
Broad in the brilliant air, its sulphurous bolts
Burning with radiant light and limpid gold.
Quick through the Trojan lines the rumor runs
That now the day was come when build they may 145
Their walls. At once begin the joyous feasts.
Glad with the omen great their cups they fill,
And crown, with garlands ne'er so bright, the wine.
And, on the coming morn, when rising Day
First with his lamp the lands filled full with light,
Their several parties seek the city out,
And seek the bounds and coasts this people owned. 150
Some find of the Numician fount the pools;
Some trace the Tiber's course; some find where dwell
The hardy Latin men in woods and fields.
Then did Anchises' son command to go
Unto the royal walls august, and gifts 155
The king to bear, and peace for Trojans ask,
A hundred orators [1] grave, men chosen out
From all the different ranks, and each a branch
Of Pallas' olive [2] bearing in his hand.

[1] "Oratores."
"An hundred sweet-mouthed men."
MORRIS.
These numerous delegations are elsewhere also called orators: —
"Oratores aderant ex urbe Latina."
Book XI., line 100.
"Centum oratores prima de gente Latinos."
Book XI., line 331.

[2] The symbol of peace."

Delay is none, the parties haste, and forth
On rapid feet are borne. Himself he plans
Walls fossed with ditch not deep, and founds the place —
His first seats on the shore like to a camp
Arranged, and safe with bank and battlement fixed.
And now, the distance passed, the men discern 160
The Latin towers and roofs that steeply rise,
And stop the wall beneath. And there, outside
The city, boys their horses trained ; and youths,
Just into manhood blooming, chariots guide
Through dust, or tough bows bend, or hurl, with might 165
Of muscle, pliant spears ; or strive in speed
Or blows. When rides, at once, unto the king
A courier horsed, and to the old man says
That men of stature huge and garb all strange
Have come. His throne ancestral then he takes
And says : "Invite the strangers here within the walls!"
A house august, immense, sublime, was his, 170
And lifted on a hundred columns tall
Upon the city's summit,[1] the abode
Of royal Picus when Laurentum's realms
He ruled. 'Midst venerable woods it stood,
And 'midst the awe of old religious rites.
Here for an omen good it was allowed
That kings the sceptre should receive, and first
The fasces wield. This temple was their court,
Where men were judged, their banquet-hall, where feasts 175

[1] The summit of the city of Laurentum.

Unto the Gods were laid. Here, when was slain
The sacrifice, the fathers sat the board
Long-drawn beside. And there, in order placed,
The statues stood of ancestors dearly prized
From ancient cedar[1] carved. There Italus great
Was seen; and he who planted first the vine,
Holding as symbol his curved knife antique;
Sabinus, father of the olden time, 180
Ranged in the vestibule stood with Saturn old
And Janus, two-ways-faced, and other kings
That aboriginal were,[2] and wounds sustained
In fighting glorious wars for native land.
And stood upon the sacred door-posts there
Of armor much, and chariots captive taken,
Curved axes, helmets crested, and strong locks 185
Immense from gates of cities hewed, and shields
And javelins many, and from prows of ships
The rostra torn.[3] Himself there Picus sat,
With his Quirinus' staff of augury curved,[4]
And white robe round him wrapped, with purple bars,[5]
And oval shield upon his left arm worn,
Tamer of horses he, whom Circe fair,
When she by love was touched, smote with her rod 190

[1] In statuary the use of wood preceded the use of marble.

[2] "Aliique ab origine reges."

[3] "And crested helms and bolts, and locks that city gates had borne,
And spears and shields and thrusting-beaks from ships of battle torn.
MORRIS.

[4] The crozier of a bishop follows the shape of the ancient augur's staff. This I learn from personal observation of ancient monuments in Rome.

[5] "Trabea." The royal toga of white ornamented with horizontal bars of purple.

Of gold, and turned with poisonous arts aside,
And made a bird with wings of colors gay.[1]
  In such a temple 't was Latinus sat,
And on the throne his fathers used of yore,
When he the Teucrians called its roof within.
And, they being entered, he with placid mouth
Them thus addressed. "Tell us, ye Dardan men, 195
For we your city know and race, and we
Of all your course by sea have been informed,
What is 't ye seek? What cause, or seeking whom,
Hath brought your ships unto Ausonian shores,
The deep blue sea across? Have ye your way
Mistaken? Or is 't that driven abroad by storms,
As ofttimes happens with sea-faring folk, 200
Ye enter banks of streams, and rest in port?
Flee not our welcome; be not unapprised
That of the race of Saturn Latins are,
Who, by no bond or law constrained, are kind,
And who, of their own free and native wills,
The customs follow of that ancient king.[2]
And I remember that a fame there is 205
In annals more obscure, which aged men,
Auruncans, have proclaimed, how that here born,
From out our fields arisen great Dardanus' self
His way had made to Ida's Phrygian towns
And Thracian Samos, Samothracia now.

[1] He was changed into a bird called *picus*, after his own name (a species of woodpecker), having purple plumage, and around its neck a yellow ring. The king excelled in augury, in which this bird was used, and herein we have the key to the fable. SERVIUS. And see OVID'S *Metamorphoses*, Book XIV., line 320.

[2] Saturn of the AGE OF GOLD.

Thus he, who spread his sails from Corythus' port [1]
Upon the Tyrrhene Sea, hath now attained
Within the starry sky his royal seat 210
Golden and glorious, and his name belongs
Unto the names of altars raised to Gods." [2]
He said; and followed thus Ilioneus [3] wise
His words: "O king, of Faunus' race derived,
An excellent race, not by the winds compelled,
Nor driven by winter on your shores to land,
Nor led by star or coast astray, are we; 215
But by design, and of our willing minds,
Do we this city seek, leader and men,
From realms expelled which once the greatest were
Which met the Sun as from the extremest East
He journeyed forth. From Jove our race hath rise, 220
In Jove for ancestor high rejoice the tribes
Of Dardan men. Our king, himself, derived
From highest race of Jove his lineage great,[4]
Æneas, he of Troy, us sends to bear
Unto your doors his words. How great a storm,
Upon th' Idæan fields in fury poured,
From fell Mycenæ came; and by what Fates,
Which land on land control around the globe,[5]
Europe and Asia at each other hurled
The bloody war, both he hath heard whose home 225

[1] Cortona founded by Corythus.

[2] Here is intimated the deification of Dardanus, his theopoiia.

[3] The same speaker who addressed Dido.

[4] Ilioneus is thus careful, as though for the sake of the omen, to mention three times the name of Jove.

[5] The word "orbis" I amplify into an entire line.

Rests on the furthest verge of Ocean's land
And he whose zone[1] burns with unequal heat
Placed midmost of the other four.[2] From floods
Like these of hate and flame, through seas borne on,
We come a little strip of earth to ask,
For our paternal Gods, a harmless shore, 230
Water and air, things which to all are free.
Not graceless will we be unto thy realm
Nor small the fame that thou shalt earn and thanks.
Nor Troy that they have taken to their hearts
Will e'er Ausonians rue. For, by the Fates
Which o'er Æneas hold their sway, I swear,
And by his own right hand, which ne'er hath failed,
Whether in fealty's faith, or in the brunt 235
Of battle tried, that many tribes of men,
Proud lands remote (nor do thou us despise
That hither come we, bringing olive-sprays,
With begging words) with us have sought and urged
Alliances close. But Fates have driven us on,
Imperious Fates supreme, your lands to seek. 240
Hence Dardanus great arose. Hither he comes
Again. Him with his mandates mighty drives
Apollo to the Tyrrhene Tiber back,
And sacred waves of Numicus' fairy fount.
Gives thee our king, besides, some little gifts
From former fortunes saved, relics from flames
Of burning Ilium gleaned.[3] This gold it was 245

[1] MORRIS says "the *bondman* of the zone." An amplification.
[2] The torrid, placed between the two temperate and the two frigid.
[3] "Gleaned" I have from MORRIS.

Anchises used, when he libations poured
Before the altars holy ; these the things
Which Priam wore what time the law he gave,
As was his custom, to the people met, —
This his tiara sacred was, and this
The sceptre of his sovereignty, and work
Of skillful hands of Ilium dames are these
His robes . . . "[1]

His looks aside, and fastened on the ground, 250
Latinus held, and rolled his eyes intent,
As words like these gave forth Ilioneus' lips.
Not so much move him the embroidered robes
With royal purple rich, nor symbols high
Of Priameian power, as him delay
Thoughts lingering on his daughter's future spouse.
And turns he in his mind the fateful words
Of ancient Faunus and his prophecy plain :
That from abroad his son-in-law should come, 255
By favoring auguries called unto his realm,
That thence a progeny great should rise of strength
And valor eminent, to whom should yield
A world subdued. At length with joy he said :
" Now may the Gods their own great purposes wise
Fulfill, their own predictions bring to pass.
That which thou askest, Trojan, I thee grant. 260
Nor spurn I these thy gifts. Not unto thee
While reigns Latinus king, shall wanting be
Food of the fruitful field and Troy's own wealth,

[1] "Iliadumque labor, vestes." An imperfect line; one probably which VIRGIL intended to complete. The poet, possibly, intended to enlarge the inventory of gifts.

Only let come Æneas' self, if such 265
Desire for us he hath, and if he hastes
In hospitality hands to join, and claim
His name of ally, for no dread should be
'Twixt friend and friend.[1] Part of the peace 't will be
To me, the tyrant's[2] own right hand t' have touched.
And do ye these my mandates give thy king:
A daughter have I, whom in marriage bonds
To join with one of our own race forbid 270
Our country's oracles sought and various signs
From heaven. A son-in-law from foreign shores
Will come, so they predict, his stay to make
In Latium here, who by his blood would bear
Our glory to the stars. That he, thy king,
That very person is whom Fates point out,
That I suppose, and if of truth the mind
Aught augurs rightly, so do I decide."
Thus having said, the father unto all
Horses assigns, of which three hundred neigh 275
His lofty stalls within. In order due
The Teucrians mount and ride. Wing-footed[3] steeds
They mount, with purple housings decked, and gay
With broidered trappings wide. Down from their breasts
The golden poitrels[4] hang, and clothed in gold,

[1] "Vultus neve exhorrescat amicos."

[2] Latinus chooses to use a strong term (tyrannus), we may suppose partly in raillery.

[3] "Alipedes."

[4] From "pectus," the breast. Pectoral, poitrail, poitrel.

The yellow gold they champ their mouths within.
A chariot sends he forth that it may bring 280
The absent King Æneas. And with steeds
The chariot flew whose race ethereal was,
And from whose nostrils fire celestial breathed,
For came their birth and bounding nature proud,
Through artful Circe's guile, from mortal mare
And steed of Phœbus, yoked unto the sun,
She from the Sun-God, her own father, stole.[1]
Sublime with these the gifts, and these the words
Of King Latinus, on their horses ride
The Æneans back to camp, and peace report.[2] 285
But lo! aloft upon the air is borne,
(While she her way from Argos follows on,
Argos of Inachus old, her seat beloved,)
Jove's wife severe. And when the heights above
Of Sicily's Pachynus, looked she forth intent,
Through the long reach of air, upon the fleet
Dardanean and Æneas glad, and saw
How houses rose from earth, and land was tilled,
And all the ships were empty, stood she there 290
With keen grief fixed.[3] Then, while her head she shook,

[1] The jockeys will hardly blame Circe for stealing a fine horse for breeding purposes, especially as the theft was an excusable one, being from her own father.

[2] "Talibus Æneadæ donis dictisque Latini,
Sublimes in equis rederunt pacemque reportant."

DRYDEN limits the presents to the chariot and its pair of horses, but the text makes no such restriction. DRYDEN cannot believe in such munificence, even on the part of a king, as the gift of a hundred and two head of horses and one merchantable chariot. PIERCE is still more incredulous, for he omits all mention of gifts.

[3] "Stetit acri fixa dolore."

These words from out her breast she poured: "Alas!
The hated race! Alas! The Phrygian Fates
Adverse to ours! Why could they not succumb
In Phrygian fields? Why captured, captured not
Remain? Why when, on fire, Troy burnt her men,
Must they through hostile lines, through flames, escape?[1]
But now I do believe at length my power
Is on the wane, or that my will lacks force
By hatred gorged! Why, pelted as they were,
From out their native land, upon the waves
I followed them; on every sea my wrath
They felt. Upon the Teucrians strength of heaven
And sea hath wasted been. What aid had I
From Syrtian quicksands deep, or Scylla harsh,
Or vast Charybdis' whirl? Here fixed they are
In Tiber's chosen bosom, safe from waves,
And safe, alas! from me. Mars could a race
Immense of Lapithæ destroy; and Jove himself
Could Calydon the ancient to the rage
Diana felt give up. What crimes had done
The Lapithæ, or what had Calydon, pray,
Chastisement thus to merit? But for me,
Great spouse of Jove, unhappy me, who naught
Have left undared which I could dare, who turned
To every opportunity found my hand,

[1] Imitated from ENNIUS: —
"Quæ neque Dardaneis campis potuere perire,
Nec cum capta capi; nec cum combusta, cremari."

Why, me Æneas conquers! But if lag 310
My feeble powers, effective aid there is,
Where'er it be, which, doubtless, I may seek.
If thus I fail the heavenly thrones to bend
I Acheron's depths will move. Be it that naught
Avails from Latin realms them forth to drive,
And wife unmoved by Fate Lavinia is;
But then this may be done: drawn out the time 315
May be. To interests great like these, delays
May be contrived. Cut off of both the kings
May be the people. Paying thus their price,
The kings may join their hands in amity's gage,
The son-in-law with father-in-law in league,
And thou, O virgin, shalt thy dower possess
In Trojan blood, in blood Rutulian, shed,
And o'er thy nuptials I shall not preside,
But in my place Bellona. Nor alone 320
Hath Cisseus' daughter[1] brought to birth a torch.
Venus the same hath done. She, too, hath brought
Her Paris to the birth, who shall again,
Here, in another Troy, light funeral fires."
When these her words were uttered, terrible
She sought the earth, and from the infernal shades 325
Alecto summoned up, her who spreads woes
From the abodes where dwell her sisters dire,
Her whom delight fell rage and snares and crime.
A monster, hates her Pluto her own sire,
Hate her her own Tartarean sisters both,[2]

[1] Hecuba, daughter of Cisseus, wife of Priam, mother of Paris, who, before his birth, dreamed that she was delivered of a torch.

[2] Megæra and Tisiphone.

So many changes hers, so cruel moves
Her mouth, so round her darkling head she sprouts
With snakes.[1] Whom sharpens[2] Juno with these words: 330
"Virgin, of Night the child, this thine own aid
Us grant, this labor, lest that now decrease
There be of honor towards us due, or ground
To our unbroken fame be lost, and lest
The Æneans may Latinus circumvent
In marriage-schemes, and seize on Italy's crowns,
In war thou canst whole brotherhoods array, 335
Band against band; in households hatreds pour;
Blows bring, and funeral torches, to sweet homes.
Thy names a thousand are, thy hurtful arts
A thousand. Search thine heart, prolific thou.
The peace agreed dissolve. Sow thou of war
The crimes. And do thou stir the youth, that they 340
Desire, demand, and seize at once on arms."
Thence with Gorgonean poisons venomous swollen
Alecto first sought Latium out, and there
The lofty roofs of the Laurentian king
Approached, and on the silent door-sill sat
Of Queen Amata, whom her female cares 345
And anger o'er the Teucrians coming in,
And Turnus' nuptials nipped, were roasting hot.[3]
On her the venomed Goddess threw a tress,
A serpent from her own cerulean locks,

[1] "Tot pullulat atra colubris."
[2] "Acuit." A good word. Acuit "is good."
[3] "Ardentem coquebant."

That it might glide her very heart within,
And make her maddened by the monster whirl, 350
And vex the house throughout. The reptile smooth
Glided her dress between and tender breasts,
And with no contact crawled, and her escaped,
But breathing in her soul a viperous breath.
The golden chain about her neck becomes
A serpent huge ; and the long silken string,
Which binds her hair, creeps as a moving coil
Of snaky life ; and o'er her limbs the tress
In oily wanderings slips. And while the pest
Was new, insinuating slowly stole
The poison moist the senses all throughout 355
And fixed within the bones its subtle fire ;
But not yet had the mind the flame perceived,
Except in part, and so she gently spoke,
And, as the custom is with mothers fond,
Much weeping on her daughter's double suit
And deeply grieved at Phrygian wedding-plans.
" To Teucrian exiles must Lavinia go ?
And thou, O father, hast thou pity none 360
For thine own daughter dear, nor for thyself,
Nor me, her mother, whom when first the wind
From northward blows, the traitor lord will leave,
And on the deep bear off a pirate's prey
The stolen girl. Not so into the fold
Of Lacedæmon stole the Phrygian boor,
And Ledæan Helen haled to Trojan towns.
Where is thy plighted faith ? thine old-time care 365
Of thine own blood ? What of thine own right hand

So often to our kinsman Turnus given?
If seek we must a son-in-law abroad,
From people foreign to the Latin race,
And that is fixed, and the commands thee press
Which thou from Faunus hast, thy parent sage,
Then deem I foreign every land which free 370
From rule of ours is found, and so the Gods
Declare, and Turnus, if his origin back
Be traced, hath Inachus' self for ancestor high,
Acrisius hath, and so his home derives
From lands remote beneath Mycenæ's rule."
When these her words she saw were all in vain,
And that Latinus, obstinate still, stood firm,
And when, into her very heart-strings slipped, 375
The serpent's furial[1] rage possessed her quite,
Then wretched she indeed, by portents stung
So great,[2] at once herself launched out,[3] the streets

[1] "Serpentis furiale malum." I suppose "furial" to be a new word in English, and, I suppose, a proper one.

[2] "Ingentibus excita monstris." The plural is used, instead of "monstrum," in the singular, used before, in line 348. The reason seems to be that she was now possessed, not only by the snaky trees, but by the golden chain and silken hair-string, both of which, as we have seen, fascinated her imagination as though they, too, were reptiles.

[3] "Lymphata." Dissolved, launched, if it be possible to find for it an English equivalent. The full phrase is, "Sine more furit lymphata."

SYMMONS: "And raving, through the astonished city flies."

CONINGTON: "She rages through the crowded streets."

They thus ignore "sine more lymphata."

MORRIS nearly does the same in saying: —

"Raves through the city's length and breadth in God-wrought agonies."

And CRANCH, in saying: —

"She raves,
Delirious, up and down the city streets."

PIERCE: "The wretched woman, like a maniac, raves, and threads the crowded streets."

Throughout of all that crowded town, all wild,
And spurning all that modest dignity meek
A queen should hold, like to a top which boys
Drive with the lash in spinning swiftness round,
While it, urged keen, in circling spaces whirls,
And it the youngster band amazed surveys 380
With wonder at the nimble box-wood filled,
To which the lash lends life.[1] Not slower than this

LONG: —

"Frantic beyond all bounds, through that great town
She storms."

The latter quotation is not lacking in vigor.

[1] "Dant animos plagæ." Three times, it will be observed, VIRGIL's lines give the top the lash, but on this last lashing there is a chance for a division, and, accordingly, there is a division. HEYNE contends that "plagæ" is in the nominative, and that the true reading is, "The lashes give life to the top." ANTHON rejects this reading, and says the true one is, "The boys give their souls to the business of lashing the top." I might suggest that the boys would make it their special business to do this without the intervention of VIRGIL or ANTHON. But VIRGIL, it should be noticed, has passed from the description of the boys to the description of the top. He has already described the boys as intent upon their sport. And, therefore, I think HEYNE and those who concur with him are right, and ANTHON and those who concur with him are wrong.

The vote stands as follows: —

1. HEYNE, as cited.
2. PITT: "And gains new spirit as the blows go round."
3. TRAPP: "The lashes give it life."
4. SYMMONS: "The life their strokes inspire."
5. CONINGTON: "The lashes lend it life."
6. MORRIS: "Their lashes make it live."
7. PIERCE: "The mystic toy hath life."

Contra: —

1. DRYDEN: "And lend their little souls to every stroke."
2. COOPER indorses DRYDEN.
3. ANTHON, as cited.
4. CRANCH: "And lend their souls to every stroke."
5. LONG: "They put their very souls into their blows."

HEYNE is on top.

VIRGIL has somewhat of that which might be called the boyishness of eccentricity, and, conversely, the eccentricity of boyishness, and it seems

Is she through cities driven and low-bred crowds;
And to the woods flies she, pretending there 385
To go at Bacchus' call, but greater wrong
Contriving, and by greater frenzy led.
For there her daughter she conceals in depths
Umbrageous, thus the marriage to delay,
And, hoping thus from Teucrian vows her child
To save, and foaming: "Bacchus, hail! all hail!"
And shouting: "Thou deserv'st, and thou alone, 390
Her virgin love. For thee the thyrsus fair
She carries in the feasts, for thee her feet
Through choral dances trip, and shine her locks,
Loose in thy feasts, in reverence deep for thee!"
Flies Fame. And, kindled by the Furies' arts,
In all their breasts the same zeal mothers feel,
And habitations new seek out, and homes
Abandon. Give they to the winds their necks,
Their hair. And others come, and fill the sky 395
With tremulous screams. Spears bear they, decked
with leaves

to have come to the surface in this top story. The story effectually discloses that the poor Queen went spinning about lashed by her sorrows as a top is lashed by whips, and doubtless to the delight of all the small boys and large who may have witnessed her agonized gyrations.

To those who adopt our construction we may add TASSO: —

"With a pointed rock
The powerful Soldan smote the Norman lord,
Who staggering, reeling, dizzied with the shock,
E'en like a whirling top from the child's cord,
Spun round and senseless sank upon the sward."

WIFFEN, Canto 11.

DANTE, in the Eighteenth Canto of the *Paradise*, adopts the simile of the top as applicable to the swiftness of the transitory apparition of Judas Maccabæus. Heavenly delight, divine joy, he says, was the whip to that top.

Of vines. She, glowing in the midst of all,
A torch sustains of pine, the while she sings
Gay songs of Hymen's bonds, such as were well
If unto Turnus wed her daughter were,
While round she rolls her eyes shot through with blood,
And grim her cry is raised: "Ho, mothers, hear, 400
Where'er in Latium's land ye be, if aught
To me in all your pious minds remains
Of grace, if gnaws within your hearts the care
Of mothers' rights, your bound-up hair let loose,
And with me join in orgies of the God."
Thus, among woods and deserts, and the haunts
Of savage beasts, Alecto drove the Queen, 405
Frenzied by zeal of Bacchus. Then the rage
She saw of this first zeal enough had run,
And had Latinus' plans confused and home.
Therefore the gloomy Goddess thence went forth, on wings
Upborne of darkening shade, unto the walls
That circle round the brave Rutulian's town [1]
Whereto Acrisionean Danaë showered,[2] 410
'T is said, of old its colonists gave, what time
She by the hurrying gale was thither driven.[3]

[1] "Audacis Rutuli ad muros."
To the walls of the brave Rutulian King Turnus.

[2] Danaë, daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos, imprisoned in a tower of bronze, where Jupiter visited her in the form of a golden shower sent through the roof. Thus she became the mother of Perseus, who beheaded the Gorgon Medusa. According to our poet, a legend existed that she, in some part of her adventurous life, left a colony here. But it is supposed that VIRGIL may have had this suggested by the similarity of her name with that of the indigenous tribe of those regions, the Daunians.

[3] "Precipiti delata noto."

The place was Ardua, steep, in old-time called,
And now of Ardea holds the mighty name.[1]
But fortune once it had.[2] There Turnus lay
Beneath his roofs on high, and of night's midst
The peaceful sleep was nipping,[3] when approached, 415
And on the scene their baleful presence shed,
Alecto's savage face and furial limbs.[4]
Transformed, she now in face an agèd dame
Appeared. Her forehead foul with wrinkles plowed,
Her white hair wreathed, and with a branch inwove
Of peaceful olive, Calybe she seemed,
Of Juno's train, and priestess of her shrines,
And speaking thus before the youth she came: 420

[1] This city had, and has (for it still exists, in ruins — personal observation) the same geographical peculiarity as Hyères, the ancient Hedira, in the Department of the Var, in the almost oriental province of Provence, on the Mediterranean coast of France. The Rutulian city was situated on steep heights about three miles from the coast, and thence would seem to have derived its name of Ardua, in the same way that Clusium, the modern Chiusi, was named from its having been closed in, locked in, by mountains. It may be noted that Genoa still retains, in the Italian, the ancient *u*, Genua. My familiarity with Hyères makes me realize the events here depicted by VIRGIL almost as sensibly as though I had at the time been a guest of some long-ago "Hotel of the Isles of Gold" in — Ardua. Ardua was the impregnable asylum of Camillus. Clusium repulsed Brennus after a lengthened siege; and the greatest name in modern annals, Charlemagne, retired from the walls of Hyères after wasting before them six months of his golden moments.

[2] "Sed fortuna fuit." Ilium fuit.

[3] "Carpebat." I have elsewhere defended my definition of this word.

"There Turnus lay within his house on high
And midmost sleep of dusky night was *winning* peacefully."
MORRIS.

[4] "Furialia membra."

"Turnus, and wilt thou labors bear heaped on
In vain,[1] and unto Dardan colonists base
Thy crown resign? The king thy suitorship
Rejects, and scorns thy dowry purchased well
With blood, and for his realm is sought an heir
From foreign lands. Go now, and, laughing-stock! 425
Thyself expose to thankless perils. Go,
The Tyrrhene ranks break down, the Latin peace
Protect.[2] To bear thee this whilst thou should'st be
In quiet night reposing gave herself
Omnipotent[3] Saturnia in full heaven
To me in charge. Act, therefore! Arm the youth!
From out the gates move on! Rejoice! For war 430
Prepare! And for the Phrygians who the banks
Of Tiber's beauteous stream claim for their own,
Why, burn them! Burn their dukes! And burn their ships!
Let not a painted keel escape! For so
Commands celestial power supreme! And let
Latinus feel that, though a king, he may

[1] "Turne, tot incassum fusos patiere labores?"

[2] Alecto is here thoroughly ironical.

[3] "Omnipotens Saturnia."

Here the translators deal with this title variously:

DRYDEN says: "All-powerful."
CONINGTON: "Awful."
MORRIS: "Mighty."
PIERCE: "Great."
CRANCH: "Omnipotent."
LONG: "Almighty."
PITT and SYMMONS ignore.

At length in arms try Turnus' strength, unless
He wedlock grants and keeps his plighted word."
And here begins the youth his words in turn 435
To urge, and thus the poet-prophetess
With laughter scorns: "That ships have come the banks
Of Tiber's stream within, hath not escaped,
As thou dost think, mine ears. Nay, make me not
Such qualms of fear: us royal Juno yet
Regards with care . . . [1]
But, Mother, 't is Old Age, quite broken down, 440
Quite drained of truth, with dread anxieties thee
Thus plagues, and 'midst the arms of kings, deceives
With a false fear, seer as thou art, and used
Among the sacred shrines to live and pray.
Be this thy care, the temples of the Gods
And statues to maintain. Leave thou to men
The things that war and peace concern, for they,
If war must come, must in its ranks take step."
At such words flamed Alecto into wrath. 445
And, through the young man's limbs, e'en as he spoke,
A sudden tremor ran. Stood out his eyes
In one fixed stare, so much Erinnys hissed
As Hydras hiss, and seemed before his sight
Her form as huge. Then in her head her eyes
All flame she rolled, and him repelled, 450

[1] "Immemor est nostri."

An imperfect line, the pause in which may be intended to mark some hesitation on the part of the speaker. His embarrassment is vividly described a few lines below.

E'en as he stammered there and sought to speak.
And in her hair twin serpents she put forth,
And sounded she her lash,[1] and from her mouth
All rabid: "Lo!" she said, "I, I am she,
Old Age, quite broken down, quite drained of truth,
And,'midst the arms of kings, by idle fear
Deceived. And look thou here. From out the home
I come where dwell the sisters terrible,
And bears my potent hand its grasp within
Both war and death . . .[2] 455
And, as she spoke, upon the youth her torch
She cast, with black light[3] fuming, and its flames
Infixed his breast within. And fear immense
His slumber broke, and poured his body o'er,
Through every bone and joint, a sweat profuse.
For arms he madly foamed, and sought his sword 460
Both in his bed and in his house throughout.
Rages his love for weapons, rages high
His wrath and cursed madness rash and wild
Which thirsts for war. It was as when from twigs
The flame comes roaring up a caldron's sides;
Leap in a whirl the waters, fume and toss,[4] 465

[1] "Verberaque insonuit."
The Furies are usually represented as wielding a lash for the punishment of the wicked in Tartarus.

[2] "Bella manu letumque gero."
The line is imperfect. Intentionally so to furnish a pause of horror, or left so to await completion.

[3] "Atro lumine."

[4] The dynamic force of steam, whereof the practical uses belong to our

And in a river flies aloft the foam,
And soon the wave boils o'er, and vapor black
To Heaven ascends. So, then, their route of march
Unto his princes plainly he sets forth,
Over the body of fair Peace marked out,[1]
To King Latinus; orders arms prepared,
And Italy's rights defended; and the foe
Expelled; and boasts that he is coming, and enough 470
Will prove for both, Trojans and Latins, all.
When ordered thus he had, and vows had made
To Gods, he calls with zeal the Rutuli forth
To arms. And one his beauty and his grace
Would move, his youth another charm, and now
This one would say: "Of what great kings he comes!"
And then another: "See what deeds his hand,
His own right hand, already hath achieved."
Whilst thus the Rutuli now with daring hearts 475
Doth Turnus fill, on Stygian wings away
Alecto fares, the Teucrians to excite.
New arts devising, she a place spies out,
Where beauteous Iülus with traps or speed

age, was yet known two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, one hundred and eighty years before the birth of VIRGIL.

"So water, boiling in a brazen vase
With fire too fervent, gurgles, fumes and glows;
Till, hot at heart, it lifts its raging face
Above the brim, frets, froths and overflows."

WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 8.

1 "Polluta pace."

"So proudly trampling treaties down,
He sounds a march to Latium's town."

CONINGTON.

The game pursues. Here to the yelping hounds
A madness sudden the Cocytian maid
Imparts, and with the well-known odor of the deer 480
Their nostrils touches, so that for a stag
They keenly hunt. This gave the trouble rise,
And peaceful rustic minds to war inflamed.
A stag there was of beauty exquisite, graced
With horns of size immense, whom Tyrrheus'[1] boys
Had from his mother's nursing stolen away, 485
And whom their father Tyrrheus fostered well,
He who the king's herd guarded, and who kept
In faithful trust the royal broad demesnes.
Him, too, their sister Sylvia had made feel
Her gentle sway, and with all care his horns
She would with garlands rich inweave, and comb
His glossy coat, and him in water clear
Wash clean. He, tamed to touch of hand, and used 490
To share the children's food, would in the woods
His rambles make, and then, at close thereof,
However late, would to the homestead come.
Him wandering far away Iülus' hounds,
Rabid with venom of Alecto's guile,
Attacked and drove, as on the river cool
He floated, or upon its green banks shunned 495
The summer's heat. Ascanius, too, with love
Of praise enkindled, aimed an arrow keen
From the curved bow wherein such skill he had,
Nor to his right hand's cunning failed the God,[2]

[1] Two syllables. Tyr-rheus.
[2] "Deus." Not Alecto. We may suppose Apollo.

And, with loud twang, the shaft through flank and bowels
Went deep. And fled unto his home well-known 500
The wounded quadruped,[1] and there his stall
With groans he sought, and, as he bled, his grief,
As of one begging, filled the house with gloom.
The first to exclaim is sister Silvia. Grieved,
Across her breasts her folded arms she strikes,[2]
And "help!" she calls. Her cries together bring
The peasants rough. At once they come,[3] for lurked 505
The virulent plague the silent woods within.
Brings one for arms a stake with fire charred;
The knots another of a heavy root.
What comes to each one's hasty search he takes,
And these by wrath are into weapons made.
Calls Tyrrheus forth his band, the while an oak
By chance he quartering was with wedges driven,
And he, hard breathing, brings his axe along. 510
And saw the cruel Goddess from her watch
That now the nick of time[4] had come for harm.
And on the roof which, steeply o'er the barn
Arose, her place she took, and from the top
The notes that shepherds use, she used, and so
Her voice Tartarean through the winding horn
Resounded, that therewith the whole grove shook, 515

[1] "Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit."

[2] "Palmis percussa lacertos." The Latin words require, for their full expression, a full ten-syllabled line of English.

[3] "Improvisi adsunt."

[4] "At sæva e speculis tempus dea nacta nocendi." I suppose that the English "nick" was suggested by one of these words.

And echoed the deep woods its shrill notes harsh,
And far off heard it Trivia's spreading lake,[1]
Heard it the waters white of sulphury Nar [2]
And the fair fountains of Velinus' fame,[3]
And trembling mothers in a closer grasp
Against their bosoms pressed their prattling boys.[4]
  Then quick, indeed, responded to the sign
The trumpet dire, thus rage-inspired, gave forth 520

[1] *Tri via*, three roads, was a name of Diana, as her temples were usually placed where three roads meet. The Trivian Lake is now the Lake of Nemi, about three leagues from the site of the ancient Laurentum. Says EUSTACE (vol. ii. p. 319): "The Romans emperors delighted, as may naturally be supposed, in this delicious spot, and Trajan in particular, who erected in the centre of the lake a palace."

[2] EUSTACE says the Nar is "milky," and again describes it as of a "wheyish color." "Through the dell the Nar tumbles foaming along his rocky channel." See vol. i. pp. 373 and 380, of EUSTACE's Tour, a work which ALISON justly commends as one of rare beauty, and as evincing in its author the possession of a high order of eloquence. SERVIUS says that, in the language of the Sabines, *Nar* meant sulphur.

[3] The Velinus was a tributary of the Nar. "After its junction with the Velinus, the Nar rolls through the dell in boisterous agitation." EUSTACE, vol. i. p. 375.

It may be interesting to note, at this point, that remarkable echo which, doubtless, Virgil himself had heard, and which he would seem to have had in view in introducing into the text, in such a remarkable connection, the mention of the Velinus. EUSTACE's words confirm my own experience of this entrancing region, and, particularly, of this fascinating reverberation of sound, the description of which by EUSTACE defies improvement: "an echo, the most articulate, the most retentive, and the most musical I ever heard, repeating even a whole verse of a song, in a more softened and pathetic tone indeed, but with surprising precision and distinctness." (*Tour in Italy*, vol. i. p. 376.)

[4] "Natos." It is important to note the sex. It is also important to note that VIRGIL, as to this word, keeps up the distinction of the sexes throughout his poem. *Natus* and *nata* are as distinct with him as in the French are acteur and actrice, citoyen and citoyenne. Men are demanded for war, and the word is prophetic of coming loss of life. Our late civil war cost the lives of one million of men. A New Reading. The VIRGILIANS say "babes" or "children" or "infants."

The undaunted tillers of the soil, and each
Some weapon seized, as hurried he his steps.
Nor did the Trojan youth Ascanius aid
Refuse from all their opened camps. Form they
The line of battle. Not for rustic strife
With knotted roots and half-burnt stakes they stand,
But with the sword two-edged. Frowns wide a hedge 525
With weapons grim, and from the sun thrown back
The rays, from burnished armor cast, in light
Up to the clouds are tossed: as when at first
Begins the flood to whiten with the wind,
But by degrees the awakened sea its waves
Higher and higher upheaves, until at last, in rage, 530
Up to the heavens it leaps from deepest depths.
Before the foremost line an arrow shrill
Almo, of Tyrrheus' sons the eldest, felled.
The barb his throat beneath a deep wound made,
And closed, with blood engorged, his path of speech,
And on the air his spirit thin sent forth.
Around of men lay many a pale corpse strewn, 535
Among them his who came between for peace,
Galæsus old, most righteous he of all
Who in Ausonia dwelt, and richest, too,
In lands. Five bleating flocks he had, and herds
Of lowing kine as many more, and turned
A hundred plows his fertile furrows o'er.
While thus through fields of strife the battle waged, 540

And unto neither side Mars victory gave,
The potent Goddess, proud to have achieved
Her promise given, — the war with blood imbued,
And funeral torches waved above the strife, —
Hesperia left, and borne on wings of air,
With mien victorious and with haughty voice,
Juno accosts: "Behold, at thy command, 545
Discord is perfect made, and reigns sad war!
Now *let* them[1] join in friendship, and make leagues!
And since with blood Ausonian sprinkled are
The Teucrian guests, to this, if freely so
Thy will assents, let me add more. Abroad
Into the cities let me haste, and spread
Of war the rumors terrible, and fire 550
With love of Mars insane their feverish minds,
That thence they aid may bring. And through the fields
Arms let me scatter for the hands of swains."
Then Juno spoke: "Of terrors and of fraud
There is enough. Confessed the causes stand
That made the war. The clash of arms hath come.
And in the earliest moment blood hath flowed.
Welcome are they such nuptials to conclude, 555
Welcome such marriage-songs to sing, even he
Of Venus' race the bright consummate flower,[2]
Or he who like Latinus reigns a king.
That thou at large shouldst longer make thy stay

[1] Æneas and Latinus.

[2] "Egregium Veneris genus." From whom do I borrow my English equivalent? From MILTON; and he from RAPHAEL.

Ethereal airs among, not wishes he,
The Father, throned on bright Olympus' heights.
Therefore give place. If labors yet the chance
And fortune of the war may bring, I sole 560
Will rule." Such words Saturnia gave, and down
From the steep cliffs of ether came the maid,
Her wings with serpents shrieking, to the seats
Where roll Cocytus' waves his murky mere."
In midst of Italy's seats a place there is,
A noble place, high mountains' sides beneath,
Whereof the fame on many a shore hath been,
Amsanctus' valley called, and by steep woods 565
On either side hemmed in of foliage dense,
And, through whose midst, a noisy torrent tears
The rocks among, and restless eddies whirl.
And here is shown a cave of horrid gloom,
Of cruel Dis the very breathing-place,
Which, huge by Acheron made in breaking forth,
Opes its plague-bearing jaws. Therein lay down 570
Her hated power Erinnys, and relieved
The glad expanse of heaven and orb of earth.
Nor less, meanwhile, her hand the final touch
Gave to the war, the Queen, Saturnia's self.
Rush to the city from the late-fought field
The band entire of shepherds, bringing in
The slain, Almo the boy, and face-befouled 575
Galæsus, and the Gods implore, and call
To witness King Latinus' self. And comes,
Amid their loud complaints, Turnus enraged
And fiery fears and slaughters kindling higher:
That called to take command the Teucrians are,

That mingled in a Phrygian tribe hath been,
And he turned out of doors. Then those come on 580
From every side, and Mars fatigue,[1] of whom
The mothers, in the pathless woods, possessed
By Bacchus, danced the frenzied dance, for held
In no light reverence was Amata's name.
Yea, all, against the omens, cry aloud
For war. For war unspeakable they cry,
The Fates of Gods against, by will[2] perverse
Controlled of some harsh Power, and hard beset 585
The ears of King Latinus in his home.
He, like a rock amongst the waves, moves not,
He, like a rock amongst the waves, when comes
The storm, resists.[3] Amid the clamor rude
And barking floods that round him dash, he stands,
As stand the flinty cliffs. In vain the foam
Around the ribs of adamant dashed flies white:
Returns the frenzied deluge to its lair.[4] 590
But where no power is given to overthrow
The reckless mad design, and by the nod

[1] "Martemque fatigant."

[2] "Numine perverso."

[3] "Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit:
Ut pelagi rupes, magno veniente fragore, . . ."

On the merits of these two lines comes a battle of the commentating VIRGILIANS. HEINSIUS and VALCKENAER attack the verses, and declare that one or the other of them must be spurious. PIERIUS, URSINUS, and WEICHERT defend the lines as full of charms. HEYNE would have had them subjected to VIRGIL'S final revision, and WAGNER makes this suggestion as to the whole passage. My own judgment is that the dissatisfied critics are "more nice than wise." HEINRICH throws no light on the subject. His disquisitions are sometimes of merit.

[4] I have endeavored to bring down the metaphor to the last word. My "lair" was suggested by VIRGIL'S "latrantibus."

Of Juno cruel all things come to pass,
All that the father of his realm could do
Was much the Gods to obtest and empty air:
"Alas! by Fates my country's peace is wrecked,
And yields before the storm. O wretched men,
Ye of this sacrilege yet with blood the price 595
Shall pay. For thee, O Turnus, and thy wrong
There comes a grievous penalty great. The Gods
Thou shalt adore with vows too late. For me,
My rest is gained, my harbor is in sight,
And peaceful burial all wherein I lack."[1]
Nor more he said, but kept himself apart
His walls within, and dropped the reins of state. 600
Prevailed a custom in the olden time
In that Hesperian Latium, which thenceforth
The Alban cities followed sacredly,
And which now Rome, of all things greatest far,
Doth follow, when hath closed fair peace her reign,
And Mars to fight is stirred, whether a band
Against the Getæ lamentable war
Sets forth, or wild Hyrcanian tribes, or hordes
Arabia holds, or distant India's fields, 605
Or where Aurora rules, to claim return
Of Roman ensigns from her Parthian foes.[2]

[1] "Nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus;
Funere felici spolior."

Words which have much disciplined the patience and ingenuity of the VIRGILIANS. The guardians of the text I think err in punctuating "portus" with a semicolon. Had punctuation been in vogue in VIRGIL's time, I am sure he would have used a comma. ANTHON is certainly wrong in saying that "funere" does not mean, in this connection, burial.

[2] The recovery of the ensigns lost by Crassus was one of the most glorious of the achievements of Augustus. By the mere terror of his name he ob-

Twin gates of War there are, called yet the same,
Which by religion sacred are and fear,
The fear of dreadful Mars. Close them of bronze
A hundred bolts, and strength eternal, forged
From mines of iron its massy portals form.
And from the threshold Janus ne'er departs, 610
Its trusted guard. These gates, when fixed their minds
The Fathers have for fight, and their decree
Is made, the Consul, robed in Quirine gown
Girt Gabine-wise, upon their hinges shrill,
Throws open wide. He calls the combats forth.
And all the people say "Amen!" and breathes
The trumpet's voice of bronze[1] its hoarse assent. 615
And this was then Latinus bid to do,
Thus to declare against the Æneans war,
Thus the sad gates to open; but abstained
The father from all touch, and fled averse
From that foul ministry dread, and in dark shades
Himself concealed. Then from the heights of heaven 620
Down glided she, of deities high the Queen,
And, with her own hand, drove the lingering bolts,
And, on their hinges back the gates of iron
Saturnia's self smote open, wide and free.

tained their return without a battle. The date of this memorable event was the 734th year of the City, 19 years before the Christian era. VIRGIL died the next year. A proof that he continued to embellish his text with Roman instances to the end of his life.

[1] This trumpet was of bronze (æs), not brass. Trumpets it is said were unknown in the Homeric age; but this must be a misstatement, as they are mentioned in the Mosaic Books, and were heard from Mount Sinai.

Calm and immovable before, burns now
Ausonia. Some on foot the camps set out
To seek. On plunging steeds some rage in dust. 625
All arms search out. Some polish with fat grease
The buckler bright and spear-point clear, and some
The axes on the grindstone hold, and joy
The banner to bear forth, the trumpet's blast
To hear. Five cities now their weapons old 630
On clanging anvils once again renew.
Atina strong and Tibur proud are they,
Antemnæ turret-crowned, steep Ardea high
And Crustumerium. Form they helmets curved
For warriors' wearing safe, and willows tough
Whereon may light the bucklers' bosses' blows.
The stout bronze breastplate some prepare, and some
From shining silver bring the toughened greaves.
Plowshare and pruning-hook no friends have now: 635
The furnace forges new th' ancestral swords.
The bugle-signal sounds. Goes forth the call
To war. Now snatches one his helmet down
From homestead walls in fear. His foaming steeds
Another harnesses, and one his shield
Puts on and mail of triple links of gold,
And girds about his waist his faithful blade. 640

INVOCATION.

Ye sacred Muses, Helicon's bright gates
Wide open throw, and through them pour your songs,
To tell what kings to war the people roused;[1]
What armies filled the fields, and following whom;
What men the sweet Italian soil then brought
To flower and fruit;[2] with what arms flamed the fight.
For ye remember, heavenly ones, and ye 645
Can tell, deeds whereof Fame's light breath our ears,
Remote and ill-informed, hath scarcely reached.[3]
The leader first who in the war took step
From shores Tyrrhenian came, Mezentius fierce
Despiser of the Gods. With him his bands
Equipped came on, and near him in command
Lausus his son, whom none in beauty ranked[4] 650
Except Laurentian Turnus, Lausus famed
For taming of wild steeds and hunting deer.
In vain from Agylline walls his princely word
A thousand men obeyed, and worthy he

[1] "Qui bello exciti reges." VIRGIL here bases wars on their real and only foundation, popular animosities.

[2] "Floruerit."

"Bore unto flower and fruit."

MORRIS.

[3] . . . "For ye are heavenly, and beheld
A scene whereof the faint report alone
Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed.'

COWPER, *Iliad*, 2, 581.

[4] In its military sense.

[illegible]

Of happier father's rule, or that his sire
Had not the lands and rush Mavortius been!
Then came, his phalloi palm-crowned by his
towels 655
Victorious drawn, of beauteous Hercules' self
The son, the beauteous[2] Aventinus brave
His shield his father's ensign heralded.
A hundred snakes, and Hydra girded foul
With just a hundred more. Him, in the woods
That crowned the Aventine's heights, in furtive
birth 660
Unto the light of day gave Rhea forth,
A priestess she, and mingled with a God.
What time, for Geryon's overthrow, the fields
Laurentian entered he who drove his car
Tyrrhenian hitherward, and in the flood
Tyrrhenian drove and washed the Iberian bulls.
Javelins in hand they[3] bore, and poles whose heads
With fruit were crested o'er, a savage arm
And light they wait the lopping sword and dart 665
Of racine make. On foot himself[4] there swung
His limbs around a lion's hide immense
And terrible with shaggy, tawny hair.
And o'er his head he wore the lion's face
Wherein the white teeth shone. So entered he

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

had at army with him.

[4] Disdaining his triumphal chariot.

The royal halls, a sight of fear; and clad
He was, beside, in cloak of Hercules huge.
  Then brothers twins were there from Tibur's walls, 670
Of that Tiburtus brothers, from whose name
Their city fair its name receives, and they
Catillus were and Coras fierce, their race
The Argive race, and 'midst of weapons dense,
In the fore-front of battle charge they swift
As cloud-born Centaurs twain in rapid flight 675
Homole leaving and the snowy peak
Of Othrys: yields before their path the wood
Though dangled dense, and flies the brush like spray.
  Nor wanting was Præneste's founder there,
To Vulcan born a king 'midst rustic flocks,
And 'midst the ashes found,[1] whose birth divine 680
Hath been, as each revolving age rolls on
Believed in,[2] Cæculus great.[3] And with him came
A rural legion large, of whom were some
Of old Præneste's self, and some who fields
Of Juno's Gabii [4] plowed, or frosty heights
Of Anio, or the Hernic rocks that sing
With rills profuse, or rich Anagnia's lands,
Or, Father Amasenus,[5] thine own shores. 685

[1] "Inventumque focis." His father being Vulcan, he was the child of the fire.

[2] The legend was to the effect that the people to whom he announced himself as a leader refused to acknowledge his authority until his father Vulcan, at the instance of Cæculus, surrounded the assembly with flames.

[3] His eyes, as the name implies (the diminutive of cæcus, blind), were very small. This he attributed to the brightness of his father's fires.

[4] Gabii was a Volscian town, where Juno had a splendid temple.

[5] A river, the tutelary deity of which is here addressed.

Not all of these had arms, nor sounding shield
Nor car. The most threw lead from slings,
Lead acorn-shaped.[1] A part bore javelins twain,
And, on the head, for covering, wore the hides
Of yellow wolves, and bare their left feet were, 690
But, on their right, they wore the pero[2] rude.
Messapus, trainer of wild steeds, was there,
Of Neptune's blood, whom 't was to none allowed
By fire to harm or by the sword destroy.
Long sunk in peace his people, and unused
To war's fatigues, he calls at once to arms,
And takes his sword. His troops Fescennian were, 695
Æqui-Faliscan,[3] too, and some were sent
From high Soracte's peaks, and some there were
Called from Flavinian fields, and Lake and Mount
Of Ciminus green, and fair Capena's groves.
In equal ranks they march, and sing their king;
As seen have been, at times, 'midst liquid clouds,

[1] "Glandes." The shape is said to have been between that of an acorn and an almond, a sufficient description of the modern Minié ball. It would seem, herefrom, that the aborigines of Italy were somewhat in advance of modern patentees in devising the most effective shape of a leaden missile. ORELLI relates that one of these balls was found with the inscription "ROMA FERI:" do thou, Rome, bear it forward. *Inscriptions*, No. 4932.

[2] "Crudus pero." A high shoe, or low boot, of rawhide. Can we look here for the root of the modern word *brogan?* In the Highlands of Scotland the name is *brogue*, a shoe made of horse-hide with the hair on. "The ancient *brogue*," says FOSBROOKE, "was made of raw, or half-tanned, leather, of one entire piece, and gathered round the leg by a thong."

[3] Æqui-Falisci was so called because situated on a plain on equal or level land. Such towns there were in the Golden and in the Augustan Ages. But in the Dark Ages of robbery and piracy the inhabitants of these cities of the prairie betook themselves to the battlemented hills.

The snowy swans when they from feeding come 700
And notes canorous[1] through their long necks pour,
The while the river echoes to the sound,
And pulses, with its melody thrilled, far out
The Asian marsh . . .[2]
No one would ever deem that there were ranked
The veterans bronzed of war: of birds it seemed
A cloud aerial, from the briny deep,
Their songs and wings were urging to the shore.[3] 705
Behold! of ancient Sabine blood, and forth
His dauntless warriors leading, Clausus comes,
Himself a host, from whom through Latium spread,
Since Rome in part was to the Sabines given,
Is now the Claudian tribe and race. With him 710
Strode on the Amiternian cohort great,
And follow them the ancient Quirites' braves,
Eretus' army all, and they who plow
Mutusca's olive-groves, and they who homes
Left in Nomentum's city, and the men
Velinus' Rosean fields produced, and they
Who Tetrica and steep Severus climb;[4]

[1] "Canoros modos." I invent a new word on the basis of sonorous, or rather I adopt a Latin word as English.

[2] "Pulsa palus." An imperfect line, and, as I believe, left so purposely by the poet to mark the echo and the pulsing he describes. The Asian marsh was in Lydia, and was formed by the River Caÿster just before its junction with the sea. It was the favorite resort of swans and other waterfowl.

[3] Even in the Roman Forum I have met the descendants of these hardy mountaineers, who retain the musical powers and peculiarities of their ancestors, and at certain seasons of the year come as minstrels to delight, with the weird music of their native glens and cliffs, all listeners.

[4] Olive groves; roses; mountain-paths: these words vividly recall to the visitor to Italy her charming and diversified landscapes. But Rosean here describes the territory of *Rosea* on Lake Velinus. The roses have given it

They of Casperia fair and Foruli soft,
And who the floods of sweet Himella's stream
And swelling Tiber drink, and Fabaris' founts, 715
And whom chill Nursia sent, and tribes Hortine,
And various Latin clans, and they whose farms
The name ill-omened cuts of Allia's [1] flood.
As many are they as the waves that roll
O'er Libya's marble plain, where lays him down,
In wintry waters' lair, Orion fierce,
Or thick as stand on Hermus' field the stalks
Of ripening wheat, or 'neath the harvest sun 720
On yellowing Lycian fields. The shields resound,
And trembles 'neath their foot-falls' tramp the earth.
Halesus next, of Agamemnon's blood,
Foe to the Trojan name, his horses yokes
To chariots huge of war, and troops he leads, 725
A thousand strong, and all for Turnus fierce.
At home some turn with hoes round Bacchus' vines
The happy Massic soil, and some were sent
From their high hills by the Auruncan sires,
And Sidicina bordering on the sea,
While others Cales leave, Volturnus' shoals

its name. It is a land filled with roses, and deserves the plaudits of EUSTACE.

DRYDEN, CRANCH, PIERCE, and LONG, apparently unaware of the geographical fact, (and of the botanical fact, too,) all say: —

"Velinus' *dewy* fields."

Of course, like any other fields, they are dewy — every morning, and dry — as the day advances.

[1] The scene of the total overthrow of the Roman armies by Brennus, the Gaul.

And rough Saticulus' heights. And fighting bands,
Who claim their rank in wár as Oscans, come. 730
Darts tapering are their arms, and these they hold
Tied by a slender thong. Covers their left
A buckler broad. Their swords, curved as a hook
Or pruning-knife, they wield in combat close.
Nor shalt thou, Œbalus famed, our songs escape,
Born thou of Nymph Sebethis' love, 't is said,
And Telon's, when his rule he held supreme
O'er Teleboan realms in Caprea's domes, 735
And then was old. A son wert thou who sought
Far wider scope than the paternal fields,
And fixed thy power full wide on rustic tribes
Of the Sarrastic plains, and those the waves
Of Sarnus fertilized, and on the fields
Of Celenna rich, and towns of Batulum proud
And Rufræ strong, and those on whom look down 740
The walls of apple-bearing Abella [1] fair.
The spear these launch after the Teuton mode; [2]
Their heads with cork-tree bark are helmeted,
Their bronze shields shine, and shine their swords of bronze.[3]

[1] "Ah! Bella!" The modern Avella. The filbert, or full-bearded hazel, hence derives its name in botany, the Corylus Avellana.

[2] "Teutonico ritu." "*A la mode des Teutons.*"

"To rear
The ponderous death of the Teutonic spear."

SYMMONS.

[3] "Æratæque micant peltæ, micat æreus ensis."
See note on "Bronze," Book I, line 35.

The translators, with the sole exception of PIERCE, call this bronze or copper sword a *brazen* one. PIERCE ignores the adjective: an escape which, in a military author, must be a subject of regret.

DRYDEN: "Wield *brazen* swords and *brazen* bucklers hold."

'T was thee the hilly Nersæ sent to war,
O Ufens, great in fortunate arms and fame. 745
Roughest of rough thy people were, and used
To hunting much in groves of sterile soil
Æquicula's bounds contain. In arms they plow,
Their chief delight the latest spoil to seize,
And by the hunter's thrilling sports to live.
And now a priest comes, of Marruvian race, 750
And on his helmet is the olive bound,
The happy olive, emblem meet of peace,
Umbro most brave, by King Archippus sent; —
'T was he, by song and hand, to sleep could charm
The viperous brood, the hydra's venomous spawn,
And all their wrath allay, and cure their stings. 755
But ah! thine art availed not thee to save
From Dardan javelins' thrusts, nor heal thy wounds
With charms, nor herbs which Marsian mountains yield.
Thee weeps Anguitia's grove, the glossy wave
Thee weeps that Fucinus rolls, thee weep the lakes,
The liquid lakes thine own. . . .[1] 760

SYMMONS: —

"Their shields in *brazen* pride
Flashed."

CONINGTON: "Of *brass* their sword, of *brass* their shields."

MORRIS: "All *brazen*-wrought their targets gleam, their *brazen* sword-blades flash."

CRANCH: "And shine with *brazen* shields and *brazen* swords."

LONG: "Their *brazen* swords and bucklers glittering."

LEE and LONSDALE (prose translators) have the word *bronze* in this instance, where it seems to be introduced by way of variety and ornament, and not as a historical conclusion, for they elsewhere translate the same word *brazen;* as in the 35th line of the First Book they describe the Trojan expedition as "dashing up the foaming brine with their *brazen* keels."

[1] "Te liquidi flevere lacus." An imperfect line, which may imply a

And to the burning war, the son most fair
Born to Hippolytus slain, went Virbius forth.
Him sent renowned his mother fondly proud,
Aricia's self, who had his training watched
Amidst the Egerian grove and marshy shores
Where rich the altars stand and placable smoke
Diana owns. For, as the word hath gone, 765
Hippolytus' life by arts, by lies, destroyed,
Told by his stepmother, after his blood
The utmost penalty high had paid to wrath
His father nursed, by furious horses torn,
Came back again restored to heaven's bright stars
And all this upper world's bright atmosphere,
Cured by Pæonian[1] herbs and by the love
Diana[2] to him bore. But, then, ill-pleased 770
That from the shades should any mortal come,
The Almighty Father with his bolt smote prone
Him who such skill in medicine had evinced,
Apollo's son, and sent him to the shades.[3]
But loving Trivia now in secret hid
Hippolytus safe, and him his place assigned
The Egerian grove within, where lived alone 775
Among Italian woods the obscure man
His lifetime out, and where his name was changed

pathetic pause designed by the poet to express his sensibility at the loss of a brave and skillful man, at once a warrior and a priest. The waters of the river and the lakes all turn to tears. It may be noted that Fucinus shrinks in pronunciation to two syllables: (Fu'-snus.)

[1] Παιών was the physician of the Gods. The Pæonian herbs were administered by Æsculapius, son of Apollo.

[2] As the patroness of chastity.

[3] Apollo, in return, slew the Cyclops who had forged the medicidal thunderbolts, and was himself for a long time banished from the skies.

To Virbius. Since these wars are horses banned
From Trivia's temple and her sacred groves,
For that, by monsters of the deep alarmed, 780
They youth and chariot dashed on Tyrrhene shores.
But ardent, at the first, on field and course,
The son his horses drove, and pushed with zeal,
Full in the battle's midst, his thundering car.
  Himself among the first in towering bulk
Full armed, is Turnus seen, impetuous he.
Aloft o'er all his hairy helmet frowns,
With triple crest, whereof the height set forth 785
Chimæra's [2] wrath, and flames like Ætna's broke
From out her jaws, and as she raved the more
'Midst gloomy fires, the fiercer grew the fight
With blood and wounds. But bore his burnished shield,
In gold embossed, sweet Io's portraiture, 790
A heifer now, with hairy front and horns
Aloft that rose. A weighty history 't is.[3]
And there the maiden's guardian, Argus, was,
And there her father Inachus' self who poured
From out his well-wrought urn the river forth.
  Succeed to them a cloud of men on foot;
And bucklered bands stand thick upon all fields;
And Argive troops; Auruncan warriors brave; 795

[1] Meaning *vir bis*, a second time a man. *Qui* vir bis *fuit*.

[2] A serpent having a lion's head and a goat's body, from whose mouth poured flames.

[3] Io, beloved by Jove, attracted the jealousy of Juno, and was turned by Jove into a heifer. Juno gave her in charge of Argus. Inachus, the River-God, was Io's father. Afterwards restored to her human form, she became an Egyptian queen, and after death was worshiped as the Goddess Isis.

And Rutuli stern; Sicanian veterans fierce;
Sacranian battle-lines; and Labici grim,
Their blazoned targes bearing; they who come
From out thy thickets, Tiber; and who plow
The holy lands Numician;[1] and who till
The hills Rutulian, and Circæa's ridge;
And they above whose meadows Anxur[2] Jove
Presides; and they o'er whom, in her green woods, 800
Feronia joys; and dwellers on the shore
Satura's inky lake spreads wide, and glades
Through which the chilly Ufens seeks the sea.
And there, besides, came, by the Volscians sent,
The warrior-maid Camilla.[3] Led she on 805
Of knights a band, and squadrons bright with bronze,
Her hands unused to hold the distaff's flax
Or weaver's basket by Minerva loved,
But battles hard to suffer, and in speed
The winds to pass, well trained. For she could fly

[1] In the Numicius, according to some authorities, Æneas came to his death by drowning. Is it on this account that VIRGIL designates the banks of the stream as "sacrum litus"?

OVID says, in *Fastorum*, 3, 647: —

"Corniger hanc cupidus rapuisse Numicius
Creditur, et stagnis occuluisse suis."

The greedy, horn-bearing Numicius is believed to have borne him away, and to have buried him in its depths. The horn, as a sign of plenty, or of force, or both, was the ancient emblem of rivers.

[2] Anxur, a town, since called Terracina.

[3] Said to be the VIRGILIAN counterpart of the HOMERIC Penthesilea. But I find that *both* of these characters are VIRGILIAN. VIRGIL mentions Penthesilea in the First Book of the Æneid, at line 490. Where, in the *Iliad*, does HOMER mention her? Herein see HEYNE'S 19th Excursus to the First Book of the Æneid

The tops above of tallest wheat, nor harm
The tender ears, or o'er the sea her path 810
Pursue, nor touch with her swift feet the waves.[1]
Her all the youth from field and threshold poured
To gaze upon ; and stood amazed the crowds
The mothers made, who came her progress proud
To see, the while for wonderment dumb their breaths
They held : What royal honors roll in bars
Of purple,[2] thought they, o'er her rounded limbs ! 815
How with a golden clasp she loops her hair !
How like a Queen her quiver sets her off !
How conscious seems her war-steed of his charge !
And how her shepherd's staff of myrtle wood
Ends in a spear-point polished for the fight !

[1] There seems in this a strain of exaggeration, and yet VIRGIL may be forgiven for it, if we recall the eventful life of Camilla, her success as a huntress, and especially the fact that she did (and that in her infancy) fly across the river Amasenus. The story is told * in the Eleventh Book, line 437 *et seq.* Attached to a spear and wrapped in the bark of a cork-tree, she was hurled across by her father who, swimming after her, recovered her unharmed on the other side. Æneas himself, in the last extremity of danger, was hurled by Neptune over the battle-field : —

"Then lifting high Æneas from the ground,
He heaved him far remote ; o'er many a rank
Of heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,
Launched into air from the expanded palm
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear
Of all the battle where the Caucons stood.
COWPER, *Iliad*, Book XX., lines 396 *et seq.*

"And you, light limbs, that did in flight excel
The graceful motions of the fleet gazelle."
TASSO of Clorinda. WIFFEN, Canto 12.

[2] She wore the martial chlamys, and, by right of her royal birth, she wore it of purple.

* By a maiden messenger of the Goddess Diana, and in the very words of the Goddess.

BOOK THE EIGHTH, ENTITLED EVANDER.

ARGUMENT.

Military preparations are now pushed forward with zeal on both sides. Turnus, on his part, sends an embassy to Diomede, expecting to find him hostile to Æneas. Æneas, instructed in a dream by Father Tiber, makes a voyage, with a portion of his force, up that stream to Pallantéum, afterwards the site of Rome, to seek the alliance of Evander, an Arcadian king, hostile to Turnus. Evander accords him a cordial welcome, and advises him to visit the neighboring Tuscans, already prepared to march against Turnus as the harborer of their expelled tyrant, Mezentius. On his way to Tuscany, Venus places before him the armor made by Vulcan at her request; helmet and sword and spear, breastplate and greaves and shield; the shield embossed with decorations which picture in advance the future glories of Rome.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VULCAN, *the God of Fire.*
VENUS, *Goddess of Love, Mother of Æneas, Wife of Vulcan.*
TIBER, *the River-God.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
EVANDER, *an Arcadian King settled at Pallantéum.*
PALLAS, *his Son.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

BRONTES, STEROPES, PYRACMON, *and other Cyclops, the* SALII, POTITIUS, *and others (priests of Hercules),* VENULUS *(ambassador to Diomede), soldiers, sailors, citizens.*

SCENE: *Olympus, Vulcania, Laurentum, Pallantéum, Tuscany, the Tiber.*

BOOK THE EIGHTH: EVANDER.

When high aloft above Laurentum's towers
War's ensign Turnus raised, and their hoarse song
The blaring bugles sung, stormed fiery steeds
The trembling ways along 'midst clang of arms.
At once all minds were troubled; and at once
All Latium swore its league, with tumult crazed; 5
And raged her soldiery stirred with frenzied zeal.
Messapus' self and Ufens, chief renowned,
Mezentius, too, the scorner he of heaven,
Contingents strong from every quarter urge
And of their yeomanry drain fields widely spread.
And on a mission sent is Venulus wise
Unto the city of great Diomede's self,
His aid to ask, and [1] "that the Teucrian troops 10
A stand have made in Latium, and hath come
Æneas with his fleet, and with his Gods,
The penetralian Gods who conquered were,
And claims that by the Fates he king shall be.
And for the Dardan man whole tribes declare,
And wide through Latium swells and grows his name.
What comes from these beginnings, what shall be, 15
If Fortune aids, the war's event, to Greeks
More than to Latins manifest should be,
And thee concerns more than Latinus' self." [2]

[1] In point of grammar I follow the text.
[2] Herein is contained a hint that Æneas might prove dangerous to Dio-

So stood in Latium's bounds the state of things.
All which the Laomedontian hero [1] saw,
And, seeing, floated in a flood of cares;
And tossed his busy mind, now here, now there, 20
In various parts distraught, and ranged through all;
As when the tremulous light,[2] which from the lips
Of some bronze vase the water casts, when it
The sun's keen rays or moon's mild splendors strike,
Flies everywhere, and then its restless gleam
The ceiling's fretted panels [3] seeks at last. 25
Night came, and deep sleep held of all the earth
The weary living things, the fowls, the flocks,
When on the bank, beneath the ether cool,
Æneas rested, all his breast disturbed
With gloomy war; and long-sought sleep, though late, 30
His limbs embraced. Came then before his face
Tiber himself, in pleasant waves his own,
The God thereof. Amidst the poplar sprays
Arose the ancient deity's form; a robe
Of linen gray him thinly veiled, and reeds
Around his hair a shadowy covering shed.
And thus he spoke, and cares by speech dispelled: 35

mede. Diomede disappoints the embassy, and gives an unexpected answer to their arguments. Book XI., line 326.

[1] Æneas.

[2] DANTE adopts the simile. *Purgatory*, Canto 15.

[3] "Laquearia tecti." The original Roman ceiling was merely the roof of the house. The progress of luxury suggested the placing of timbers across from eave to eave. The interstices between the timbers were left open. But the further progress of luxury brought in the arts. These "laquearia," or open spaces, were then filled with fretted work of gold or the choicer decorations of painting.

"O Nation[1] born of Gods, who from the foe
The Trojan city bears, and who have saved
For us the eternal towers of Pergamus lost,
And by Laurentum's walls and Latin fields
Expected sole, this is your home assured;
And here (remove them not!) your household Gods,
Your penetralian deities scorned, are safe.
Stir not for threats of war, for overpast 40
Is all the rage of heaven . . .[2]
And now to thee: Think not that thou see'st here
An empty dream. Beneath the ilexes
That line the shore, a sow of size immense
With thirty head of suckling pigs thou 'lt find:
She white, reclining on the ground, they white, 45
Her udders buffeting briskly. This same place
A city's site shall be, and rest assured
From toils, toils which will last for decades three

[1] "O sate gente deum." The word *gente* (nation) is ignored by former translators. See the next note.

[2] "Concessere deum." An imperfect line. The necessity for it does not appear, unless we may suppose that the poet designed a pause, after addressing the Trojan nation or race, before proceeding to that part of the speech of Father Tiber addressed to Æneas personally, and which next follows: "Jamque tibi," etc. And now to *thee*. And this distinction between the *nation* and the *individual* I claim to be a new reading, and the true one. In the sacred volume (as I have already observed), an instance occurs where the distinction between the singular and the plural pronouns is, in English, apt to escape the attention: *St. Luke's Gospel*, chap. xxii., verses 31 and 32; BIBLE OF THE PEOPLE, *The Saviour*, sec. 90.

In the Fifth Book (line 45) Æneas has already, in his speech to his people, in inaugurating the games in honor of Anchises, used almost the exact language here used. His words in that speech were: —

"Genus alto a sanguine divum."

And see, Book Tenth (line 229), "Deum gens, Ænea," and Book Ninth (line 525), "Vos, O Calliope!"

Of years, wherein will found with wealth
Of fame illustrious Alba's walls your son
Ascanius. Sing not I uncertain things.
Now, by what means (this is the pressing point),
Thou shalt result a conqueror, listen well. 50
I will thee teach. Arcadians, on these shores,
A race from Pallas[1] come, companions they
Of King Evander, following sacred signs,
A place chose out, and built on hills a town
Named Pallantéum from their ancient king.
These with the Latin tribe a constant strife 55
And warfare wage. Them to thy camp do thou
As allies join, and league thou thee with them.
Myself will lead thee by my banks and stream
Direct, and thou with oars the current's course
Shalt rule. Rise, act, O Goddess' son, and soon
As set the earliest stars, do thou, by ritual just, 60
Prayers solemn make to Juno! Her o'ercome,
Her wrath and anger all, by suppliant vows!
A conqueror thou to me wilt honors pay.
And I am he whom thou in full stream see'st
The banks o'erleaping, and the fields well tilled
With my swift wave o'erflooding, cutting keen
My course supreme along,[2] Cerulean Tiber I,[3]
River o'er all by heavenly favor blest;

[1] Not the Goddess, but a Trojan king.

[2] These floods sometimes submerge the floor of the Pantheon to the depth of from three to eight feet. The high-water mark, in the Square of St. Mary upon Minerva, is a testimony to the power of Father Tiber.—*Personal Observation.*

[3] The water of the Tiber, as is usual with rapid streams, is of a yellowish hue. Blue, however, may be applied to the God as a general attribute of rivers. The blue Danube. The blue Juniata.

And here, where sleepest thou, my mighty home 65
Is seen.[1] And on these banks of mine ere long
Shall rise a city fair which shall as head
Her lofty sisters rule, and, ruling bless."
  He said, and then deep down in watery depths
Himself he hid ; and left Æneas night
And sleep at once. He rose, and, of the sun
The orient beams beholding, water took 70
From out the stream his hollow hands within,
And, duly holding it towards heaven, thus said :
"Ye Nymphs, Laurentian Nymphs, from whom
The race of rivers is, and thou, thyself,
O Father Tiber, and thy sacred stream,
Do thou Æneas cherish, and, at length,
Him from all perils save, whatever may
The fountain be that feeds thy stream, whate'er 75
The soil wherefrom in beauty thou dost spring,
Thou pitier of our woes ! Forever held
By me in honor due, forever sought,
In celebrations of thy name, by gifts
Of mine, horn-bearing[2] river, king of streams
Within Hesperia's borders, be thou near,
O only near ! and make thy will more plain !"
  Thus said Æneas, and two ships of oars 80
Two-banked from out the fleet he chose,

[1] So sings GORDON (imitatively) of the Father of Waters, the Gitchee Seebee, the Mississippi: —

"In his palm the lakelet lingers, in his hair the brooklets hide,
Grasped within his thousand fingers lie fair fields and forests wide;
Yea, a mighty Empire swarming, with its millions, like the bees,
Questing, delving, striving, storming, all their lives, for honied ease."

[2] "Corniger." An attribute anciently attached to rivers as indicating impetuosity, force, plenty.

And fits[1] with oars, and to his men gives forth
Equipment due of arms. But now, behold!
A sudden portent wonderful to see:
There in the woods stretched out a sow milk-white,[2]
Her brood about her of the self-same hue,
And all within the foliage near the shore;
And her Æneas the devout to thee,
Even to thee, Juno supreme, doth give, 85
With all her brood, in sacrifice, the while
The sacred things he bears, and with his men,
And all his people, round thine altars stands.
That night, a long, long night, had Tiber soothed
The foaming flood, and refluent so it stood
With silent wave, as though a pond unmoved
Or placid pool, that on the watery plain
The oar might push its easy way, nor feel
A struggling strain. And so with happy shouts 90
Their voyage thus begun they cheer along.
Glides smooth upon the deep the well-oiled fir.
Wonder the waves, wonder the forests wide,
To see, far shining o'er the flood, the shields
Of men, a strange, unusual sight, and ships
With heraldry of blazoned keels. So, day
And night, they ply their oars right well. Long bends[3]

[1] The change of the tense is VIRGILIAN.

[2] CONINGTON: —

"A milk-white sow is seen,
Stretched with her young ones white as she."

MORRIS: "A snow-white sow, her little ones like hued."

PIERCE: "A milk-white sow with spotless young."

[3] "Longos flexus." Long Bend has become, in America, a classical name: that of the farm of our late President Harrison, on the Ohio.

They overcome, long-mirrored reaches pass, 95
Where o'er them arch tall trees of various tints,
And on the placid plain cut mountains green
With woods. The fiery sun the midmost point
Of all the heavens had reached, when walls they see
A citadel rise afar, and houses' roofs,[1]
Not close but wide apart, those walls and roofs
Which now the Roman power hath upward borne
To heaven. Them, then, Evander held, not great 100
In power nor wealth. And towards the city there
They turn their hastening prows, and seek the shore.

It chanced that day that the Arcadian king
To great Amphitryon's son[2] and other Gods
A solemn feast was holding in a grove
Before the city's gates. And, wafted there,
The fragrant incense wreathed its upward way,
A grateful service wherein Pallas joined,
The king's sole son, and princes of his realm, 105
And all his senate poor, and smoked yet warm
The altars and their meats. When saw they first
The lofty ships the darkling grove draw nigh,
And rest the oarsmen on their silent oars,
Alarmed they are at this so sudden sight,
And, all things left, they from the tables rise. 110
But steadfast Pallas them the holy feast
To stop forbids, and, with a weapon seized,

[1] On the Palatine Hill.
[2] Hercules.

Himself flies forth, and, from a hillock's height,
"Ho, fellows, what's the cause that brings ye here
These unknown ways to try? And whither bound?"
He said, "What race is yours? And where your homes?
And bring ye hither peace? Or bring ye war?"
Father Æneas, then, from lofty[1] stern 115
Thus spoke, the while an olive-branch he held,
The sign of peace: "The men thou seest to Troy
Belong, the arms are arms that hostile are
To Latin men who them, though fugitives wrecked,
With haughty war pursue. He whom we seek
Evander is. This message bear to him,
And say that chiefs Dardanian here are come, 120
Chiefs chosen out to ask his allied arms."
Stunned Pallas was so great a name to hear.
"Oh, hither come, whoe'er thou art," he said,
"And in my father's presence be thou heard,
And as a guest approach our holy feast,
Our penetralian Gods." Him by the hand
He took, and to his right hand clung in sign
Of welcome warm. And leave they now the stream
And forward bend their steps towards the grove. 125
Then spoke Æneas to the king in words
Of cordial friendship full: "O best of Greeks,
Whom Fortune wills that I a suppliant seek,
And holding forth the olive-branch of peace,
Not fear, indeed, me brings, — the fear of thee
As of a Danaan and Arcadian King,

[1] "Alta." A word dear to every epic poet.

And as by birth allied to Atreus' line; 130
But mine own manly sense,[1] and oracles given
Divine of Gods; and then, too, that by blood
Our fathers allied were, and thy renown
Through every land proclaimed, have thee to me
Endeared; and though by Fate compelled,
I 'm willingly compelled. Of Ilium's walls
The builder first and father Dardanus was,
And he good fortune brought to Teucrian tribes,
Son he, as show the annals of the Greeks,[2] 135
Of Queen Electra, child of Atlas great,
Atlas who holds upon his shoulders poised
The ethereal orbs. Thy father Mercury is,
Whom peerless Maia bore, on frosty peak
Accouched of Cyllenæ; but Maia, too, 140
If credence aught belongs to what we hear,
Was Atlas' daughter, Atlas, he the same,
Who holds the stars of heaven.[3] Thus comes of both
The race divided down from one sole blood.
Supported so, not legates have I sent,
Nor thee by diplomatic arts approached,[4]

[1] "Sed mea me virtus."

CONINGTON: "Heaven's oracles and conscious worth."

MORRIS: —

"Rather my heart, and holy words that Gods have given forth."

[2] WAGNER urges that VIRGIL has made a slip here, in putting this allusion to Greek history into the mouth of a Trojan. But I think not; it should be remembered that Æneas is addressing a Greek, and that it was, therefore, politic to quote to him Greek authority.

[3] Atlas had seven daughters. These still are seen in heaven as the Pleiades. And, with that excess of adulation which associated exalted merits with the orbs of heaven, they were called by the Romans, after the death of VIRGIL, the *Virgilian* stars.

[4] ". . . prima per artem
Tentamenta tua pepigi."

Me, me, myself, and mine own head I bring
And, suppliant, come unto thy palace-gate. 145
That Daunian race the same is which thee met
In cruel war. If us they beat, what helps
But all Hesperia soon their yoke will feel
Throughout, and not the sea alone, which now
They hold, above, but that which flows below.
Faith take and give. Our hearts for war are strong, 150
Courage is ours, and youth that draws regard."
Æneas had his final words pronounced.[1] The king
The speaker's mouth and eyes long time had watched,
And his whole form with admiration scanned.
Then thus the king his answer brief returned:
"How willingly, O thou, of men most brave 155
That Teucer's race through all its line doth claim,
I thee receive and recognize! How well
The great Anchises I recall, thy sire,
His words, his voice! For runs my memory back
Unto Laomedontian Priam's tour,
Through realms his sister Hesione held,
To Salamis' domes, and thence to cool retreats
Arcadia's fair, delightful vales among.
My cheeks were showing, then, their earliest down. 160
I wondered at the Teucrian lords; at him,
The King Laomedontian, gazed I much

[1] "Dixerat Æneas." The wonder of Evander prevented an immediate response.

With pleased delight and awe ; but far o'er all
Anchises went.[1] My mind with youthful love
Burned to approach the man, and right hand join
With right. I did approach him, and him led, 165
With joy, 'neath Phineüs'[2] walls. Me, when he left,
He gave a noble quiver rich and rare,
And with it Lycian arrows, and a cloak
Inwoven with gold, and golden bridle-bits
For horses twain, and these now proudly keeps
My Pallas' self. So what ye seek is yours,
The right hand joined in league, and when re-
turns 170
To-morrow's light, ye I will send away
Pleased with the auxiliaries that ye shall have
And aid beside. Meanwhile, these annual rites :
Since ye are here as friends, and wrong 't would be
Their celebration to defer, so kind
Be ye as in them to assist, and now
Take part in all your allies' boards afford."
Thus having spoken, he the meats and wines 175
Bid spread, and he, himself, upon the grass
Gave places to the men. And, on a couch
Whereon was spread a lion's shaggy hide,
Conspicuous he Æneas placed, and him
Made freely welcome to his maple throne.
Then vie the chosen youths, and aids the priest[3]

[1] "Sed cunctis altior ibat
Anchises."

[2] Phineüs, in Arcadia, the former capital of Evander.

[3] SEGRAIS would not offend the French court with the mention of Prince Achates' kindling a fire, but he retains, with appetite, this passage wherein Potitius the Pontiff, like a very "crumb-remover," brings in roast-beef for

Who on the altar waits, in bringing in
The roasted loins of bulls, and Ceres' gifts 180
Elaborate on the baskets heap, and wine
Dispense to all. Æneas feasted is,
And all the Trojan men, with oxen's chimes
Of full continuous length, and entrails given
As expiatory offerings to the Gods.
And now, removed all hunger, and restrained
The love of food, Evander spoke: "On us 185
This solemn ritual's forms, these annual feasts,
This altar crowned with sanctions all divine,[1]
No superstition vain which slights the Gods
Of ancient days,[2] hath firmly thus imposed.
Saved, Trojan guest, from perils imminent once,
We worship thus, and honors merited
We thus renew. And, first, behold yon cliff, 190
Cloudlike the rocks among, what mighty heaps
From off its wrinkled face have plunged far down,
And like a solitary house it stands,
Below its base a ragged rocky wreck."[3]

the delectation of Æneas and his fellows. Where would SEGRAIS have us establish the boundary line in this matter of official dignity? Are there the same, or different rules, for Arcadia, France, England, and America? To a stately foreign visitor who surprised a President of the United States in the unbecoming employment of polishing his own boots, and who informed the President that in the country of his visitor gentlemen were never known to polish their own boots, "Whose boots, then, do they polish?" responded the President.

[1] "Hanc tanti numinis aram."

[2] "Vana superstitio, veterumque ignara deorum."

[3] The metaphors change here with remarkable celerity, there being for each one of these four lines a separate and distinct metaphor; cloud, face, house, wreck. All, except the last, are found in the original text. This industrious attempt, on the part of our poet, to bring before the imagination the original ruggedness of the escarped heights on the Tiber, touches

one of the most interesting subjects, perhaps the most interesting, in the whole range of archæological study. This is my apology for repeating here, on these escarped hills, what I have had occasion to say elsewhere, and which is based on personal observation and topographical study: —

Flood and fire — repeated deluges, repeated conflagrations — have changed the face of Rome. The floods drove her people to the hills. Fire — the fire of the invader or of the incendiary — has driven them back again into the plain; into a plain heightened by the gain of débris from the hills, and elevated by the very wreck of imperial structures.

The wary aborigines, and the equally wary Pelasgians, who fixed their first habitations in Italy, sought, like the eagles, the highest places for their nests; and, while Rome was a mere colony of adventurers, the volcanic mountain-spurs, — and all Continental Europe, and especially all Italy, is volcanic, — and even the summits of the Apennines, furnishing a long range of sight toward an approaching foe, were capped with brilliant little cities, like Antemnæ, Cures, and Nursia, of the Sabines, and Alba Longa, of the Trojans. But the more hardy founders of the Roman City had descended into the plain and said, "We will take the bluffs by the river. Their escarped heights we will fortify, and our gates will open upon a garniture of fruitful fields and teeming meadows."

At Rome, an American, accustomed to the magnificent distances, to the large scale of natural objects in his native land, slowly appreciates and hesitatingly accepts the idea that so limited a space could have been the theatre of actions so vast; that here, in short, is the fulcrum of a lever which has moved the world. He sees the spurs of the Campagna which go by the names of the Aventine, the Cælian, the Viminal, the Quirinal, and the Pincian. He sees that they are placed like the thumb and fingers of the human hand. He can realize that this hand grasped the Field of Mars with Monte Mario and Monte Verde; the Testaccio and the Janiculum and the Palatine; the Capitoline and the Vatican. He sees all this. His map and his rambles tell him that here is a fist-full of power and wealth and splendor. But he hesitates to accept the equally truthful fact, as clear and as demonstrable as the corollary of a mathematical proposition, that in grasping these, it also grasped the world.

In this connection, let me remark on an inapt translation of VIRGIL's Second Georgic by DRYDEN. At the close of this Georgic the poet says: —

> "Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
> Hanc Remus et frater: Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
> Scilicet, et rerum facta est Pulcherrima Roma,
> Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces."

DRYDEN, translating too freely, makes VIRGIL speak of Rome as

> "The seat of Empire and the conquered earth,
> Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns."

VIRGIL's lines repose. DRYDEN's swell. VIRGIL, knowing the hills better than DRYDEN, for the latter was never in Rome, does not boast of their

Here was a cavern vast, a huge recess,
By Cacus[1] held, whereto ne'er sent the sun 195
His gladdening rays. Half man, half beast, was he,
And, warm with gore of recent victims slain,

height. Himself a Roman, he disdains to boast as a conqueror. Indeed, he is boasting of Rome as the product of industry; and attributes to the arts of peace, rather than to those of war, her prosperity and her magnificence — a city which gleams with beauty as a jewel of seven brilliants in the setting of her circumscribing wall.

The seven brilliants of VIRGIL have become the twelve brilliants of later days; the circumscribing wall has been increased in its girth; the jewel still remains within its gray-red edge of mossy brick and stone, and encompassed by the emerald girdle of the Campagna; a girdle mosaiced outward from the gates with the softly-tinted lava of roads bounded by hedges of roses, by memorial tombs, by the arches of used or unused aqueducts, and within by poppy-mingled wheat and purple grapes on ruined hills. For MONTAIGNE was nearly right when he said that there was nothing left of ancient Rome except the blue arch of heaven, under which it rose, and again fell. We sigh in vain for the concrete forms of this buried pomp. We would willingly anoint our eyes with that magic ointment of the Arabian tale which gave the power of seeing all that is buried in the bosom of the earth. But the Palatine is a desert, the resort of rats, bats, and dead Cæsars: and the dweller on the Esquiline comes forth from his vineyard, from his cottage embowered in rustic seclusion, and, as he makes his way towards the west, says, "I am going to Rome."

No magician, no Cola di Rienzi (no "Nick Lawrence," as his name would be in English) can say to these remains, "Roma resurges." None less than a God can effectually pronounce the "Talitha cumi." No moral Champollion can reconstruct this lost magnificence. But imagination, the shadow and the excess of "glory obscured," and the pulsations of enthusiasm, are left to deal with these hillocks, and to people with life and action and grace and beauty the wide and weird spaces on the hills by the Tiber.

To these remarks it may be added that the only hill of all the twelve which now suggests to the imagination in any degree the sublimity, the commanding height, of the times of Evander and VIRGIL, is the Janiculan. There it stands, crowned by St. Peter's cross, with a fountain of purest crystal leaping from its summit, and, in cascades, seeking lower levels, the most choice and inspiring of Roman remains; and one which, I may add, claims the smallest share of attention from the modern tourist.

[1] Cacus can hardly be called a Protean word. It is simply *bad*: κακός.

Smoked night and day his cavern's floor, while hung
The heads of men that fatal entrance near,
With reeking murder pale. This fiend for sire
Claimed Vulcan. Black the flames came pouring forth
From out his mouth. A mountain huge of flesh
He walked abroad. But time, at length, to us 200
Desiring help, was kind. Approached a God.
The great avenger Hercules' self was he.
Proud with the death and spoils of Geryon fierce,
The threefold man, he hither conquering drove
His bulls immense. The bulls in yonder vale
Were kept, and by the river's marge, but urged
By Furies fell was Cacus' mind, that naught 205
Undared or unperformed of crime or fraud
Might not at his door lay. From out their folds
Four bulls of mighty bulk, four cows besides,
Of beauty excellent, sly he drove aside.
And these, lest marks of footsteps inward turned
Might him betray, he by the tails drew in, 210
So that their tracks all seemed from out the cave
To take their way, and thus 'neath stone opaque
Concealed.[1] Meanwhile, when now his well-fed herds
Amphitryon's son would from their folds remove,
And his departure make from our abodes, 215
The herds to bellowing fell as forth they went,

[1] I observe HEYNE's suggestion, and dispense with line 212,

"Querenti nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant,"

as it is a mere repetition of what has been already said, and is probably an unauthorized interpolation.

And all the forest filled with their complaints,
And all the hills with echoes of their noise.
And thereupon a cow gave back the sound,
And 'neath the mighty cavern lowed, and so
Cacus' own prisoner there his hopes made vain.
"And then, indeed, from his black gall flashed up
In Hercules' heart his indignation deep
In fury dread. His arms he seized, his club 220
Of weighty knots, and sought th' aërial mount.[1]
By anger made impetuous, its rough steps
He nimbly climbs. Then first was Cacus seen
By us of fear the signs to show, or give
From out his eyes aught but defiant looks.
Forthwith he fled, swifter than Eurus' flight,
And sought the cave: fear to his feet gave wings.
Once in, the chains he broke which held in place 225
The ponderous stone which hung the portal o'er,
With iron clamped round and with his father's art
Made fast: fell down the stone and tightly locked
The pass. But lo! raging in mind and hot
Came up the brave Tirynthian God, and looked
For any means of ingress, here or there,
And gnashed his teeth. And thrice the mount throughout 230
He searched, with fervid wrath, and thrice
The rocky threshold tried. In vain. Wearied,
The third time back into the valley's depths

[1] "Aërii montis." An expression which WORDSWORTH applies to Monte Casino. But VIRGIL was before him in its application to Monte Palatino.

He went. There stood of flint a peakèd rock.
Whose upright sides rose from the cavern's rear,
A lofty thing to see, and home of birds 235
Of prey most opportune. This o'er the side
Leaned far towards the stream upon the left.
Wrestling against it on the right he pushed
Its bulky mass, and wrenched it from its roots,
And in a sudden ruin hurled it down.
All ether sounded with the rush and wreck,
The banks asunder leaped, and fled alarmed 240
The stream. But there the cave of Cacus showed;
Unroofed his royal house was seen, and far
His dusky caverns spread within. Nor less
It seemed than if the yawning earth, from force
Within exerted, should gape wide, and show
The Lower World, the pallid realms of shade, 245
To Gods repulsive, and the whole vast gulf
Wherein the ghosts would tremble at the light
Of day let in. And him, caught thus in glare
All of a sudden let into his den,
And at the sight unusual crying out,
Alcides from above with weapons pressed,
And called on all his arms, and drove with boughs 250
And rocks immense. And he (for flight above
Was none from peril's thrusts) from out his jaws
Gave forth (amazing sight!) a mighty smoke,
And all the place in misty fog involved.
And from the vision snatching all the view,
And thickening 'neath the cavern's roof, a night 255
That smoke brought forth with fire and darkness mixed.

But this Alcides' courage suffered not,
But him himself he cast sheer downward deep
The fire among, and where the waves the smoke
Had deepest made, and flooded with black clouds.
Here Cacus caught he vomiting vain flames 260
Beneath the darkness' veil, and in a knot
Him bends, and strains his staring eyeballs out,
And leaves no drop of blood his throat within.
At once is open thrown the horrid house,
Its doors being forced, the kine removed, and spoil
Which unto all he swore he knew not of
Made manifest to heaven, and, by the feet,
His hideous corpse is outward dragged to light. 265
Nor can men gaze their fill at him: his eyes
So terrible, his face, his shaggy breast,
His jaws the seats of fires extinct, the thews,
The ponderous limbs of this half man, half beast.
Thenceforward celebrated, then, have been
These honors well deserved. With joy have come
Succeeding ages to observe the day.
Potitius first the ritual's author was,
And kept Pinarian priests the right divine, 270
The keepers they of Hercules' own high house.
His shrine a grove within was placed, — a shrine
The Greatest always called by us, a name
Which all posterity's voice will still accord.[1]
Oh, then, our warrior friends, lend us your aid

[1] "VIRGIL's two lines recording this prediction are believed by HEYNE to be spurious: —

In rendering praises merited like these;
And bind your hair with leaves, let your right hands
The cups hold high, call on a common God, 275
And freely pass the wine among ye all." [1]
He said. And Hercules' poplar wreath itself
Of double hue his temples veiled, its leaves
Depending with Herculean shade,[2] and filled
The holy scyphus [3] his right hand.[4] And all
Libation made at once and prayer to heaven.
With turning day, meanwhile, comes Vesper near, 280
And now the priests, and first Potitius' self,[5]
Go clad, as custom wills, in skins of beasts,

"Hanc aram luco statuit, quæ Maxima semper
Dicetur nobis, et erit quæ maxima semper."

[1] "Et date vina volentes." The cordial invitation of Evander recalls a peculiar benediction which I had the privilege of hearing, almost on the same spot, from a sovereign pontiff. They were words uttered in the Vatican, in the height of his merry humor, by that princely gentleman, Pope Pius the Ninth. The bearers of a present of wine knelt for his blessing. He gave it, and added gayly, "E benedico pure il vino!"

[2] The leaves of the poplar, like leaves in general, have a deeper tint on their outer side. But the allusion in the text to the double color is supposed to be founded on the popular belief that in Hercules' passage through the lower world the outer side of the leaves was darkened by the smoke (inasmuch as, besides visiting the purgatorial plains and Elysium, Hercules is supposed to have penetrated into Tartarus), while the side turned towards the hero's head escaped. Popular belief fixed in the heavens a permanent memento of the hero, and that of an incident in his infancy; for the Milky Way was believed to be the milk which flowed from his mouth as, with excess of eagerness, he drew it in streams too abundant from the liberal breasts of his mother Alcmena.

[3] A large cup of a peculiar shape, such as Hercules is said to have used.

[4] If the right hand be used in the nominative, we have here a protean reading.

[5] Seemingly a namesake of the earlier Potitius, mentioned a few lines above.

And bearing fire. The feast again they set,
Bring grateful gifts to second tables ranged,
And heap again the altars high with spoil.
And then break forth the Salii into songs, 285
Around their brows the poplar branches bound,[1]
The while sweet incense round the altars wreathes,
Their choir a double band of old and young.
They sang Alcides' praises and his deeds:
How with his infant hands to death he pressed
The serpents twain his step-dame[2] on him turned,
And how in war he cities great o'erthrew, 290
Œchalia strong and Troy; how went he through
A thousand labors hard beneath the rule
Of King Eurystheus, urged by fates severe
Of Juno's ire. "And thou, invincible, roused,
Those cloud-born chiefs didst slay, Hylæus fierce
And Pholus furious, Centaurs double-formed;
And Crete's prodigious birth thy prowess quelled, 295
The monstrous bull. Beneath thy power have quailed
The Stygian Lakes, and Orcus' guard, who sits
In cave of blood his half-gnawed bones above,
Grim Cerberus, driven to hide 'neath Orcus' throne.[3]
No face thee terrifies, Typhöeus' self

[1] "The Salian minstrels come, their brows
Engarlanded with poplar boughs."

CONINGTON.

[2] Juno, the bitter foe of Hercules, because of his derivation from Jove and Alcmena.

[3] Other accounts go still further, and say that without weapons, and by mere muscular force, he conquered Cerberus; and, although the dragon in his tail bit him severely, he throttled him, dragged him to the upper world to show him to Eurystheus, and then took him back to Pluto.

Not e'en, in arms, in arms, arrayed 'gainst heaven.
Nor thee irresolute found nor aught surprised 300
The Lernean serpent, with its crowd of heads.
Hail thou, true birth of Jove, unto the Gods
Thou givest added glory. Us approach,
And aid with prospering foot thy sacred rites." [1]

With such songs they their anniversary keep,
And more than all sing they of Cacus' cave,
And him from out his hot jaws belching flame,
And rings again the whole grove with the roar,

[1] PIERCE's translation of this passage seems to me to be an unusually happy instance of success in rhythmical-prose composition: "Thy hand, unconquered chief, slew cloud-born Centaurs double-formed, Crete's monster bull, the lion huge beneath Nemea's rock: before thee Stygian marshes quaked; on half-gnawed bones outstretched within his den, Hell's watch-dog ceased to growl. No shape — Typhöeus clad in mail — could daunt thy soul; the Hydra hissed — thy heart was undisturbed."

It is said to have been among the ambitions of Nero to imitate in the arena the deeds of Hercules. At the time of the bloody monarch's death, the lion, to represent his legendary predecessor of Nemea, was said to have been held in readiness, that Nero, naked, in the amphitheatre, before the assembled people, might with his arms tear its jaws asunder, or with his club, the club of Hercules, chastise it into harmlessness. SUETONIUS, *Life of Nero*, section 53.

The ancients would seem to have attributed to Hercules the same indomitable spirit of enterprise which Christophe, Emperor of Hayti (as Senator BENTON was wont to relate the story), attributed to the average American trader in pursuit of profitable ventures in merchandise. "Hang a bag of coffee in Hell," was the tawny Emperor's speech, "and a Yankee will go down and bring it up without being singed." Cox's "*Why we Laugh.*"

I am inclined to think, however, that these nervous exhibitions of mercantile intrepidity are not peculiar to American adventurers. The ancient Central American chronicles say that, "in pursuit of gold, the Spanish cavaliers would even venture to wade across the three infernal rivers," Styx, Lethe, and finally Phlegethon.

And of course I agree with WENDELL PHILLIPS (*Lecture on Harper's Ferry*) that this royal speech is applicable only to individual Yankees, and that, as applied to the entire Yankee race, it is a libel.

And back the hills, re-echoing it, return.[1] 305
Thence, things divine performed, they all their way
Unto the city take. And went the king,
Sown o'er with age,[2] and as he forward walked
He with him kept Æneas and his son,
And lightened all the way with various speech.
Wonders Æneas, greedily he his eyes 310
On all things casts around, and with the spots
That round him range is pleased, and glad he asks
And hears all that belongs of Fame to men
And monuments gray of ages long remote.
Then spoke Evander, founder of the fort
First "Roman"[3] called: "These groves the Fauns and Nymphs
First held, a race indigenous, wild, and born 315
From out the solid wood, the trunks of trees.
No customs had they, worship[4] had they none.

[1] "The woods sing with them as they sing; the hills are light with song."
MORRIS.

[2] "Obsitus ævo." Sown over with age, as a field is sown over with grain.

[3] Ῥώμη, Rome, Strength, thence Roma.

"This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of Empire pinnacled."
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, stanza 109.

"Tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
Vivebant homines qui, rupto robore nati,
Compositive luto, nullos habuere parentes."
JUVENAL, *Sixth Satire*.

[4] "Cultus." ANTHON translates "culture," which is far from the point. "Culture" is a word out of place here. It belongs, like the word "home," to the highest forms of enlightenment in refined ages.

DRYDEN: "Nor laws they knew, nor manners."

PITT: "No laws, no manners, formed the barbarous race."

Nor knew they bulls to yoke, nor prospering wealth
To gain, nor wise economy's rules, but lived
On what the trees produced, and on the spoil
That hunting brought. First Saturn came, in flight 320
From arms of Jove, an exile sent from realms
He owned and lost in yon etherial heights.
He gathered up the indocile race spread out
On rugged mountains high,[1] and gave them laws,
And Latium named this land wherein they lived,
Because himself therein had latent[2] lurked.

It might be observed that besides the substitution of *manners* for worship, PITT offends in another particular — in supposing that laws form people. The political fact is exactly the converse of his proposition. People form laws. People, too, form manners.

CONINGTON: "No arts were theirs."

SYMMONS: "In life's first arts unskilled."

MORRIS runs away from the dilemma by saying: —

"No fashion of the tilth they knew."

CRANCH: —

". . . No settled mode of life
Had they, nor culture."

PIERCE: "They knew no law, no rule of life."

LONG: —

". . . They neither culture had
Nor home."

There are three senses of "cultus:" the primitive, which is worship; the intermediate, which is tillage; and the consummate, which is culture.

[1] It is worthy of remark that the same peculiarity which VIRGIL records here as belonging to primitive barbarism attended the mediæval relapse into barbarism, and that is, the occupation of mountain-heights as places of habitation. Take the instance of Hyères. A rugged hill was the habitation of the aborigines. The sea-coast, the very water's edge, was the site of the Roman town of Pomponiana. The Middle Ages took the inhabitants back again to the eagle's nest on the hill-top. The prevalance of law, and especially the cessation of piracy, a result of the present century, are bringing the inhabitants back again into the plain.

[2] ANTHON pronounces this etymology as utterly worthless, but I see not on what grounds. If the God had not a latent lurking-place therein, most

Under this king there was, as men relate,
THE GOLDEN AGE,[1] so ruled the people he 325
In placid peace. Then by degrees there came
An age inferior grown, nor golden more,
And came the rage of war and love of gain.
And then the Ausonian host o'erran the land,
And tribes Sicanian came, and oft aside
Its goodly name Saturnia's land hath laid.
Then came of kings a line, and Tybris fierce 330
And huge of frame, and since his time his name
Hath been in Tiber's stream remembered well,
Albeit in former times 't was Albula called.
Me, from my country driven, and following far
Great widening seas, have Fortune's nod and Fate's,
Fortune that holds all power o'er human wills,
And Fate that no resource of man can foil,
Placed me on these fair seats. Monitions dread 335
That from my mother were, a Nymph divine,
Carmentis she, me hither drove. And warned
My wanderings, too, Apollo's favoring self."
Scarce had he spoken when the spot they reached
Where stood the altar fair Carmental called,
And stood the gate Carmental, opening wide
Its arched way stout to let them in, the name
A memory dear and sacred from old time,
Whereby the Romans [2] honors high accord

surely the seeds of our modern civilization had, and the significance of the etymology cannot be escaped in the one form or the other.

[1] See note to line 792 of the Sixth Book.

[2] The Feria Carmentalis was one of the favorite anniversaries of the Romans. Its date was the 11th of January.

Unto the Nymph Carmentis' radiant fane,
For she the poet-priestess was who sung, 340
First of all earthly seers, the future deeds
Æneans should perform, and sung the mount
Where Pallantéum's citadel strong should rise.
This shrine and gate Evander to his guests
Full proudly showed. And showed he them, besides,
The mighty grove, the same whereof was made
In after-times, by Romulus brave and wise,
A safe Asylum sacred, and the rock
O'ershadowing Pan's cool cave, the Lupercal,
A name called from a wolf, as from a wolf
Lycæum call the Greeks.[1] And shows he them 345
The grove which sacred is to Argus slain,
Its name Argiletus, from Argus' death,
He who, although his guest, against the king
Conspired, and met his death from faithful guards,
The king of all his treason knowing naught,
Nor willing he should die. Thence went they on,[2]

[1] ANTHON contests this etymology, and declares it to be of no value. But there it is in VIRGIL. ANTHON says that Pan was styled "the Lycæan" from Lycæus, an Arcadian mountain. But why may not the mountain have been named from λύκος, a wolf? In both the Greek and the Roman instances there is an obvious propriety in the VIRGILIAN etymology, as Pan was the protector of flocks from wolves. DRYDEN, CONINGTON, and CRANCH escape this philological question in a very effectual manner, and that is by ignoring the words in the text.

[2] It is worthy of remark here that, in this first mention of the comparative topography of the Roman city, we are shown that the improvements of the city began in the primitive ages in its central portion, on the Capitoline and Janiculan Hills. Evander, in establishing himself on the Palatine, had carried the march of improvement to the eastward. Romulus brought it again to the westward. His successors carried it still further to the westward, until the comparatively modern improvement of the Field of

And passed the Rock Tarpeian, and came next
Unto the Capitolian Hill, which now
Of gold all is, but then was rough with rocks
And briers. For then a wild religious awe 350
The place controlled; at times the woods and rocks
Themselves were terrified. "A God," he said,
"What God uncertain is, had here his home,
Here in this grove, this mount with foliaged heights.
E'en our Arcadians deemed that here they saw
Great Jove himself, that here he oft would shake
The ægis with his dread right hand, and drive
The clouds in storms. Besides as look ye round, 355
Ye here behold two towns with separate walls
And evident old remains and monuments left
Of men of times long gone. Yon height its walls
To Father Janus owes, and this lays claim
To Saturn as its king. Yon height, therefore,
Janiculum since is called, Saturnia this."

Mars and the Quirinal and Vatican Hills have made Rome follow, in its westward course, the star of empire, in every sense, spiritual and temporal. Her spiritual authority is enthroned on the Vatican, her temporal on the Quirinal; while her people occupy the Field of Mars, and her eastern hills are heaps of ruins. Her Capitol has followed the same law of change, and whereas, in the time of Augustus and of the Antonines, it faced towards the east, it now faces towards the west. Even in the time of the Antonines the Palatine shared with the Capitol the praises of CLAUDIAN. He exults, in verses worthy of the Augustan age, over the majesty of the Palatine lifting its regal summits, stamped with the impress of imperial power, over the subject Forum, with its rostrums and porticoes and monuments of the Gods; while on the Capitol he sees crowded temples, colossal statues, beaming bronzes, alternating with long lines of polished columns, —the art and labor of man piling up grandeur to the heavens,—and the wealth of conquered nations lavished in endless pomp of ornament, so that the view stuns with its metallic fire, and the imagination palls before a scene swelling with such magnificence of overflowing gold.

'Midst talk like this they to the homestead came
Of poor Evander, and around they saw 360
On all sides herds where now with marble gleams
The Roman Forum and Carinæ's Street.[1]
And, at the door arrived: "This door," he said,
"Hath ushered in victorious Hercules' bulk,
E'en such a form of royalty's domes as this.
And hearken, guest, do thou, too, wealth despise,
And do thou, also, emulate, awed, a God, 365
And turn not sour from our poor state away."[2]
He said, and 'neath his humble roof-tree led
The huge Æneas in, and for his use
A couch he placed formed of the forest leaves

[1] "'Midst the rough relics of Carinæ's street
E'en now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed, as erst
There piped the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When the humble roof Anchises' son surveyed
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king!"

DYER, *Ruins of Rome.*

[2] "Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo."
"Dare to be poor; accept our homely food
Which feasted him; and emulate a God."

DRYDEN.

In his epistle dedicatory of the Æneid to his friend and patron Lord Mulgrave, DRYDEN declares that no modern language, no poet, can express what the British laureate styles "the majestic beauty" of this passage. "For my own part," he continues, "I am lost in admiration of it. I contemn the world when I think on it, and myself when I translate it."

Whereupon SYMMONS, with dry wit, proceeds to say: —

"PITT, possibly, *was not molested with any similar feeling* when he translated it: —

'Thou, too, as nobly raise thy soul above
All pomps, and emulate the son of Jove.'"

SYMMONS' own words are: —

"Dare to spurn wealth, and like the god be great.
Ah! kindly take the welcome of the poor."

And hide of Libyan bear. The night came on,
And all the earth in its dark wings embraced.
But, like a mother, Venus, not in vain 370
By threats Laurentine moved, and by the din
Of tumult's rising wrath, for him, her son,
Solicitous made,[1] the business thus begins
Her husband's golden room and bed within;
And through her accents love divine she breathes:
"Whilst wasting were in war the Greekish kings
Ill-fated Troy and her devoted walls
Beneath the assaults of foemen doomed to sink, 375
Aid for the wretched have I never begged
Nor arms thy power and skill can make. Nor thus,
My dearest husband, did I, could I, wish
That thou in vain thy powers should exercise,
Altho' I much indebted was to Priam's sons,
And my Æneas' labors oft bewailed. 380
Now by Jove's high commands[2] upon the coasts
He landed hath of the Rutulian king.
And so, this same considerate wife of thine,[3]
Doth come a suppliant meek, and of thy will,
Which sacred is to her, she armor begs,

[1] COOPER well remarks that while VIRGIL, in the episode of the Shield of Æneas, imitates HOMER's episode of the Shield of Achilles, yet that VIRGIL shows himself superior to HOMER in dignity of sentiment. It may be observed, however, that the rival poets had (apart from their common purpose of illustrating maternal solicitude) dissimilar purposes in view. HOMER's purpose was to enforce and illustrate the duty of gratitude. VIRGIL's purpose was to enforce and illustrate conjugal confidence and domestic happiness. VIRGIL's higher purpose raised his muse to a loftier plane.

[2] "Imperiis." The plural.

[3] "Eadem."

A mother for her son. Thee Nereus' child,[1]
And thee Tithonus' spouse, could bend by tears.[2]
Behold the banded peoples, and behold, 385
Behind their gates fast-closed, how they the sword
Make sharp for war against my son and me,
And against all o'er whom he rules as king."
Thus did she speak, and then, now here, now there,
About the hesitating man her arms
Their snowy softness folded, and him held
In warm embrace of love. And soon he caught
The flame accustomed, and the well-known heat 390
His marrow entered, and his bones throughout
Ran swift ; not otherwise than when the chink[3]
Of brilliant fire torn by the thunderbolt
Races the clouds across with reddening light.
Perceived it well the wife, proud of her tact,
And conscious of her charms. Then overcome
By such a might of love the Father speaks :
"Why seekest thou for causes from afar? 395
When failed in *me* thy trust, my Goddess fair?
If such thy cares had been and right it were
That I for Teucrians sacred arms should forge,
Nor the Almighty King nor Fate forbid,
Priam I might have saved through ten years more.[4]
And, now, if thou dost hearten to the war, 400
If such thy mind is, to maintain this cause,

[1] Thetis, Vulcan's benefactress, at whose request Vulcan made armor for her son Achilles.

[2] Aurora, for whom Vulcan made armor for her son Memnon.

[3] "Ignea rima micans."

[4] Ten years, the duration of the siege of Troy.

Whate'er of aid I promise can, my art
Shall give. 'T is yours: whate'er with glowing steel,
Or molten mass of gold and silver fused,[1]
'T is possible to make, as much as fire
And genius [2] may avail.[3] Ask thou no more,
But be thou glad in all thy sovereign powers."
These words he spoke, and gave the embraces sought, 405
And placid sleep upon his limbs came down,
As spread at length he lay in quiet rest,
Within her bosom all his fondness poured.
Then, when had driven soft sleep the first repose
From the mid portion of the night now gone,[4]
And leaves the bed that woman who sustains 410
The burden, by her family cares imposed,

[1] "Electro." Electrum, according to Pliny, was one part silver and four parts gold.

[2] "Animæ." The VIRGILIANS, without exception, imagine that this is *wind from the bellows*. I do not understand it to have any such restricted and technical meaning. Anima means *the* air, *the* life, *the* mind, *the* soul, in their widest and most unrestricted senses. A fair poetical modern equivalent is genius. *This*, then, I may claim as a new reading.

[3] "Valent." "Quantum ignes animæque valent." There is great art, on the part of Virgil, in using the word "valeo" in this connection. For the ancient, mysterious, sacred name of Rome was *Valentia*."

[4] SYMMONS, ANTHON, and PIERCE make this industrious mother of a family to rise "*at midnight*." I do not think that this exceptionally early hour is called for by the Latin text. The text says that the first sleep and two thirds of the night were gone. In summer the night commences at eight and ends at five. This would make the hour of rising after three o'clock, say four, which is early daylight.

DRYDEN: —

"Now when the night her middle race had rode,
The time when early housewives leave the bed . . ."

The jockeys will not object to the metaphor.

Life by the distaff[1] to support, and home
By wise Minerva's easy arts to cheer,
The embers kindles, and the dormant fires
Revives, night adding to her work, and schools
To spinning by the aid of lights her maids,
To each of whom her long day's wool she weighs,[2]
That she may chaste preserve her husband's bed
And train aright her little children up.
Nor otherwise, nor at a later hour,
Arose the Lord of Fire, the Ignipotent;[3] 415
Arose from his soft place of rest, and sought
With eager heart his forges and his fires.
From out the sea, the sea for marvels famed,

[1] "Colo." Ignored by MORRIS. See note on penso below.

[2] "Longo exercet penso." The Latin word "penso" requires an English line. Pensum, from pendo, was the wool weighed out to a slave to spin in a day.

The VIRGILIANS slight pensum. They say the housewife "keeps her maidens toiling at a ceaseless task," or "at a long task," or "at a task;" but VIRGIL distinctly tells us what that task is, and that it is not ceaseless, but just as long as an industrious day's work of spinning. This was his homely and simple idea of the employment of a frugal household in the old Roman times. DRYDEN ignores both longo and penso. He says, in terms not VIRGIL's, which lead to the suspicion that DRYDEN himself was not an early riser: —

"With yawning mouths, and with half-opened eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light."

PITT's word is "task." He ignores longo. He mentions the distaff.

SYMMONS' word is "tasks." He ignores both longo and the distaff.

CONINGTON's word is "tasks." And he, too, ignores longo. He mentions the distaff as part of Minerva's arts.

MORRIS's phrase is "long tasks." He does not mention the distaff.

PIERCE: "Weary tasks." Weary as a paraphrase of longo. He mentions the distaff as part of Minerva's arts.

CRANCH: "Tasks." He thus ignores longo; although he mentions the distaff as part of Minerva's arts.

COOPER and ANTHON make no comment.

[3] "Ignipotens." The Fire-Powerful. A new word.

Between the shore Sicilian and the mounts,
Which crown the heights Æolian, Lipari called,
An island rises steep with smoking rocks
Beneath which spreads its chambers a vast cave [1]
Whence sounds Ætnean deep and din remote 420
Through Cyclops' chimneys seek the upper air,
And anvils ring 'neath mighty strokes laid on,
And hiss the sparkles [2] dashed through caverns dusk
Where, wrought in various forms, the Chalybs' steel
Upon the stithy glows,[3] and sends the fire

[1] "Quam subter specus." Such underground passages rest not merely in poetic imagination. They exist on Ætna, and probably existed long before the date of Troy. They appear to have been produced by the hardening, and consequent shrinking, of the lava discharged, or by the substance of the mountain torn out from its foundations and through its sides by the volume and impetus of the lava-flow. Certain it is that near Nicolosi, not far from the Monti Rossi (the Red Mountains), one of these great passages may be seen, called the Fossa della Palomba (Caverns of the Rock-Pigeons), which leads from cavity to cavity, and (by means of ladders placed and fixed there), down precipice after precipice, to a great gallery ninety feet long and fifteen to fifty broad, beyond and beneath which there is still a passage leading to caverns of unknown depth and extent. — FERRARA, *Descriz. dell' Ætna.* The walls and roofs of these great vaults are composed of rough and bristling scoriæ, revealing forms the most fantastic. — LYELL, *Principles of Geology.*

[2] I have this phrase from MORRIS: —

" . . . And through the cave the hissing sparkles fly
From iron of the Chalybes . . . '

[3] And this from some poet whose name I cannot recall, perhaps SIR WALTER SCOTT: —

" O teach them, while their lessons last,
To judge the future by the past,
The mind to strengthen and anneal
While on the stithy glows the steel."

It may be that I should add I am indebted to LORD LYTTON for the expression

" Breathings low and hoarse,"

as the equivalent of

" Fornacibus ignis anhelat."

From furnaces hot its breathings low and hoarse,
Vulcan's own house, the place Vulcania called.
  And thither, then, from lofty heavens descends
The Ignipotent. In their vast cave their work
The Cyclops [1] 'midst the clang of iron push on,
Brontes [2] and Steropes,[3] and nude of limb 425
Pyracmon.[4] Held their hands a thunderbolt
Such as great Jove to earth hath oft from heaven
Cast down, but yet not wholly formed, not yet
In all parts polished. Thereto they had joined
Three darts of twisted rain,[5] and three of cloud 430
That water holds, of red fire three, and three
Of wingèd winds.[6] And busy were they then
In mingling for the work terrors supreme
With splendor, uproar, fear,[7] and wrath and flames.
And there another party Mars his car

My English words were suggested by his superb word-picture in *The Lady of Lyons*:—

> "Murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
> I' the midst of roses."

[1] From κύκλος, and ὤψ, eye.

[2] From βροντή, thunder.

[3] From στεροπή, lightning.

[4] From πῦρ, fire, and ἄκμων, anvil.

[5] "Imbris torti." The favorite translation is *hail*. See the next note.

[6] Four triplets are here. The *hail*, instead of twisted rain, seems to be introduced by the VIRGILIANS to make each group of darts represent a season. But the rain, the cloud, the flash, and the wind are common to all the seasons, and I cannot see that it was the intention of our poet to share the darts around among the four.

DRYDEN says "writhen rain," and MORRIS "writhen storm." They evidently did not think it right to construe the rain of a cyclone to be hail, in order to support a fanciful theory about seasons.

[7] "Sonitumque, metumque." As just below, on line 490, we read, as part of the fearful intonations of a revolt: "Ipsumque, domumque." The future epic poet of America can, with the same effect, make use of our indigenous word "Tecumseh." And this epic poet will arise.

And flying wheels was framing, through whose aid
He men doth stir and cities. So were some
The ægis, horror-bearing armor fierce 435
Of Pallas, when her warlike mood she wears,
In mutual rivalry keen of workmanship,
With scales of serpents finishing and gold,
And writhing reptiles, and the very face
Of her the Goddess Gorgon, in its midst,
With neck dissevered, and with turning eyes.[1]
"Lay all aside," he said, "postpone your work
Begun, Ætnean Cyclops, and hereto 440
Your minds apply. Arms for a man of might
Now must ye make.[2] Now need of strength there is,
And rapid hands, and all art's mastery shrewd.
Throw headlong all delays."[3] No more he said,
But quickly all fell to, and equally nerved,
The labor shared. Flows bronze[4] in streams, and flows 445
The golden ore,[5] and in a furnace vast
Melts the vulnific[6] steel. And plan they out
A huge shield's scope, one which shall match all spears

[1] The skill with which Vulcan's automatons were made the poets do not forget.

[2] "Arma acri facienda viro."
Arma virumque cano.

[3] "Precipitate moras."

[4] "Æs." Bronze. A composition of copper and tin. Not brass, which is a composition of copper and zinc. This seems a very proper place to renew this suggestion.

[5] "Aurique metallum."

[6] "Vulnificus." Wound-making.

That Latin men may hurl, and orb on orb
They fold it seven times o'er.[1] Some air draw in
To windy bellows' depths, and drive it thence. 450
Some to the lake the shrinking bronzes touch,
And groans the cavern vast with anvil-strokes.
Sounds roar, arms raise, blows clang, clang in chorus;
And quick clip, turn, beat they the flat masses.[2]

[1] The imagination of the ancients attached great value to the number seven. The days of creation were seven. The Pleiades, wherein was and is supposed to be the centre of the universe, were seven. The original planets, seven. The original hills of Rome, seven.

[2] "Illi inter sese multa vi bracchia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam."

These two lines, with the κλαγγή γενετ' of HOMER, and the quadrupedante later on in our present Book, are the most perfect specimens of elaborate Onomatopoeia, or the making the word to represent the sound, to be found in all literature.

These two lines reproduce perfectly, first, the sounding ringing notes of the heavy sledge-hammers, and, next, the rapid and clattering notes of the pole-hammer, in its several varieties of the pin-hammer, fuller, and swedge.

It may be noted that, for the purposes of the Anvil Chorus in the Opera of *Il Trovatore* (The Troubadour), the anvil and the sledges are brought upon the stage; but the management, for reasons doubtless satisfactory to themselves, omit the minor accessories of the pole, pin, and swedge. At least, such was my observation, on my last opportunity of hearing this delightful opera.

VIRGIL quotes the lines from himself. We have met with them in the Fourth Georgic (lines 161 to 175), in describing the laborious industry of the *bees*, "if it be lawful," he explains, "to compare small things with great." That portion of this description not quoted here he has quoted in the First Book of the Æneid, line 430.

The first line will be *imitated* by VIRGIL in the Twelfth Book (line 720), in his description of the single combat between Æneas and Turnus: —

"Illi inter sese multa vi vulnera miscent."

And he imitates both from his battle of the bulls in the Third Georgic.

In the Greek tongue words onomatopoetic were frequent. Take this familiar example. The doors of the Greeks opened outwardly towards the street; and the custom was, in going out, to rap upon the door, that persons passing might have notice that the door was about to be opened. This usage of knocking from within they called πατάσσειν. To knock from without was called κόπτειν. The words here seem peculiarly to represent the

While so upon the Æolian shore speeds well
The Lemnian Father, call the lovely dawn 455
And morning song of birds [1] Evander forth
From out his humble home. Rises at once
The venerable man, and on his limbs
His tunic draws, and round his sandals winds
The Tyrrhene [2] thongs. To side and shoulder then
His Tegeæan [3] sword he fastens, and a hide
Stripped from a panther [4] on his neck he throws,

sound. It may be observed, too, that we have our word *door* from their word θυρα, through the German Thur.

"Now, jolly swains! the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
Of high Brigantium, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil and the glaring mass,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the steel."

DYER's poem of *The Fleece*, Book I.

Brigantium was the ancient name of Sheffield.

[1] "Evandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitat alma,
Et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus."

SOPHOCLES, VIRGIL, and MILTON, voluble in ages and nations widely remote, with strains pure and musical as those of the birds they emulate, delight alike to sing this charm of the morning: —

"Soon as the early birds proclaim on high
That bright Aurora mounts the pearly sky,
Our plans we must concert."

LONGWORTH, *Electra of Sophocles, sub. init.*

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds."

Paradise Lost, Book IV. line 641.

[2] ANTHON says *Tuscan* thongs are intended; but when we consider that Tuscany was on the Tyrrhene Sea, this seems a distinction without a difference. VIRGIL, like a poet, preferred to mention the sea.

[3] Tegeæus was a city of Arcadia.

[4] "Panthera." But ANTHON and CRANCH say "leopard," on the ground that the panthera of the Latins is the πάρδαλις of the Greeks, and corresponds to the leopard, not the panther. This is a point in natural history which I care not to decide. I content myself with translating literally from VIRGIL.

And from his left lets down. As forth he walks, 460
Meet him two faithful dogs, the guards that stand
His palace-gate within, and on his way
Their master's steps attend. Then of his guest,
Æneas, room and bed the hero sought,
Remembering well his words and promised aid.
Nor was Æneas less of early hours 465
A friend than was the king. He was awake
And up. Came with the one Pallas his son,
Came with the other stanch Achates forth.
Meeting they clasped right hands. They in the court
Which there the house adjoined, sit down to chat,
And gladly taste of mutual speech the sweets.
And first the king:[1]
"Of Teucrian leaders greatest, ne'er will I, 470
Whilst thou art safe, Troy's might or realms
Confess to be o'ercome. Yet help from us
Cannot advantage much the struggle vast.
To such a name our strength in war is slight.
Here by a Tuscan stream are we hemmed in,
And there upon us this Rutulian prince
His arms doth press, and e'en surrounds with sounds
Of war our walls. What I am now about 475
Is unto thee to join great peoples' strength,
Peoples whose camps abound in men and wealth.
This means of safety chance unhoped-for brings.

[1] "Rex prior hæc." An imperfect line. And the first instance of several in this and later Books of the Poem of an evident purpose on the part of the poet *to leave the line imperfect.*

And thither do thou go where call the Fates.
Not far from here a city is, built up
From ancient rock, Argylla named, whereto
From Lydia once a tribe of men there came 480
And 'midst the Etruscan mountains made their home.
The city, which had flourished many years,
At last a king, of haughty rule severe,
Mezentius called, with cruel arms oppressed.
How can I tell his slaughters, which defy
Speech to describe, how all his tyranny tell?
May them the Gods reserve for him and his!
Yea, he would join the corpses of the dead 485
With living men, hand unto hand attached,
And mouth to mouth, (most hideous torture foul!)
That so, embraced by horror and o'erflowed
With oozing gore and damps, through gradual woe
And festering grief they might long seek the arms
Of welcome death. But wearied out arose
At length his people, frenzied at such deeds
Unspeakable, and taking arms, besiege 490
His house and him,[1] quick shear his comrades' heads
From off their shoulders, and upon his roofs
Cast fire. He, 'midst the slaughter, to escape
Contrived into Rutulian fields, and now
By arms of Turnus he defended is,
As would be by a host a guest. And so,
In righteous rage all Tuscany's homes are roused,
And, with array of present Mars, the king 495

[1] "Ipsumque domumque."

For punishment dire demands. Æneas, thee,
These thousands to command, I do appoint.
Drawn up along the whole shore rave their ships,
And, for advancing orders, call aloud.
But holds them back an augur stoop'd with age,
Who thus the Fates declares: 'Mæonian peers,
And flower of veteran troops, and valorous men, 500
Whom 'gainst the foe a righteous grief impels,
And whom Mezentius goads to noble rage:
Beneath the lead of no Italian forth
To battle should we go, but from abroad
Your leaders ye should choose.' Then sat again
The Etruscan host its camp within, o'erawed
By warnings come from heaven. Tarchon himself
To me sent orators smooth[1] the crown to bring 505
And sceptre of their realm, and ask that I
The insignia would accept, and rule their camps
And mount the Tyrrhene throne. But me the frost
Of tardy age and lack of former strength
Begrudges rule. My son I would have urged, 510
But he, of Sabine mother born, his race
From blood Italian doth in part derive.
But thou, to whom are kind the Fates in years
And race, and whom the will of Heaven doth call,
Do thou go forth, O leader, brave and strong,
Of Teucrian mingled with Italian hosts!
Pallas, besides, I will to thee attach, 515
Pallas, the hope and solace of our life.
Let him 'neath thee as master learn to bear
The life of camps, the heavy work of Mars,

1 "Oratores." "Sweet speakers," "sweet-mouthed men." — MORRIS.

And see thy deeds, and learn from his first years
Thee to admire. Arcadian knights, besides,
Two hundred will I give, my choicest, all,
And Pallas, in his name, as many more."
Scarce had he spoken, and while still bowed down 520
The faces were of both, Anchises' son,
Æneas, and that one, his faithful friend,
Achates, in their gloomy hearts hard things
Revolving sad, when Cytherea's care
From opening heaven[1] a sign gave forth. For now,
All unforeseen, from out the air shone down 525
Splendors that trembled with vibrations strange,
And came down sounds, and all things on the earth
Seemed whelmed in sudden wreck, and roared, throughout
The trembling air that sent the echoes round,
The clangor of the Tyrrhene trumpet-blast.
And look they upward. And again the crash
Tremendous! And again! And arms they see
An opening cloud within, gleaming in light serene
With reddening glare, and see that thence proceed
The wondrous sounds.[2] Stunned are the minds of all. 530
But knew the sound the Trojan hero well,
And well in mind he bore the promise made
By her his Goddess-mother. Then he said:

[1] "Cœlo aperto." From the opened sky.

[2] Venus is bearing through the sky to Æneas the armor made by Vulcan. She will appear again just below, at line 608.

"No need hast thou to seek, mine honored host,
What means this prodigy great. It is because
That I by heaven am called! This sign declared
The Goddess who me bore that she would send
If war its front should raise, and she declared
That arms by Vulcan made unto my aid . 535
She through the air would bring . . .[1]
Alas! for all the slaughters that impend
Upon Laurentum's wretched citizens rash!
What penalties heaped to me shall Turnus pay!
How many shields of men and helmets proud
And bodies of the brave, beneath thy waves
Blood-red, O Father Tiber, shall be rolled!
War they demand and treaties trample down." 540
And saying this he from his lofty throne[2]
Arose and, first, the altars, smokeless now,
Again enkindles with the sacred fires
Of Hercules' feast, and adds, of yesterday's shrines,
The Lar and little penetralian Gods.
And, as the custom was, two yearling lambs
Evander slew; and lambs the men of Troy
Chose out and slew, the darlings of the flock.

[1] "Laturam auxilio." An imperfect line, which the immediate context leads me to suppose marks an emotional pause.

[2] "Solio se tollit ab alto."

VIRGIL may refer to the maple throne whereon Evander seats Æneas on his first reception of him. Line 178. Or he may refer to a custom still prevalent in Greece and among people of Grecian derivation, of giving visitors of rank a high seat. Such a seat, provided with a footstool, Charis gives to Thetis when she comes to ask of Vulcan arms for Achilles: —

"So saying she introduced and to a seat
Led her with argent studs bordered around
And *foot-stooled* sumptuously."

COWPER, *Iliad*, 18, 480.

Thence onward pass the Trojans to the ships 545
Their comrades to revisit, and from them
Those excellent found in valor to choose out,
Who, as a guard, their chief shall close attend.
The rest are on the level water borne
And slowly float upon the favoring stream,[1]
To bring unto Ascanius tidings back 550
Of how the mission prospered and his sire.
To those remaining, who the Tyrrhene fields
Are now about to seek, are horses given,
The choice one to Æneas, o'er him thrown,
And covering all his form, a royal hide
Wherefrom resplendent hang the golden claws
Which wore in wilds remote of orient lands
A tawny lion huge and high of heart.
Quick flies the news the little city through,
That knights at once depart, the shores to seek 555
Where ruled Tyrrhenian realms the hated king.
And now in fear their prayers the mothers say
Again and yet again; dread seems more near
To danger now to press; and larger seems
Mars' mighty form to grow.[2] Then clings he fast,
Father Evander, to the grasped right hand
Of him about to go, and cannot get
His full of weeping sore,[3] and such things says:

[1] "Segnisque secundo defluit amni."
There is extraordinary art in this mention of this slow progress, as of men reluctant to leave their chief even upon a river the tutelary deity of which they knew to be friendly to their cause.

[2] "Et major Martis jam apparet imago."
"The fiery breath of Mars is on the air."
LONGWORTH, *Electra of Sophocles*, p. 85.

[3] "Great men are great weepers" is a saying attributed to the Greeks.

"Oh, if to me the years would Jove bring back, 560
That once again I might be as I was
When 'neath Præneste's walls their strong array
I scattered to the winds, and sent to Tartarus down,
With this right hand, King Erulus' ghosts, to whom
In birth Feronia, who him bore, three lives
Had given (the thing is horrible to say) 565
So that three times I made upon him mine assault
And stretched the man three times in bloody death!
Yea, from him this right hand took all his lives
And stripped as often from him all his arms:
Then from thy sweet embrace, my son, would I
Forever not be torn, nor would, unchecked,
Mezentius vile this head of mine have wronged, 570
With outrage huge our sister state oppressed,
So many deaths beneath his sword have heaped,
And thinned the city of its noblest men.
But ye, O Gods! and, chiefly, thou, O Jove,
Of all the Gods the ruler and the chief,
Kind towards a king Arcadian mercy show
And hear a father's prayers. If your high will,
If heavenly Fates, to me my Pallas safe 575
Reserve; if I shall live his coming back
To see, I pray for life. How long soe'er
Its labors may endure, I am content.
But if, O Fortune, thou in store some chance,
Some bitter chance, for him dost hold,
Now, now, oh, let me now, this cruel life
Break off, whilst cares in doubt are hung, whilst hope 580

Uncertain of the future is, whilst thee,
Dear boy, the sole and latest joy which now
Unto my life remains, I in my arms inclose;
For sure no heavier news could wound mine ear."[1]
These words on their last tarrying poured he forth,
A father o'er his son. The ready arms
Of loving servants bore him fainting in.[2]
And now had passed the open gates the troop, 585
Among the first Æneas and his friend
Achates, justly faithful called, and then
The other Trojan nobles, in their midst
Pallas himself, conspicuous for his cloak
And pictured arms. Such was he as the star
Before the other fires of heaven's wide orb 590
By Venus loved, bright Lucifer's self, what time
He pours his glory up from Ocean's bed,
And in the skies his sacred head holds high
And darkness far dispels. Stand on the walls
The trembling mothers sad, and, with their eyes,
The dusty cloud pursue, and ranks that beam
With bronze. But straight they onward press through field
And wood, where'er the way suits best their course. 595
Shouts rise, and, as in battle-line they ride,

[1] This speech, as rendered by MORRIS, I regret to observe, is not up to MORRIS's usual standard of excellence. His renderings usually excite in me so much admiration that I feel privileged to make this remark.

[2] That portion of this Book of the Æneid relating to the visit of Æneas to Evander was translated, in blank verse, by COWPER; but this skillful translator and pleasing poet does not seem to have attained here his usual measure of success.

The hoof-crushed field the tramp of horses shakes
With sounds four-footed as they canter on.[1]
  A grove immense there is the cold stream near
Of Cæres, which by men of old was held
A sacred place, and so had wide renown.
On all sides hills encircle it, and dense
The forests rise of darkening pine around.
Fame so reports that men Pelasgian it 600
Unto Sylvanus, God of fields and flocks,
Had hallowed, men who here had earliest come

1 "Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum." "Putrem" has suggested to me the word "*tramp*," and "campum," "*canter*." There is hardly an English equivalent for the word "putrem." *Dusty* and *crumbling* are near only. I have concluded to try "*hoof-crushed*."

In Book the Eleventh, at line 875, VIRGIL varies this line sufficiently to describe the frightened stampede of cavalry in retreat: —

"Quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum."

As though he had said, "they ride on a plunging canter."

And, at the 714th line of the same Book, the Eleventh, he describes in similar words the unsuccessful flight of the son of Aunus and his steed from the deadly pursuit of Camilla: —

"Quadrupedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat."

And twice again, Twelfth Book, lines 340 and 533, our poet brings in the sound of horses' hoofs: in the first instance splashing through blood upon the battle-field: —

"Spargit rapida ungula rores
Sanguineos, mixtaque cruor calcatur arena."

In the second instance trampling to death their own master: —

"Crebro super ungula pulsu
Incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum."

He had already improved a similar opportunity in his description of a war-horse in the Third Georgic (line 87): the restiveness of the blooded animal fired by the noises of battle.

"Cavatque
Tellurem, et graviter sonat ungula cornu."

"He starts, he bounds,
Flies far the turf, scooped up with solid horn,
And heavily sounds beneath his hoofs the earth."

Of all who came the Latin bounds within.
Not far from here Tarchon his Tyrrhene troops
In guarded camp was keeping. From a height
Could be perceived each legion of his host 605
As through the fields it spread abroad. And here
Father Æneas comes, he and his guard,
The chosen guard for battle's perils picked,
And, weary, give their horses and themselves [1]
The care which nature claims in her fatigues.
But came she down among the ethereal clouds,
Venus, the peerless Goddess, with her gifts,
And when her son she saw, a valley low 610
Retired within, and secret by the stream
That purled, with cool waves, by, thus affably close
Before his eyes she came, and sweetly spoke:
"Lo, finished are the gifts by promised art
Of husband mine. No hesitation more
Shall hold thee back from challenging now
Laurentum's warriors proud to battle-strife,
Or valiant Turnus' self." She said, and sought, 615
The beauteous Cytherea, of her son
The glad embrace, and placed the radiant arms
Against an oak-tree growing there at hand.
He, with the gifts delighted, and [2] o'erwhelmed

[1] "Fessique et equos et corpora curant." It may be observed that the horses are named first.

[2] "Ille Deæ donis *et* tanto lætus honore."

ANTHON cannot see the force of the *and*, and thinks it superfluous. But not so. The arms pleased him, and so did the embrace of the Goddess. This is evidently the meaning of VIRGIL.

With ANTHON are DRYDEN, PITT, and CONINGTON; and against him are SYMMONS, MORRIS, CRANCH, PIERCE, and LONG. COOPER attempts no comment.

With such a wealth of honor granted him,
Could not enough of pride and glory feel.
His eyes o'er all the shining arms he pours,
And turns his hands within, his arms within,
The helmet terrible with crests and fierce 620
With belching flames; the sword[1] of Fate and blood
Prophetic; and the corselet, stiff with bronze,

[1] "Fatiferumque ensem." Since the time of VIRGIL no poet has lived that has not copied from him. And, manifestly, this fate-bearing, fate-directed sword is the original of many of the blades that shine in mediæval and modern minstrelsy: of SIEGFRIED'S BALMUNG and ARTHUR'S ESCALIBUR; of the MISTELSTEIN which drank the blood of thousands; of CHARLEMAGNE'S JOYEUSE, RENAUD'S FLAMBERG, and OLIVER'S ALTECLER, and the HAKON which cleft a mill-stone; of the CID'S TISONA and COLADA, and of ROLAND'S legendary DURANDAL, wielded with a stroke which divided sheer down the crest of the Pyrenees. These and a still ampler catalogue, prepared with a rare display of ensic industry by a recent writer for BLACKWOOD, are the names of famous swords, and they may all be embraced under the one name Ænean.

SIEGFRIED was king of the Nibelungen, whose story is told in the *Nibelungen Lied*. By his sword BALMUNG, as we learn from CARLYLE (in his review of this *Lied* in the *Westminster Quarterly*, 1831), also hangs a tale. Doubtless, it was one of those invaluable weapons sometimes fabricated by the old northern smiths, compared with which our modern FOXES and FERRARAS and TOLEDOS are mere leaden tools. VON DER HAGEN seems to think it simply the sword MIMUNG under another name; in which case SIEGFRIED'S old master, MIMER, had been the maker of it, and called it after himself, as if it had been his son. Of MIMUNG the Scandinavian chronicles give the following account: A rival smith, AMILIAS, had boasted that he had made a suit of armor which no stroke could dint. AMILIAS challenged MIMER to equal that masterpiece of art or own himself second to him in skill. MIMER, so challenged, set about the forging of the sword MIMUNG. With it, when finished, he, in the presence of the king, cut asunder a *thread of wool* floating on water. This, to most smiths, would have seemed "a fair fire-edge;" but not so to MIMER. He sawed the blade in pieces; welded it in a red-hot fire for three days; tempered it with oatmeal and milk, "and, by much other cunning," produced a sword that severed a *ball of wool* floating on water. But he was not yet satisfied. He returned to his work-shop, whence, at the end of seven weeks, he emerged with a sword, tempered by means known only to himself, which split asunder a whole floating *pack of wool*. Then took place the competi-

Blood-red, and huge, and like an evening cloud
Which in the sun with depth of splendor burns
And far abroad its glowing brilliants throws;
And then the greaves, smooth with their silver-blend
And gold fine-wrought; the spear; the shield, its depths 625
Of meaning wonderful and pomp of art,
Which all the power defies of words or thought.[1]
For here the Italian State, and here of men
In all her history long the triumphs were,
Brought from Ascanius down, and wars fought through
In order of the years. Such things had made
The Ignipotent, himself informed of all,

tive trial. In the presence of assembled thousands, AMILIAS, cased in his impenetrable coat of mail, sat down on a bench and gave the order to MIMER to fall on with his sword. Mimer rose to the blow, and the sword descended. AMILIAS immediately said: "I do have a strange feeling, something like the feeling of cold iron down through my body." "Shake thyself," said MIMER. The shake was given; the defeated AMILIAS fell into two halves, the sword having neatly cleft him sheer through from collar to thigh. He had swung his last hammer in this world.

[1] "Arms newly forged they see, to a tall elm
Against the rising moon suspended high,
Whence sparkling gems, upon the gilded helm
And mail, shed fire as from a star-lit sky:
Near as they draw, much rich-wrought imagery,
Footmen and knights that on war-horses ride,
On the vast shield emblazoned they descry.
. . . . . .
From the old Roman source in ancient days,
The Lords stand crowned with laurel; one by one
The hoary sage selects them, and displays
Their wars and glorious deeds, and points his speech with praise."

TASSO's description of the Invulnerable Armor of Rinaldo, in the 16th Canto. — WIFFEN.

Of prophecies old that seers and poets sung,
And of the events to come, which well he knew.
The wolf he there had made, and Mars' twin babes, 630
Which there she in a cave with fond care nursed.
The boys hung, playing, to her udders swart,
And, unalarmed, their foster-mother sucked,
While she, her thin neck curved, them watched with pride,
And, turn by turn, their baby bodies licked.[1]
Nor far thence Rome; and, in a valley set, 635
The Sabine maids in lawless manner stolen,
While, in a circus great, the sports went on;
And then, at once, the coming on of war
With old King Tatiüs and the Cures rough.[2]

[1] "The gaunt and rugged wolf
Turned her stretched neck, and formed your tender limbs."
DYER, *Ruins of Rome.*

[2] "Curibusque severis." By this designation VIRGIL intimates that in the midst of the pomps and flatteries of a court he had not forgotten the simplicity and dignity of the Roman Senate, nor those cherished initials connecting it with Cures, initials constituting a badge in heraldry yet venerated in the Roman Capitol: —

S. P. Q. R.

In a note to the Fourth Georgic, at line 201, I have had occasion to remark upon these initials, and I may pause now to remark, in the presence of the prophetic shield, upon the awe which the very name of this august body inspired throughout the world. The anecdote related by LIVY, it seems to me, has much force in illustrating the dignity and power of the Senate as delegates of the Roman people. Antiochus the Great was in the midst of his career of triumph, and the Senate, interested for one of his antagonists, Ptolemy, sent to Antiochus a letter commanding him to withdraw his forces from Egypt, and entrusted the delivery of the letter to one of their number, Caius Popilius Lænas. Popilius approached the conqueror, who offered the senator his hand, which Popilius declined.

"I have a letter for you," said Popilius, delivering the letter.

Antiochus read the letter, which is said to have contained only three words, and said, "I will consider of it."

But after this (the strife to ending brought),
Stand Romulus huge and Tatius forth, (full-armed 640
As yet,) before Jove's shrine, and holding each
A sacred cup, and leagued by mutual oaths
Made sacred by a porcal sacrifice.[1]
Not far therefrom Metus by horses dragged,
(Oh, Alban, hadst thou to the truth adhered!)
And Tullus there the liar's red entrails dashed
Throughout the woods, where to the leaves they clung 645
Like bloody dew. Then stood Porsenna forth,
Commanding Rome to take her Tarquin back,
And 'gainst her pressing with a grievous siege;
And there Æneans rushed 'gainst hostile swords.
Indignant there he seemed, and dark with threats
That Cocles should have dared the bridge defend, 650
And Clelia burst her bonds and swim the stream.
Upon the fortress' height, before the gate
Of Jove's high temple, he had Manlius placed,
Tarpeia's guard, who held the Capitol's towers.
Rough with its Romulean thatch there stood

Thereupon Popilius, with a wand or walking-stick, made around Antiochus a circle in the sand, and said: "You will consider and answer before you come out of that circle."

Amazed at the boldness of the ambassador, Antiochus hesitated; but, after a moment's reflection, said, "I will obey the commands of the Senate."

"Then," rejoined Popilius, offering his hand, "I greet you as the friend of the Roman people."

[1] "Et cæsa jungebant fœdera porca."

And clinched the treaty with a slain porker. The sex here gives trouble in the Latin, the feminine being used, it is supposed, for the advantage of its terminal letter over the terminal letter of porco.

The royal hut, now moved from its old site.[1]
And here the silver goose, in porticoes high 655
Of gold, sung that the Gauls the threshold pressed,
And then the Gauls came on among the leaves
And had the fortress reached, by darkness helped,
And by the shadows hid. And golden shone
Their hair, and gold their dress. Bright shine their coats 660
Gay-striped. Their milk-white necks their golden chains
Hang round. Gleam in their hands two Alpine staffs,
And shields of ample length their limbs protect.
Here, by his art, the exulting Salii leaped.
Here priests Lupercal sung, with wool-tipped caps,
And shields let down from heaven. And matrons chaste 665

[1] "Romuleo recens horrebat regia culmo."

HEYNE regards this line as spurious; but WAGNER brings to the contrary opinion an able argument. ANTHON construes the word recens as new, bright, the shield being new, and the straw of the roof appearing in gold on the shield. But this is forced; and, besides, is not historical. The reeds which covered the old house were first green and then brown. They were never of the color of gold. The meaning, it seems to me, is that it had recently been placed there, having been removed from the Palatine, its original situation. I have myself stood on the original situation. No antiquary searches there for remains, for none exist there. The ground has always been, and is to-day, honored as the site of the shepherd's hut where Romulus was reared.

DRYDEN surrenders himself utterly to the straw and gold theory. The rest of the VIRGILIANS are not so sure. Some of them would seem to incline to HEYNE's side of the argument for the sake of convenience.

Gold and silver are conspicuously brought into the text two lines lower, as though to furnish a contrast: —

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus."

VIRGIL does not even say that this thatch *gleams*, as he does say, just below, of the Alpine staffs of the Gauls.

In cars luxurious there the sacred things
Throughout the city bore. And far therefrom
Tartarean seats he made, and yawning mouths
Of Dis, and punishments due to crime ; and thou,
O Catiline base, from rock impending hung
And trembling sore, in view of faces there
The Furies turn upon their prey assured. 670
And there, too, the devout were seen[1] apart,[2]
And laws was Cato giving unto them.
'Midst these there lay wide-spread the swelling sea.
Of gold it was, gold-blue, and with the blue
Were mingled crests of silvery foam, through which
The dolphins, silver-bright, in circling course,
Across the waves their way were cutting clear.
And in the midst were seen bronze[3] fleets 675
And Actian wars. Leucate, e'en, far off,
Seemed with the heat of war to glow as glowed

[1] The Under-World included both Tartarus and Elysium.

[2] "Secretosque pios." Secret, in its primitive sense of apart.

[3] The VIRGILIANS, as a body, erroneously, instead of bronze, say "brass." TASSO avoids the word. The whole passage in TASSO is noticeable as a mere translation of our text: —

"Near heaved a sea whose azure surface changed,
As close you looked, and into silver splashed;
Two adverse navies in the midst were ranged
For war — blue lightnings from the armor flashed;
In gold the bright and burning billows dashed,
And all Leucate did on fire appear,
Ere the beaks grappled, and the falchions clashed;
Augustus there all Rome, Antonius here
Brought up his Eastern kings and couched his Memphian spear.
You would declare the rifted Cyclades
Concurred, and mountains did with mountains jar,
When with their tower-like vessels those and these
Rushed o'er the brine, and shocked in mortal war . . ."

TASSO's description of the Bronze Work on the Doors of the Palace of the Sorceress in the 16th Canto. — WIFFEN.

With gold the sea.[1] Then on his lofty ship
Augustus Cæsar stands, into the fight 680
His brave Italians leading, leading, too,
The Fathers, People, penetralian Gods,
And Gods of great degree.[2] From out his brows,
Brows joyous with success, belch double flames,
And shines his country's star upon his crest.[3]
And there apart, by Winds and Gods beloved,
Leads forth his line Agrippa brave and true,
Upon whose brows war's splendid ensign shines
The naval crown. To these opposed, with arms 685
Of various tribes and heaped barbaric wealth,
Stood Antony forth a victor come from lands
Of dawn Auroral and the ruddy shore,[4]
And with him Egypt brings and mighty strength
Of Oriental kings and farthest powers
That Bactra owns; and follows him, O shame!
The Egyptian Queen his wife. The strife begins,
The rush of ships, the foaming of the sea

[1] "Auroque effulgere fluctus." Some of the VIRGILIANS, in despair of finding use for these words, except by tautology, have suggested that they were inserted by some skilless commentator to fill out an otherwise imperfect line. WEICHERT, JAHN, and WAGNER defend the authenticity of the words, and, in my opinion, with success. It should be remembered that Leucate was a promontory.

[2] "Cum Patribus, Populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Dis."

It is observable that VIRGIL gives the first mention to the Senate and People. This is only one instance among multitudes which tend to prove that patriotism is a stronger sentiment than religion.

[3] The Julian star: the star which, in the heavens, represented the soul of Cæsar. We have already seen the apotheosis and theopoïia of Cæsar referred to in the Pastorals Mœris and Daphnis, and in the Sixth Book of the Æneid, and that of Æneas in the First, and that of Augustus in the Sixth, Book of the Æneid, and in the Pastoral Tityrus.

[4] "Litore rubro." ANTHON says, nôt the shore of the Red Sea, but of the Indian Ocean, ἐρυθρὰ θάλασσα, Rubrum Mare.

Convulsed by oars brought down and triple beaks. 690
For honors high they strive.[1] Ye would believe
That Cyclades uptorn swam on the deep,
Or mountains lofty mountains met, such press
There was of men in towering ships who fought
From turrets high. From hands the ignited flax
Flies wide ; from bows and engines flies a stream 695
Of weapons dire. Neptunian fields blush red
With slaughter new.[2] And, in the midst, the Queen
Calls with her country's sistrum [3] all her host,
Nor yet beholds the serpents at her back.
Egyptian Gods of every monstrous race,
E'en strange Anubis [4] with his bark, are seen.
And barbarous darts they aim 'gainst radiant Gods,

[1] "Alta petunt." They seek high things. We met, in Book Fifth, line 508, the same phrase, and I have insisted on the same translation. Why say "They seek the high sea," or "the deep," when they were already there? It was not the sea they were seeking. They were seeking a victory.

DRYDEN, SYMMONS, CONINGTON, and CRANCH, as though for the purpose of avoiding the usual construction of these words, and by preference, ignore them. And PIERCE construes them: "They plow the deep," a thing he had already in substance said.*

[2] Commentators say "with the blood of the first onset." But this is a forced and unnecessary construction. It is better to assume that it was on account of the rareness of naval engagements on that part of the sea, or the fresh color of new blood.

[3] A war-rattle composed of metallic rods sliding in a metallic frame.

[4] Anubis is represented as having the head of a dog. So VIRGIL calls him "Latrator Anubis." It may be observed that the adjective "strange" is not in the original text. I know it. But the word is VIRGILIAN, and not only VIRGILIAN but Mosaic: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them and beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead Israel, and there was no strange God with him." — THE BIBLE OF THE PEOPLE, *The Song of Moses.*

* PITT: "Rush the fierce fleets to flight." PITT thus adopts a compromise.

'Gainst Neptune's self and Venus fair, and her,
Jove's daughter, Pallas, wise and chaste and brave.
And in the battle's midst Mars, clad in steel, 700
Stood forth in bold relief, and gloomy Fates
From out the air came down, and Discord glad
Came forth with fluttering garments rent, and her
Bellona followed with her bloody scourge.

These things observing, from above his bow
The Actian[1] Phœbus bent, and awed thereby, 705
Their backs turned Egypt and the Indies[2] all,
Arabia's forces, and the trusty keels
Which thither the Sabæans brought. The Queen
Unto the winds her sails was seen to give
And now, now, let the cordage slacken free.[3]
Her, among slaughters, dreading death to come
The Ignipotent had there made pale and wan 710
Borne from the fight by waves and Iapyx's breeze.[4]

[1] Apollo was so called from his temple on the promontory of Actium.

[2] In all ages, all remote and unknown tribes have been called Indians.

[3] "Et laxos jam jamque immittere funes."

[4] Iapyx was the most delightful of the winds of the Mediterranean. The happy Iapyx, as Horace calls it, came from the northwest, and brought to Europe the soft and balmy air of the Gulf Stream of the North American coast.

I may note here, too, the affectionate and fond appreciation which VIRGIL and HORACE possessed for each other. HORACE, in the third Ode of his First Book, calls VIRGIL the half of his soul; and on VIRGIL's making his voyage to Athens, invokes, for his pleasure, this sweet west wind and a safe sea: —

"So may the Goddess who rules over Cyprus,
So may the brothers of Helen, bright stars,
So may the Father of Winds, while he fetters
All save *Iapyx*, the breeze of the West,

"Speed thee, O ship, as I pray thee to render
Virgil a debt duly lent to thy charge
Whole and intact on the Attican borders,
Faithfully guarding the half of my soul."

LORD LYTTON'S *Translation.*

And there the Nile lay opposite sunk in grief
And spreading wide his breast and garments all
And to his branching streams and bosom sad
The conquered calling swift their course to bend.
But Cæsar, borne the Roman walls within,
'Midst all the glories which three triumphs gave,
Was unto Gods Italian rendering thanks, 715
And vows performing on three hundred shrines.[1]
These through the city testified its joy.
But joy shone everywhere, in games, in cheers,
In raging storms of cheers, which boiled where'er
The conqueror's chariot bore his form caressed.
In every temple Roman mothers sung;
At every altar Roman mothers stood;
At every shrine slain bullocks strewed the earth.
Himself on Phœbus' snowy threshold sat, 720
And there received of conquered peoples' wealth
The costly gifts, and them in order placed
Against the pillared temple's gates superb.
Pass on, in order long, the conquered tribes,
In dress and arms as various as in tongues.
Here had the skillful fashioner's [2] art set forth
The Nomad tribes and Africa's nude sons;
And here the Cari fierce, and Lelegi grim; 725
And here Gelonian clans who arrows bear.
Here flowed Euphrates with a milder stream.[3]

[1] VIRGIL in this exaggerates with poetic license. It remained for another era to make good his boast in the three hundred, probably four hundred, Christian altars now in Rome.

[2] "Mulciber." The softener, the moulder, or fashioner, the introducer of the civilizing arts.

[3] "Euphrates ibat jam mollior undis."

Here were Morini, most remote of men;
And here the Rhine which boasts its double horns;[1]
The Dahæ unsubdued; and the Araxes' waves,
Whose rage its Macedonian bridge destroyed.[2]
Such things, so spread on Vulcan's shield, the gift
Of her his parent, much his wonder move; 730
And, ignorant he of all their histories hid,
Fill him with deep delight their images traced;
While lifts he high as reach his shoulders broad
The fame and fortunes of the future Rome.

[1] The horn was a river emblem. Here, in token of double strength, the Rhine has two horns.

[2] VIRGIL's exquisite art is here again shown in a most effective manner at the very close of a brilliant description in which every incident of Roman greatness is invoked. He reserves, however, as skill in composition and in discourse requires, his best instances for his last. The great boast of Roman art and strength was in the construction of bridges. Pontifex Maximus, Chief Bridge-Builder, was, and is, her highest title of honor. Julius Cæsar, by the building of a single bridge, which almost as by magic spanned the Danube, had achieved the almost instantaneous conquest of the Trans-Danube tribes. And as this incident was fresh in the memory of VIRGIL's contemporaries, it was only necessary to mention the word to bring the incident to the minds of all. "The great Emathian conqueror" built bridges which, like his empire, passed away, felled by the first torrent. Such bridges and such an empire were not built by Romans.

TASSO, in the Sixteenth Canto of his *Jerusalem Delivered* paints upon the panels of Circe's palace-doors the Battle of Actium almost in the very words of VIRGIL.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., in his Harvard address at Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 28, 1883, expressed his dissatisfaction with all translators of the Greek and Latin classics, averring that they have not produced translations which vindicate the claim of these classics to a higher position in literature than that of their modern rivals. This sally, as a comparison, seems harsh, and is liable to the criticism of being dictated by too earnest a devotion to our boasted age, or by too much restiveness under the labors of Greek erudition, and is one which can hardly hope to stand, modern scholars themselves being the judges; but, as a rebuke to the translators, it cannot fail of producing desirable results.

BOOK THE NINTH, ENTITLED TURNUS.

ARGUMENT.

Juno apprises Turnus of the absence of Æneas, and urges an attack on the Trojan camp. Turnus attacks, but finding the camp, pursuant to the orders left by Æneas, closely intrenched, he fires the ships, which, being constructed of sacred wood, are by Jupiter, at the solicitation of Cybele, transformed into sea-nymphs. Turnus encamps, and, in his lines, long hours of revelry are succeeded by drowsy sleep. Nisus proposes to Ascanius and the other Trojan princes to be the bearer of dispatches to Æneas, a mission to which his youthful friend Euryalus insists on being attached. The night-council of the Æneans sends the two friends on their dangerous errand. They pass through the hostile camp, slaying the sleeping warriors as they go; but on the outer edge of the field meet reinforcements coming to the aid of Turnus, and are slain. A bloody day follows, wherein Turnus comes near achieving a victory.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

JUPITER, *the Supreme God of Olympus.*
APOLLO, *God of Prophecy.*
CYBELE, *Mother of the Gods.*
IRIS, *Messenger of Juno.*
ASCANIUS, *Son of Æneas.*
MNESTHEUS, ALETES, CAICUS, } *Trojan Commanders.*
NISUS, EURYALUS, } *Trojans, attached to each other by a devoted friendship.*
THE MOTHER OF EURYALUS.
PANDARUS, *a Trojan Giant.*
TURNUS, *King of the Rutuli.*
VOLSCENS, *a Latin Commander.*
NUMANUS REMULUS, *a Latin Prince.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Cretheus (the poet), Bitias (the giant); the Trojan, Tuscan, and Latin armies.

THE SCENE: *Olympus, the banks of the Tiber, fortifications of Æneas, field of battle.*

BOOK THE NINTH: TURNUS.

BUT while, in parts so distant, such affairs
Their progress made, down from the Olympian heights
Saturnian Juno unto Turnus bold [1]
The Goddess Iris sent. By chance he then
Within a grove was sitting which, in times
Gone by, had to his grandfather belonged,
Revered Pilumnus, and which now formed part
Of a cool vale made sacred to the Gods.[2]
To him, with mouth all roseate, her sweet words 5
Thaumantias, Wonder's daughter, thus gave forth:
"That which, O Turnus, unto vows and prayers

[1] "Irim de cœlo misit Saturnia Juno audacem ad Turnum."
The Latin furnishes a choice of the place for "audacem." One choice I have made. The other is: —

Saturnian Juno unto Turnus sent
The Goddess Iris bold.

VIRGIL was not incapable of a play upon words, and here seems a case in point.

[2] The fair inference seems to be that Grandfather Pilumnus had made a gift of this land to the people for religious uses.

No God would dare to promise, now, as turns
The day, lo! comes itself your hand within.
Æneas (city, comrades, fleet, all left)
Seeks out realms Pallantean, seeks out seats
Evander holds. Nay, more, as though enough 10
Were not such absence wide, the towns he seeks
Of Corythus the most remote, and there
The rustic bands he gathers up, and arms
Of Lydian men. Why doubtest thou? The time
Hot steeds demands! The time for chariots calls!
Break all delays! Seize thou their camps disturbed!"

She said; and in the sky herself on wings
Well-poised sustained, and as her flight she took,
Her arch immense she moved in beauty through. 15
The youth her knew; and to the stars both palms
He raised, and her, as gracefully thus she fled,
His voice pursued: "Iris, thou glory of the skies!
Who unto me hath thee from heaven dispatched?
And whence hath come this sudden light which now
So richly glows? I see the brilliant depths
Of inmost air. I see the stars that move, 20
Bright Wanderers[1] round the pole. And follow I
Such omens mighty, whosoe'er thou art
Who callest me to arms." And speaking thus,
He to the water went, and from its floods
The topmost wave which touched his ardent lips
He drank, and supplication much to Gods
He made, devout, and heaped with vows the air.

[1] "Palantesque polo stellas." The planets.

And now the army all into the fields 25
Went forth. And rich it was in steeds superb,
In heraldry rich and gold. Messapus led.
The rear in charge of Tyrrheus' sons was placed.
Commanded Turnus' self the middle lines.[1]
In silence moved the host, as moves the flood 30
The Ganges deep pours forth, its mighty force
Of waters fed by solemn rivers seven, or that
Which speeds the Nile, what time its fattening flow
Across the land it sends, and seeks its bed.
Here, all at once, a cloud, with thick dust black,
The Teucrians see, fast pouring o'er the fields.
And from a fronting height first Caicus' care 35
Calls out: "What mob of danger rolls, my friends,
In that black fog? Bring hither quick my sword!
Ho, there! Give out the arms! Haste! To the walls!
Behold the foe! Arouse!" The uproar rises high.
In come through all the gates the Teucrian force
And fill the walls. For so, departing thence, 40
Æneas, (excellent he in arms,) himself
Had orders left that, if such chance might rise,
They naught should hazard ranged in battle-line,
They naught unto the open field should trust,
But only keep the camp, and with its ditch
The walls preserve intact. Therefore, although

[1] Here occurs in the text a doubtful line: —

"Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice supra est."

Following MORRIS and CONINGTON, I omit this line. It is almost certainly an interpolation, being copied from the Seventh Book, line 784. It is probably the work of some annotator, — a marginal note which has crept into the text.

Upon the foe their hands to lay both shame and rage
Them moved, they closed the gates, the orders given 45
Obeyed, and in their hollow towers stood armed,
And waited there (with patience more or less)
The approach of Turnus' host. He flew the first
Before their tardier march, and with him came
A chosen guard of twenty valiant knights,
And reached the city's walls quite unforeseen.
Rode he a Thracian horse with spots of white, 50
And o'er his head a crested helmet rose,
Which shed afar its rays of golden red.
"Ho, knights!" he said, "who first with me the foe
Against . . .[1] There!" And in air a javelin[2] hurled,
The fight 's beginning, and full haughtily now
He bears him in the field. Take up the shout
His comrades all, and uproar horrible
Ensues.[3] Astounded are they at the hearts 55

[1] A dramatic pause. At the close of a full line: —

"'Ecquis erit mecum, juvenes, qui primus in hostem . . .?
En,' ait."

[2] So armies were summoned to surrender. So Hannibal, riding up to the walls of Rome, demanded its submission. The tradition even remains to modern times. Napoleon III., in welcoming the sovereigns of Europe to the Universal Exposition of 1867, forbade them to pass from the railway station to the Tuileries on horseback. The imperial coach was always at their service. I myself saw this etiquette observed on the occasion of the entry of the Czar into Paris on the first day of June, 1867, King William of Prussia, since Emperor of Germany, the while standing by my side on the trottoir, dressed as one incognito.

[3] The war-cry.

Inert the Teucrians show; that not abroad
Into the fields they come; that no display
Of arms the men attempt, but hug their camp.
Excited, here, excited, there, he rides.
And round the walls his horse he vainly spurs,
And seeks through wayless ways the craved approach.
Like to a wolf who hath in anxious siege 60
The sheep-fold full, he sore with winds and rain,
What time he rages at the doors, (the night
Already more than half o'erpast, the lambs,
Meanwhile, beneath their mothers bleating safe,)
And, fierce with wrath and guile,[1] raves furiously
'Gainst those he cannot reach, while goads him on
Madness from hunger long,[2] and jaws all parched
For blood; so Turnus: walls and camp close-barred 65
On all sides watching, burns his fruitless rage
And eat his bones his grief that knows he not
By methods what he may approach attempt,
Nor by devices what cut out he may

1 "Ille asper, et improbus ira."

2 "Wicked-fierce against them, safe and near
He rageth; hunger-madness long a-gathering him doth wear.
Yearn his jaws all parched for blood beloved."

MORRIS.

"As the destroying wolf at midnight prowls
With eager hungry jaws and eyes of fire,
Round the penn'd fold, and disappointed growls
With fierce instinctive hate and native ire;
So goes Rinaldo, wild with the desire
To penetrate the fabric he surveys."

WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 19.

The Teucrians locked their valley safe within,
And pour them forth where equal chance might be.
  The fleet, which to the camp's side lay adjoined,
By earthworks fenced and flood of river's waves, 70
He now attacks, and on his comrades pleased
He calls for torches loud, and, fervid, fills
With flagrant pine his hand. Then fall they on,
By Turnus' leading urged, and all with brands
From every watch-fire stripped, surround the ships.
A smoky light the pitch-pine makes, and rise, 75
The stars towards, mixed cinders from the glow
Which Vulcan's power employed sends far and wide.

INVOCATION.

  What God declare, O Muses, fires like these
Hath from the Teucrians turned, and made secure
Their whole endangered navy, dreading now
The conflagration's grim and hungry tooth!
The fact is old, but faith hath kept it new,
And ne'er shall fade its fame in coming time.[1]

[1] "Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis."

DRYDEN: —
"The fact, through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith, yet shall the fame endure."

PITT: "The tale is old, yet of immortal fame."

SYMMONS: —
"Say! for the fact, believed by ancient days,
Immortal Fame through every age conveys."

CONINGTON: —
"The tale long since was told,
But fame is green, though fame be old."

MORRIS: "Old is the troth in such a tale, but never dies its fame."

CRANCH: —
"Though ancient the belief in this event,
The fame thereof forever shall endure."

When first in Phrygian Ida formed his fleet 80
Æneas, bent to try the sea's deep floods,
To Jove Supreme, 't is said, thus spoke, herself,
The Berecynthian Mother of the Gods :[1]
"Grant, son, unto me seeking, what dost ask
Thy parent dear of thee, now that is gained
Olympus.[2] Piney woods were mine beloved 85
Through many a year. A grove they were high-raised
In air, whence sacrifice arose, and dark
The place was with the resinous pine embossed
And lordliest maples' crown of foliage bright.
These glad I gave to him the hero[3] famed
Who leads the Dardan braves, when he, intent
On building for his plans a fleet, them asked.
Now me, solicitous, dread fear devours.
Dispel it thou, and to thy parent this 90

PIERCE: "Though proof be slim, the fact hath endless praise."
LONG: "Traditional
The tale, and yet eternal is its fame."

Thus PITT, PIERCE, and LONG ignore *fides*.

And TASSO ignores it in his story of Orcus let loose against the Crusaders, ignores it so far as TASSO's lines may be supposed to be a mere translation of VIRGIL'S:—

"Fame the tidings has rehearsed,
But, in the gloom remote of times grown gray,
Long ere it reach our ear, her weak voice melts away."
WIFFEN, Canto 4.

[1] Cybele.

[2] She had removed Saturn from the throne of Olympus, and placed Jove thereon in his stead.

[3] "Juveni." Another instance of the use of this word to indicate the possessor of distinguished heroism.

DRYDEN: "The Trojan prince."
CONINGTON: "The Dardan chief.'
CRANCH: "The Dardan warrior."
LONG: "The Trojan chief."

My prayer allow, that shaken they may be
By billows never, nor by winds o'ercome,
What storms soe'er may lower. Be this to them
Their proud advantage given, because they had
On mountains sacred, dear to us, their growth."
  To her her son made answer, he the stars
Who turns of all this world: "O Mother dear,
Whereto the Fates call'st thou?[1] Or in all this
What dost thou seek? Can ships by mortals made 95
Claim immortality's boon? And can, through all
Th' uncertain ills of life, Æneas run,
Secure to win at last? What God could claim
Of power so large a share?[2] Nay, be it thus:
That when, at close of all their voyages wide,
They shall in harbors rest, which they shall find
On far Ausonian coasts, and fierce in fight 100
Against their Dardan leader shall arise
Laurentum's lord, then shall I them who yet
From waves and storms survive of form deprive
That mortal is, and them immortal make.
To mighty Ocean's Goddesses then I them
Will change, like Doto, Nereus' daughter sweet
Or Galatea fair, who with their breasts
The foam cut through of all the deep blue sea."[2]

[1] "Quo Fata vocas?"
DRYDEN: "What then is fate?" He here ignores "quo vocas."
SYMMONS: "Why, mother, seek to change the laws of Fate?"
CONINGTON: —
"O Mother, wherefore strive in vain
The cause of destiny to strain?"
PIERCE: "Where, Mother, would'st thou summon Fate?"
LONG: "O Mother, whither would'st thou warp the Fates?"
[2] DR. TRAPP and a sympathizing number of VIRGILIANS affect to see, in

He said, and bowed his ratifying head,
"By waves my brother Styx controls, by banks 105
Which in black gulf their pitchy torrents hold."
And trembled all Olympus with his nod.
At hand was now the promised day at last,
The Fates the times allotted had fulfilled;
When Turnus' rage the watching Mother warned
That from her holy ships the eating torch
Must quickly be removed. Began men's eyes 110
A wondrous light to see; and from the East,
Down through the radiant sky a glory ran,
And heard the astonished ears of listening men
Idæan songs. Then fell from out the air
A voice of fear, and Trojan camp alike
And bands of Rutuli ranked the message filled:
"Be not alarmed, O Teucrians, for your ships,
Nor arm your bands. Turnus the sea shall burn 115
Sooner than these my consecrated pines.
And ye! go free, and of the sea-plain wide
And of the crystal depths be Goddesses bright!
I, who give birth, command!"[1] At once their sterns
They from the shore break loose, and, dolphin-like,
The plunging beaks the deepest waters seek. 120

this Metamorphosis, something puerile, something unworthy of the genius of VIRGIL. I cannot follow leaders so sensitive. I have seen that exquisite sea in which the poet makes divinities to bathe and dwell, in the cerulean depths of which he imagines their palaces, and over which he invests them with divine dominion; and to me the allegory does not suggest anything that savors of the inappropriate. The beauty of the sea suggests the beauty of the thought, and, objectively, the sea transcends the subjective power of the imagination, even of the imagination of the poet.

[1] "Genetrix jubet."

Thence virgin faces come, a wonder strange!
As many as of beaks of bronze went down,
As many as of sterns stood on the shore,
So many virgin faces rise, and forth
Their course they take towards the neighb'ring sea.
  Astounded stood the Rutuli. E'en fear
Messapus seized, his frightened steeds among;[1]
The River stopped, a hoarse cry uttering low, 125
The while the Tiberine God his foot held back;
But Turnus bold his constancy lost not.
With lofty spirit stirs he up his troops
To bravery's heights, and them he freely chides:[2]
"Such prodigies, men, deserve not our respect.
Let them, if so they may, our foes amuse,
Not us annoy. Hereby doth Heaven's high King
Himself his aid accustomed all withdraw.
Rutulian swords, Rutulian fires they shun. 130
Now on the sea no path the Teucrians have,
Now on the earth no hope. Of their bad cause
One half is lost. The earth remains to us.
And, in our aid, how many thousand hearts
Of Italy's best will rush to arms! 'The Fates!'[3]

[1] "Conterritus ipse
Turbatis Messapus equis."

VIRGIL is industrious to call attention to the leading General of Turnus as a horse-tamer.

[2] "Ultro animos tollit dictis, atque increpat ultro."

This line is repeated in Book 10, line 278. It deserves to be noted that it begins and ends with "ultro," and that VIRGIL admired it, or he would not have repeated it.

In the Eleventh Book, line 286, I will give my reasons for proposing to translate ultro "ultraly."

[3] "Nil me fatalia terrent." I make here a New Reading, as I regard this phrase as an answer to a taunt as to the Decrees of the Fates.

I fear no Fates. For, if the Phrygians cast
Before their steps the answers of the Gods,
Enough now for 'the Fates'[1] and 'Venus' is 't 135
That Trojan feet our soil have trod, the soil
Of our Ausonia's fertile fields.[2] And I,
I *answering* Fates can vouch, by slaughter's edge
This scoundrel race of theirs to extirpate.
My 'stolen bride'[3] the cause? Ay, and such grief
Doth not alone the sons of Atreus[4] touch.
Mycenæ's hosts alone spring not to arms.
'Once,' say ye, 'they have suffered, and enough?'[5] 140
Enough, I say, once sinning was. That fault
Them should have made forever *haters* fierce
Of all the female world. These men are they
Whose help from ramparts comes, and whose delays
By ditches come to pass, and who contrive
By such evasions small of death to stir

[1] "Sat Fatis," etc. A similar New Reading, and for a similar reason.

[2] Here the argument is that patriotism should overrule piety and religion. And in view of the many and manifest facts of History, and in the light of current events, it seems a good argument. Patriotism controls.

[3] "Conjuge prærepta." Mine is a New Reading. It consists in employing at the close an interrogation-mark: Conjuge prærepta? as the quotation of a sneer which had been cast at Turnus by Drances or some other opponent. I have concluded that if the modern diligence in punctuation had existed in VIRGIL's time, he would have here employed an interrogation-mark. He may have employed one which has been lost. He probably did so. But, at all events, I now do it for him. Without it the VIRGILIANS have been compelled to give of this passage a flat and tame rendering; and this in the midst of a fiery speech. "At non audaci Turno fiducia cessit."

[4] Agamemnon and Menelaus.

[5] "Sed periisse semel satis est." A similar New Reading, and for similar reasons.

Their failing hearts. But 'Saw they not of Troy 145
The walls, of Neptune's hands the work, sink down
In flames?'[1] Why what of that? Let any one
'Mong ye my chosen braves, come forth, and we
Will hew their wall down with the sword, and sack
Their trembling camps. No need have I of arms
Of Vulcan's tempering[2] 'gainst these Teucrian drones,
Nor of a thousand ships. Ay, let them gain,
If so they will, 'their Tuscan allies.'[3] Yet 150
Of deeds in dark night done and stealthy theft,
As when their prized Palladium plundered fled
Over the bodies of slain guards, let them
No fear disturb; nor will we hide our heads
Within a wooden horse's ribs. Daylight,
And honest deeds, are all we need their walls
With fire to melt. Let them not deem that now
With Greeks they have to deal, and youth that come
Of that Pelasgic race whom Hector kept 155
For ten long years engaged in Troy's slow siege.
But yet, the better portion of the day
Is past. And what remains, my men, rejoiced
In what ye have achieved, do ye employ
In duties to yourselves, which much ye need,
And rest, and hopeful patience for the fight."
Meanwhile, unto Messapus is assigned 160
The charge of posting sentries by each gate

[1] "At non viderunt," etc. Herein, also, I have a New Reading, in making this also a quotation from the taunting questions of his opponents.

[2] In allusion to the armor of *Achilles*. He knew not yet of Æneas's armor.

[3] Same remark and same New Reading as two lines above.

And kindling round the walls a belt of fire.
Of Rutuli picked men twice seven are charged
The walls to watch. But each of these there serve
A hundred youths with purple crests bedecked
And gay with gold. Run they about, and change
Their turns, and, scattered through the grass, in wine 165
Indulge, and goblets drain of bronze. And glow
The fires. The guards in sport their watching do
As wanes the sleepless night . . .[1]

And, from the heights above, the Trojans armed
Look down, with hurrying fear the gates inspect, 170
And bridges make to join the flanking towers,[2]
And arms collect. Mnestheus the business drives,
And aids him hot Serestus' vigilance keen.
Father Æneas these, if adverse chance
Should fall, the leaders made of all the camp
And rulers chief of all the Trojan State.
Upon the walls mounts guard a legion strong.
Reliefs relieve and danger share and work. 175

Nisus, of Hyrtacus brave the son, in arms
Most valiant, had a gate in guard. Him swift
To hurl the javelin and adroit to aim
The slender arrow had his mother sent,
Ida the huntress she, to join his arms
And prized companionship with Troy's loved son

[1] "Insomnem ludo." An imperfect line, the reason for the imperfection of which must ever remain unknown.

[2] "Flanking towers" I have from our military VIRGILIAN, PIERCE. MORRIS says: —

"Gangway to battlement
They yoke."

Æneas. With him watched his friend beloved
And comrade young Euryalus fair. None him 180
In beauty rivaled of the Ænean braves,
None on whom Troy had ever girded arms.
But yet a boy he was; his face unshaven
Him showed in youth's full bloom. The twain in soul
Were one, as lovers vowed, and in the war
Shoulder to shoulder stood. And hence they held
In common charge the watching of this gate.
Speaks Nisus: "Say, Euryalus mine, what is 't, 185
This burning zeal, this desperate energy hot
That fires our souls, and whence do we it have?
Is 't from the Gods? or doth each soul a God
Of this dire[1] longing make unto itself?
For now my soul me drives to war, or hurls
Upon some present danger vast, content
No second moment to remain at peace.
And dost thou see how listless in their watch
Our foes appear; how seldom shine their lights;
How drowned in sleep and wine they scattered lie; 190
How stillness reigns abroad o'er spaces wide?
Note now my mind's ambition whither bent,
And with what force these longings urge me on.
Demand the people and the fathers all
That men be sent who will Æneas warn
His steps returning hitherward to haste

[1] This passage I amplify in the translation, and retain the "dira" of the text unchanged, that the immediate sentiment may not be mistaken, as it is apt to be, for one of affection, but may be clearly understood as one of military enterprise and audacity.

And him inform of all that hath befallen.
If what I ask for thee they promise shall, 195
(For, for myself, the glory of the deed
Is all I ask), just there, that hill beneath,
A way I see,[1] which safe approach may yield
To Pallantéum's walls and fortressed heights.
  Amazed, and struck with mighty love of praise,
Was now Euryalus' mind, and to his friend,
So wrapt in patriot zeal, he answers thus:
"And dost thou, Nisus, therefore, seek to escape 200
Uniting me to thy supreme attempts?
And shall I thee alone send forth to meet
The danger dire? Not so me taught, to war
And blood accustomed, he, my father brave
Opheltes, me in face of Greek alarms
And Trojan suffering placing. And not so
With thee have I yet fared, since followed I[2]
High-souled Æneas and his direct Fates.
There is, there is, in me, a soul which scorns 205
The light of life, and deems it well one's life
To throw away in purchase of such fame
As thou dost seek to compass by thy deeds."[3]

[1] The grammar, or want of grammar, observable in this sentence, is VIRGILIAN, and doubtless intentional, as marking the impetuosity of the speaker, an impetuosity blended with solicitude for his friend, and the contemplation of renown for himself.

[2] At the date of the Fall of Troy Euryalus was probably in his eleventh or twelfth year. He was now, therefore, in his nineteenth or twentieth.

[3] In the *Jerusalem Delivered*, TASSO adopts the story of Nisus and Euryalus, and in the mouths of his heroes and heroines does not hesitate to place the very words of VIRGIL. Clorinda is revealing to Argantes her purpose of venturing alone at night into the Christian camp for the purpose of setting it in flames: —

"'I know not what blest ardor sets ablaze
My restless mind, — or do the Gods inspire
The daring thought that on my spirit preys,

And Nisus then: "Indeed, of thee I feared
No such a thing. Thee so I would not wrong.
No, no. So may great Jove thy friend bring back
'Midst glad ovations, Jove or whosoe'er
With favorable[1] eyes my deeds may see. 210
But if, but if, I say, some adverse chance,
And, in such risks, thou see'st how such may come,
Or if some God, my life should snatch away,
Then I should wish that thee I had not taken.[2]

Or make we Gods of each sublime desire?
Far lie the Franks encamped: look forth; admire
The twinkling lights that burn towards the west;
There will I go with torch and sword, and fire
Their rolling fort; this passion of my breast
Let me but see fulfilled, and Heaven arrange the rest!

"'But if I chance to be by Fate debarred
From measuring back my steps, to thee, my friend,
The man that loves me with a sire's regard,
And my devoted damsels I commend:
Each kind protection to their griefs extend,
And back to Egypt, with the dear old sage,
The inconsolable girls in safety send;
Promise me this! their sex and his great age
May well thy care demand, thy sympathies engage.'

Argantes stood amazed; touched in his breast
Were all the springs of glory, and he cried:
"'Wilt thou do this? and leave thy friend, disgraced
Here with th' inglorious vulgar to abide?
Safe from the risk shall I with joy or pride
See the fire kindle? no, Clorinda, no!
If I have ever been in arms allied
With thee, with thee this night too will I go
And all thy fortunes share, betide me weal or woe!'"

WIFFEN'S TASSO, 12th Canto.

[1] MORRIS says "equal." The Latin is æquis. The better translation would be *kindly*.

[2] There is in this line a pathos almost insupportable.

Thine age is worthier life. Let there be one
Who me from combat borne, or bought with gold,
May unto earth commit; or if, as seems
Our usual fate to be, this be denied,
Who may oblations make and pile the tomb 215
With garlands fresh for him the absent dead![1]
Nor would I be of so much grief the cause
Unto thy mother sad, she who alone
Of many mothers, boy, hath followed here
Her son, naught caring for Acesta's walls,
Wherein remained such numbers of her sex.[2]
  But he: "In vain these empty arguments fond
Thou weavest. Fail they all my mind to budge 220
From its fixed purpose. Therefore let us haste."[3]
  He says, and stirs the guards for their relief.
They come, and take their turns. Their post now left,
Nisus and he together seek the prince.[4]
  All other creatures through the wide-spread earth
In sleep their cares had steeped, and hearts at ease 225
Possessed from labors free. But council held

[1] "Absenti ferat inferias, decoretque sepulchro."

[2] Acesta (see the close of the Third Book) was the city Æneas founded in Sicily and colonized with a number of his followers who had become weary of a wandering life.

[3] "'Why these excuses vain, the knight replied
'Fixed is my will, and settled mine intent.'"
WIFFEN'S TASSO.

[4] "Thus overpowered, Clorinda gave consent, —
They seek the king, with Emir, prince, and peer
Engaged in high and serious argument."

The leading Teucrian lords [1] and chosen braves
On weightiest things which now concerned their realm,
What they should do, and who should their dispatch
Unto Æneas bear. Long spears they hold
And shields. And thus in arms they stand, their camp
And walls amidst. Then Nisus, and with him 230
Euryalus, both in eager haste, their prayer
Prefer for instant entrance. Their affair,
They vouch, is weighty, and is such as will
Of other business justify delay.
And first those hurried men Iülus meets,
And Nisus bids to speak. Then thus
The son of Hyrtacus: "Hear ye us, Æneans, 235
Men of gentle minds,[2] nor through our years regard
That which we now propose. The Rutuli all,
In sleep and wine dissolved, lie scattered round.
The place whereby we may pass through ourselves
Have seen. The sea-side next it is, where stands
The gate whereto the two roads lead. Burnt low,
Irregular, dull, their fires appear, and smoke
Therefrom arises black towards the stars.
If ye will us this chance permit to use, 240
Æneas thus and Pallantéum's walls
Full surely we will reach. And soon, relieved,
Him here again ye will behold, with spoils

[1] "Ductores Teucrum primi."

[2] "Audite, O mentibus æquis, Æneadæ."

Of victory laden, after slaughter wrought.
Nor is there danger lest our way we lose.
For closely have we watched in hunting-tours
The valleys dark that round the cities skirt,
And all the river have we learned throughout." 245
Here spoke Aletes, grave with weight of years
And mind mature: "Our country's Gods," he said,
"Ye 'neath whose nod forever Troy remains,
Not yet do ye without reserve mark out
Us Teucrians for defeat, when courage firm
Like this ye give our youth, and steadfast hearts
Like these." And, saying so, he held of both 250
The shoulders, and the right hands clasped, and tears
In plenteous flood his face and features laved.
"And what rewards, my men, can I deem fit
For deeds of merit high like these of yours?
The gifts most beautiful will give the Gods
And your own consciences. The rest shall give,
Betimes, Æneas the devout, and he, 255
Just on the threshold of his days, his son,
Ascanius here, forgetful ne'er of deeds
Which such a brilliant badge of glory bear."[1]

[1] "The hoary king held up his hands on high;
A tear of joy streamed down his withered cheek;
'And praised,' he said, 'be Thou, who yet dost eye
With gracious care thy worshipers, and seek
Still to preserve my crown, and guard these kingdoms weak!
Fall they shall not while, in their sure defense
Two such undaunted demi-gods are found;
To your deserts what equal recompense
Can I decree? O evermore renowned!
Let Fame her golden trumpet take, and sound

"Ah! yes, I do thee beg, I whose sole hope
Of safety is in his return," thus broke
Ascanius in, "O Nisus, by our Gods,
Those in our home adored, and on the hearth
Of our ancestral King Assaracus, ay
And venerable penetralian shrines
Of Vesta pure, my father bring thou back! 260
Whate'er of Faith or Fortune is of mine
I give to thee, and in thy bosom place.
Let me once more his face behold: thenceforth
Whate'er to me shall hap shall joyous be!
Thee I two cups will give of silver wrought
And rough with ornament rare, which from Arisba spoiled
My father brought; and tripods twain; of gold 265
Two talents great; a beaker old, the gift
Of Dido, Sidon's queen. And if, indeed,
We shall take Italy's realms, and on her fields
A conqueror's sword shall lay, and booty share
As victors, dost thou mind that horse whereon,
With gold bedecked, rode Turnus yesterday? Well, 270
That very horse, and Turnus' shield and crests,
I from the lot reserve, and now present
Nisus, my friend, to thee. Besides, my sire
Will give thee mothers choice twice six, and men
That captive are with all their arms. Besides

Your glory, tuned to music's loftiest pitch,
And fill the enchanted universe around!
The deed itself be your reward; to which
No trifling part I add of realms esteemed as rich!'"

WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 12.

The separate land which King Latinus owns.[1]
And thee, whom but a little space of years 275
From me divides, boy to be idolized,[2]
Thee I receive within my heart of hearts,
And thee companion count in everything.
No glory shall I seek in mine affairs
Estranged from thee, whether in peace I stir
Or stir in war. Thou shalt abundant trust
From me enjoy in deeds as well as words."
To whom responded thus Euryalus moved: 280
"Me not in any wise unlike what now
I am, shall any day me find. Only,
Fortune may kind or unkind prove.[3] But thee,

[1] "Campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus."

[2] "Venerande puer." The word "puer" enjoys an exalted sense. This we see in sacred writ, one of the passages illustrating the use of the word being found in the prophetic canticle of Zachary: "Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel; quia visitavit et fecit redemptionem plebi suæ, et erexit cornu salutis nobis in domo David pueri sui."

[3] "Tantum: Fortuna secunda,
Aut adversa cadat."
"Only, may fate in kindly wise befall,
Nor stand against me."

MORRIS.

I think herein MORRIS forgets the full force of VIRGIL's expression. MORRIS is in good company: PITT, CONINGTON, HEINSIUS, LA RUE, and COOPER. But with me are DRYDEN, SYMMONS, HEYNE, VALPY, ANTHON, CRANCH, PIERCE, LONG, LEE, and LONSDALE.

COOPER pays our party the poor compliment of saying that our version does not make sense.

BYRON, who translated this portion of the Æneid, is with my party: —
"Fortune may favor or the skies may frown."

And so is TASSO, in the Speech of Alethes to Godfrey: —
"With fear, not hope, must thou regard the scales
Of war, and tremble as the beam's inclined;
For Fortune's favor is a varying wind,
Wafting now ill, now good, — now joy, now woe!
She least rewards us when she seems most kind;

Above all gifts, I 'll ask for one. 'T is this:
I have a mother who her lineage brings 285
From Priam's ancient race, whom when I left
The Ilian land, she miserable there
Could not remain, nor could she stay in walls
Of King Acestes' town. Her ignorant quite
Of this great risk (or petty danger call it),
And not by me saluted, here I leave.
Night be my witness, and thy good right hand,
That I could not my mother's weeping bear.
But thee I pray console her in her need 290
And succor her deserted. Let this hope
Go with me. Thus the bolder shall I be
Whate'er betides, whate'er of Fate befalls."
Touched with emotion deep, gushed forth the tears
Of those Dardanian men. And more than all
Wept beauteous Iülus, for felt his soul
Of tenderest sympathy an answering pang
At this fair picture of a pious son.[1]
Then thus he spoke:[2] 295
"I answer for it that all things shall be
In such degree observed as doth become

Oft serpents lurk where freshest roses blow,
And for the loftiest flight a gulf yawns deep below."
WIFFEN, Canto 2.

[1] "Patriæ pietatis imago." ANTHON says, "the image of parental affection." My translation gives the sense of the passage. With me are DRYDEN, CRANCH, PIERCE, COOPER, and BYRON; and the others are not strongly against us. SYMMONS and CONINGTON take both sides of the question.

PITT misses the sense in saying: "the *sorrows* of a duteous son."

[2] The line is left short as in the original: —
"Tum sic effatur:"

Thy mighty enterprise. For she will be
My mother. All that she will lack will be
Creusa's name. No little grace deserves
The mother who a son like thee hath borne.
What chance soever follows on the deed,
I swear by this my head, an oath by which 300
Before me swore my father, that those things,
The same I promised thee, if Fortune smiled,
The same shall be thy mother's and thy kin's."
Thus speaks he weeping, and a golden sword
He from his shoulders loosens, which had made,
With wondrous art, Lycaon, he of Crete, 305
And fitted had, with skill, into a sheath
Which all encased with whitest ivory was.
Gives Mnestheus unto Nisus the rough hide
Stripped from a lion terrible. And then
Aletes, faithful warrior, makes a change
Of helmets, Nisus' taking, and his own
Replacing in its stead. Forth armed they go.
And to the gates the band of princes all,
And youths and aged men, them follow forth,
Upon them showering vows and prayers, not least 310
The beauteous Iülus, a mind and manly care
Beyond his years exhibiting. He gave,
Unto his father to be carried, words
Affectionate and dutiful a host,[1]

[1] PIERCE says: "Then fair Iülus, grave and prudent far beyond his years, sends many a wise *injunction* to his absent sire." I can hardly agree that Iülus had already assumed the duties of Prætor or Lord Chancellor. This office seems to have been in charge of the faithful Aletes, guardian apparently of the conscience of the King, as Achates seems to have been of his person; but even Aletes would find it beyond his jurisdiction to issue injunctions to his sovereign.

Alas! upon the night winds to be borne
And lost upon the darkening clouds of heaven!
  Departing they the ditches clear, and seek,
Through shades of night, the hostile camps; their fate, 315
Before their own end comes, to make an end
Of many there. Spread on the herbage round
Lie bodies locked in sleep, nor less in wine,
Upon the shore the chariots upwards turned,
And 'midst the gear and wheels the men and arms
And wine.[1] And first the son of Hyrtacus shrewd
Thus spoke: "Euryalus, boy, there lies a work 320
Of daring waiting for our brave right hands.
The affair doth call. The road is here. Do thou,
Lest from behind some band might on us fall,
Keep guard, and watch from far. Here will I make
A waste, and thee will lead in limit wide."
  So speaks he, while his voice he hushes down,
And, in the moment, on the haughty form
His sword descends of Rhamnes, king himself, 325
And favorite augur of King Turnus' court.
But death his augury shrewd could not avert.
He upon rugs high-piled had stretched him out,
'Midst gorgeous tints which Persia's looms afford,
And sleep was breathing forth from all his breast.
Near by, three servants lay, pell-mell, among
The weapons thrown. These he assails, and him 330
Who Remus' armor bore, and, 'neath the steeds

BYRON: "His *prayers* he sends."

[1] A delightful confusion. The climax is reached in the word "wine," of which, as is proper, this is the second mention.

His weapons reaching, seeks a charioteer.
Cuts he their pendent throats. Then from the king
He quite the head removes, and leaves the trunk
Gurgling with blood. The black gore warms the earth.
The rugs are soaked. No better Lamus fared 335
And Lamyrus limp, and young Serranus' life,
Adorned with beauty rare of face and limb.
Played had he almost all the festive night,
And chained his limbs were by the conquering God,
Happy had he in play the whole night passed,
And thus awake had been at coming dawn.
As falls a famished lion on a fold
Filled full with tender lambs, while him headlong 340
His hunger drives; he bites, he tears the flock
With terror mute, and foams his bloody mouth;
So Nisus slew; nor less Euryalus raged.
Burning and wild with fury, men obscure
And unto Fame unknown his sword devoured,
Fadus, and Abaris, too, and Herbesus dull,
Caught unaware, and for his wrath too slow;[1] 345
Rhœtus, besides, Rhœtus who watching was,
And all things saw, but, fearing much, had crouched

[1] It is observable that, in the passage undergoing translation, there succeed each other, in the text, a succession of phrases which make a sort of Onomatopœia of sword-cuts; —

"Lamyrumque Lamumque;"
"Manditque, trahitque;"
"Molle pecus mutumque;"
"Incensus et ipse;"
"Fadumque, Hebesumque;"
"Rhœtumque, Abarimque."

In shadow of a wine-cask [1] there; and full
Within his breast, as up he rose his foe
Plunged to the hilt his sword, and drew it back
Deep-dyed with death; and pours he forth his soul
In purple streams of mingled wine and blood. 350
Here doth he onward press, boiling with doom [2]
In secret spread, and near now to the lines
Of comrades of Messapus he approached,
Whose fires were flickering low, and where he saw
The tethered horses nipping [3] at the sod:
When briefly Nisus thus unto him spoke,

[1] "Cratera." A mixing-vessel wherein wine and water were stirred together.

CONINGTON's lines are: —

"While Rhœtus wakes, and sees the whole,
But hides behind a massy bowl."

Rather, a barrel. By tapinomia, a tub. By the experience of Rhœtus, the crater of a volcano, and that not an extinct one. The word seems to have a wide range of meanings. Among others is that of a constellation, the *Bowl*. It may have been beneath this unlucky star, or agglomeration of such, that CONINGTON was storing away his man. A constellation, probably, congenial to the social habits of this involuntary recluse. Laugh while you may.

[2] "Hic furto fervidus instat."

MORRIS: "On death-steal still onward the Trojan went."

MORRIS thus ignores the fervidus, a favorite word with VIRGIL, but MORRIS' rule of line for line gave him no room for it.

CRANCH: —

"The other presses on, warm with his work
Of stealthy slaughter."

VIRGIL is yet warmer.

PIERCE: "The valiant youth with carnage mad, amid the gloom, draws near Messapus' guards,"

An ignoring of furto.

LONG: "Hot with the exploit, Euryalus darts on."

An ignoring of furto.

DRYDEN and CONINGTON ignore this whole phrase.

SYMMONS, PITT, and BYRON ignore furto.

[3] "Carpere gramen equos." Our old friend, Carpo.

For felt he now that he too much was swayed
By love of slaughter and his trusty sword:
"Let us desist, for comes the hostile light. 355
Deeply enough have we the mortal cup
Of vengeance drained, and made have we a path
Across the foe." Much leave they on the field:
The solid silver gear the men had on,
The arms, the bowls, the rugs of beauty rare.
Euryalus safe brought off the orders proud
That Rhamnes wore, and belt of golden studs, 360
The same which Cædicus, of all his time
The wealthiest man, sent as a kingly gift
Unto Tiburtine Remulus famed, that though
The giver absent were, he might him serve
With honor such as doth a guest receive;
And Remulus, dying, it his nephew gave.
After his death, by war and combat came
The precious pledge round to the Rutuli's kings.
He snatches this, and bears it off in vain
Upon his shoulders strong, and on his head 365
Messapus' helmet high he puts, with crests
Adorned. The camps they leave, and safe roads seek.
Meanwhile, sent from Latinus' city forth,[1]
While, drilled in camp, another legion stayed
Reserved, were on their way three hundred knights, 370
With messages to royal Turnus charged,
All under shield, with Volscens in command.

[1] A troop sent from Lavinium, not by Latinus, who refused his sanction to the war, but by Amata, his queen, the friend of Turnus.

And now approaching close the camp they are,
And just beyond the trench, when they discern,
Far off the two to reach the left intent;
And, in the shadows of the dim-lit night,
His helmet, casting back the adverse rays,
Euryalus' head betrayed, the thoughtless boy.
Not idly is it seen. Shouts Volscens' voice: 375
"Stand, fellows, there! What brings ye forth? Your camp
Which is 't? And what your arms? And whither bound?"
Naught in response they said, but through the woods
Their flight they hastened, trusting to the night.
To every point of egress dash the knights,
And, here and there, crown with a guard each path
That outward tends. Far spread the wood, and rough 380
With brush it was, and ilex dark and dense,
Which clogged the paths, whereon at intervals,
Full wide apart, dim gleams of light stole in.
Euryalus' path the shadows deep impede
And booty weighty, and, through fear, his mind
The reckoning loses and mistakes the way. 385
Nisus comes out. For his rash plunge across
Had given the foe the slip. 'T was at a point
Albani afterwards called from Alba's name:
There then his stables King Latinus kept.[1]
As there he stood, all round he looked in vain
For him his absent friend: "Euryalus, ah! 390

[1] "Then King Latinus kept his stables there." — PIERCE.

Unhappy where have I thee left? Or where
Thee shall I follow? How the tangled ways
Of all this wood bewildering shall I try?"
At once he picks his footsteps back again
And wanders through the silent thicket's maze.
He hears the horses; hears the noise; and hears,
Of those who follow on, the countersign.[1]
Nor long surrounded so he stayed until 395
Came to his ears a wild confused uproar,
And then Euryalus' form he saw; whom now
The force entire with sudden outcry press
Dazed by the night and cheated by the place
And still attempting many things in vain.
What shall he do? What power can he exert?
What can he dare in arms to rescue him 400
The youthful brave? Shall he, contemning life,
Leap headlong in the midst of all their swords,
And, wounded, rush into a glorious death?
Quick in his hand high-raised his spear he held,
And, looking upwards to the round-orbed moon,
Which from the midmost heaven her radiance flung,
He prayed: "Thou, Goddess, succor us, O Guard
Of groves, Latona, and of stars the bright 405
And peerless ornament chaste, with present aid
Do thou this harrying toil of ours assist,
If e'er before my time upon thy shrines
My father Hyrtacus' hand laid gifts, or I
The hunting-spoils have vowed to thee, and hung

1 "Et signa sequentum." Here is *my* military opportunity. I have *not* adopted this from PIERCE.

BYRON ignores this expression.

Thy temple's roof within, or to thy doors
And pillared arches votive garlands fixed,
Me aid this horde to scatter, and direct
Upon its course this weapon which I send."
He said, and thereto lending all his strength, 410
The spear he hurled, and forth it hissing flew
Upon the shades of night, and in the back
It came of Sulmo turned away, and there
It broke, but with its splintered wood his heart
Transfixed. And, turning round, from out his breast
A hot stream poured, and while upon him came
The chill of death, his flanks with throbbings long 415
Heaved grievously. On all sides peer they round.
He, bolder for the daring deed, behold!
Another weapon weighs above his ear,
And, while they, trembling, in the danger stand,
Shrieks the hot bolt through Tagus' temples both
And sticks imprisoned warm across his brain.
Raves savage Volscens. The weapon forth who sends 420
He cannot see, nor can he see 'gainst whom
His burning wrath to hurl. "But thou," at length,
"Meantime with thy warm blood the penalty due
For both shall pay," he said. And, thereupon,
His sword, quick-drawn, against Euryalus' life
He moved. Then terrified indeed and crazed 425
Calls Nisus out. For now no more the screen
Of darkness doth he crave, he only cares,
His sorrowing soul, its utmost now to do:

"Me, me, on me that did it, turn thy shafts
On me,[1] O Rutuli, me! 'T is all my fault,
Not his. He neither dared nor could. Of this
Be ye my witnesses, ye heavens, and ye,
Ye conscious stars. He only loved too much 430
His hapless friend." Such words he hurried forth,
But none the less with force came down the sword,
Piercing his flanks, and rending the white flesh
Of his young breast; and rolls Euryalus lost
In death, and o'er his snowy limbs there flows
Black gore, and on his shoulder droops his neck
Like to a purple flower the plow hath cut, 435
Which languishes, or like a poppy's head
When bows its neck 'neath too great weight of rain.[2]
But rushes Nisus in the midst, and seeks
Of all Volscens alone, and makes he halt
Volscens to meet, while foes him press around 440
On every hand, now here, now there. No less

[1] "Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum."

[2] "Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow;
'His head sinks gradually low.'
Thus, severed by the ruthless plow,
Dim fades a purple flower:
Their weary necks so poppies bow,
O'erladen by the shower."

CONINGTON.

"Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lowly head,
And lingering beauty hovers round the dead."

BYRON.

"Like a fine flower cut down and drooping low,
His graceful head fell with an air so meek."

TASSO, of Lesbin. WIFFEN, Canto 9.

"A paleness, beauteous as the lilies mixed
With the sweet violets, like a gust of wind
Flits o'er her face."

TASSO, of Clorinda. WIFFEN, Canto 12.

He onward moves, no less, with lightning blaze
Around him sweeps his sword,[1] till in the mouth
He drives it of his foe, the mouth filled full
With yelling rage of the Rutulian chief,
And, dying, sees his enemy too go down.
Then on his lifeless friend all wounds he falls
In death not separate found, and with him rests. 445
O pair most fortunate, Hail! If aught my songs
Your fame may serve, no day in coming time
Your memory shall forget, while stands the house
Æneas founded on the Capitol's rock,
That rock of towering might immovably fixed,
Or empire's march a Roman father[2] guides.

[1] "Ac rotat ensem
Fulmineum."
"Then rushed impetuous with the flaming blade
Against the trembling boy."
PITT.
"Whirling his lightning blade." — MORRIS.
"He brandishes his glittering sword." — COOPER.
"He whirls his flashing sword." — CRANCH.

An ignoring of the lightning.
"Like thunderbolt his falchion's sway,"
parenthetically says CONINGTON.

He would have better said, without parenthesis: —
Like lightning is his falchion's sweep.
"His sword all round his head
Like lightning flashing."
LONG.

Parenthetical.

DRYDEN ignores the lightning altogether, and applies to the sword no adjective whatever, except that, as it descends, he calls it "the unerring steel." This, in a poet, seems a strange waste of opportunity.

BYRON ignores the lightning: —
"In viewless circles wheeled, his falchion flies."
The same waste of opportunity.

SYMMONS ignores the lightning: —
"Still he bears on, and whirls his flashing sword."

[2] "Pater Romanus." Here is observable the significance of the word

And so fell prey and spoils into the hands 450
Of those who had prevailed, the Rutuli's troop,
And, weeping, bore they Volscens' lifeless corpse
Into the camps, nor less their grief was, there
To find stretched out King Rhamnes cold in death
And princes round him in one slaughter whelmed,
And dead Serranus, too, and Numa dead.
A concourse great round these stark corpses flowed, 455
And round the men whose heads were half hewn off,
And round the place with recent slaughter warm,
And round the streams of foaming life-blood full.
And 'mong the spoils Messapus' shining helm
And Rhamnes' orders soaked with gore they see.

"father" as suggested by the mention of the name of Æneas, and as recalling the title of the members of the Roman Senate and of Augustus himself as father of his country.

BYRON's lines here are very fine: —

"Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim
Wafted on Time's broad pinions, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire,
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquished millions hail their empress, Rome!"

And Tasso, in imitation of VIRGIL, has his Edward and Gildippe, to say nothing of his other parallels, Clorinda and Agrantes.

"O Edward! O Gildippe! your harsh fate
And noble prowess (if my Tuscan rhymes
May be so happy) will I consecrate
To the fond praises of all lands and climes;
That so the world, with all its storied crimes
Your faith, your love, your virtue may revere,
And cite as models for the best of times;
And that some eyes, to love and feeling dear,
May grace, in solemn verse, your story with a tear."

WIFFEN, Canto 20.

And, leaving now Tithonus' saffron couch, 460
Aurora with her earliest rays the earth
Was sprinkling o'er, and now the soil infused,
And now, once more, with light regilded all,
When Turnus, girded round himself with arms,
His men to arms calls forth. And set the chiefs
In line of battle ranks of bronze as each
In its appointed place is due, and stir
With wild reports, vague and embittering made,
Their deep, dark rage. And now, O wretched sight! 465
On raised-up spears they fix, and follow, loud,
With uproar horrible, heads that were, alas!
Euryalus' and Nisus' . . .[1]
Upon the left, which was of walls, arranged
The Æneans hardy their opposing lines.
The River held the right. And they the ditches huge 470
Possess, and sad in lofty turrets stand;
For moved before them of those men the heads,
And saw they, all too well, from out their wounds.
All ghastly flow, and black, the hideous gore.
Meanwhile the trembling city's crowds and tents
Throughout flies Fame the winged embassadress swift,
And glides she in a mother's ears, the ears
Of her who gave Euryalus birth. At once 475

[1] "Euryali et Nisi." An imperfect line which, we will do VIRGIL the honor to say, marks an emotional pause.

It will have been seen that we have already noted a similar emotional pause where mention is made of these devoted friends in the Fifth Book at line 294: "Nisus et Euryalus primi." And another, where, in the 322d line of the same Fifth Book the name of Euryalus alone is spoken: "Tertius Euryalus."

From out her bones all heat was gone,
Falls from her hands the shuttle, and the web
Unraveled rolls, and flies the unhappy soul
With shrieks, with hair all rent, and maddened brain,
Unto the walls, and seeks the foremost line,
Heedless of danger she, and men and spears, 480
And fills with her sad wails the very skies:
"And is this thee, Euryalus, son, whom now
I look upon? Could'st thou on whom I leaned
For the repose of my old age, could'st thou
Me leave alone? O cruel thus to do!
And could there not to thee, in perils great
Like these sent forth, some leave be given, one word
To say of parting to thy mother sad?
Alas! in earth unknown thou art cast forth, 485
To Latin dogs a prey and ravening birds;
No mother's hand hath laid thee out in death,
Or pressed thine eyes, or washed thy wounds, or placed
On thee that dress[1] which, busied night and day
I hastened for thee, solacing thereby,
The while I wove its threads, the cares that come
On mothers old to prey. But where shall I 490
Thee follow? Or what spot of earth now holds
Thy body sweet, thy sundered limbs, thy heart?
O son, dost thou to me bring back no more
Than this? This have I followed on the sea
And on the land? If any piety, men,
Ye have, O pierce me through! O hither turn,

[1] Not a shroud, certainly, but a dress for ornament.

Rutulians, all your shafts, and me, of all
The first, unto the sword devote ; or thou 495
The Gods' great Father, do *thou* pity me,
And, with that shaft of thine, send down this head
Despised 'neath Tartarus' gulfs, since otherwise
'T is not for me my sorrowing life to end."
  Shaken they are by such a storm of grief,
And goes through all a deep responsive groan,
And broken lies subdued their battle-strength.
And now, at good Ilioneus' own kind word, 500
And hint from sad Iülus bathed in tears,
Came Actor and Idæus,[1] and bore off
That flaming sorrow, and with reverent hands
Her took within, and her to patience urged.
  But now the trumpet terrible, from throat
Sonorous, sounds of bronze gave chiding forth.
High its tremendous notes canorous rose
Both far and near, with hideous clangor huge
And harsh and wild, until the very heavens [2]

[1] Does VIRGIL mean to imply hereby an allegory, the actual and the ideal? Grief sustained by Fact and Sentiment?

[2] "At tuba terribilem sonitum procul ære canoro
Increpuit: sequitur clamor, cœlumque remugit."

An instance of Onomatopœia suggested by that of ENNIUS: —

"At tuba terribili sonitu taratantara dixit."

One word in my translation is suggested by the rare felicity with which it finds place in a passage in the Decline and Fall: —

"At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the *tremendous* sound of the Gothic trumpet." — GIBBON, vol. 3, p. 282.

The date was the 24th of August, 410. The treachery by which Alaric and his army were admitted was that of the Isaurian Guard. It was on the 16th of April, 1867, that, in the company of a dear departed friend, I recalled, on the spot, the words of the great historian and the proclamation of the victorious Goth.

To bellow seemed. And hurry forward now 505
The Volscians brave their tortoise formed in ranks
And make them ready to fill up the ditch
And mount the bank. Seek some a point whereby
They may an entrance make, or gain the walls
By scaling-ladders placed where thin the line
Appears, and not too thick the men oppose.
Pour down, upon the other hand, of missiles 510
Every sort the Teucrian braves, and push with pikes
Steel-headed, wonted so the walls of Troy,
In the long war, to succor. Roll they rocks
Of size enormous, that thereby they may
The covered army crush, which yet beneath
Its thick shield-roof delights all storms to bear.
But yet their roofing fails. For, when there climbs 515
The scarp a serried troop, a mass immense
Of rock the Teucrians roll, which havoc wide
Makes 'midst the Rutuli's ranks, and bursts their roof.
Nor care the Rutuli, although stout their souls,
To longer carry on the desperate fight
Beneath blind Mars, but strive from off the heights
To drive their battling foes the Æneans down
By missiles hurled . . .[1] 520
Elsewhere, a sight of dread, the Tuscan pine

I repeat "canorous" from my translation of the 700th line of Book Seventh.

Lines similar to these, and as full of onomatopoesy, will be found in the Fourth Georgic, in the passage where VIRGIL describes the signal for the onset of the bees in battle.

[1] "Missilibus certant." An imperfect line The reason uncertain.

Mezentius fierce was waving. Fiery smoke
Therefrom its threatening wreaths upreared, while came
Messapus he, of horses tamer skilled,
And born of race Neptunian, who in force
Hath through the earthwork made his mighty way,
And hoarsely orders forward to the walls
The scaling party with their ladders long.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSES.

Ye,[1] O Calliope! your bard inspire, 525
I pray, to sing what harvests there of death
Fell 'neath the sword, what crop of carnage red
Turnus himself reaped in, what men renowned
Sent down each valiant arm to Orcus' realms,
And trace with me the outlines of the war.
For, Goddesses, ye it remember well,
And ye can sing the mighty history through.

[1] "Vos, O Calliope." A peculiar construction, all the Muses being invoked, but one only named. It has its sanction in the Greek. A notable instance is found in the *Gospel of St. Luke*, chapter 22, lines 31 and 32: —

Σίμων, Σίμων, ἰδοὺ, ὁ Σατανᾶς ἐξῃτήσατο ὑμᾶς, τοῦ σινιάσαι ὡς τὸν σῖτον, κ. τ. λ.

Here all the apostles are addressed in the name alone of Simon Peter: 'O Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to sift *you* as wheat, but I have prayed for *thee*," etc. Calliope was princess of the tuneful Nine, and the special patroness of poetry and eloquence. Her name, like Chryostom's, is composed of two Greek words, καλή and ὄπος, and means, therefore, she of the Beautiful Mouth. She is represented as holding sometimes a roll of parchment, sometimes a trumpet.

In the Seventh Book, line 37, as VIRGIL is entering upon the story of the Betrothal of Æneas and Lavinia, we have seen that he invoked Erato, the Muse of Amatory Verse. Now that his lines turn to the description of treaties and sieges and battles, he names Calliope the Muse of Heroic Poetry.

See Book Eighth, line 36: "O sate gente Deum," and Book Tenth, line 229: "Deum gens, Ænea."

A tower there was that lofty rose and strong 530
With bridges high, and opportune in place,
Which strove the Italians with united strength
To battle down and overthrow. Defense
With rocks the Trojans made, and thick they stood
At every opening, missiles aiming thence.
A burning torch Prince Turnus threw, and so 535
Fixed fire against its flank, which, by the wind
Increased, seized on the planks, and to the posts
Stuck close and ate. Within with dread all shrink
And seek in vain a refuge from the woe.
Together crowd they, and all backward move
Against the side which yet the flames have spared. 540
Then with the weight sinks suddenly down the tower,
And all the sky rings with the thundering crash.
Half-dead to earth, following the mountainous pile,
The garrison is brought, their heads, their breasts,
Their limbs, a mass of bleeding wounds by thrusts
Inflicted of their own good pikes [1] or logs

[1] "Come dying heroes pierced by friendly steel." — PIERCE.

"Run through
And to each other linked by their own spears."
LONG.

There is an improbability about this method of injury which it seems to me unnecessary to argue. It belongs to the same class of improbabilities which makes Hector's spear *write in the dust*, whereas it was *Achilles'* spear by which the body of Hector was transfixed, and which consequently did this writing in the dust. And, even if the idea indulged in by LONG be allowable, does he not carry it too far? Is there anything in the limits of probability authorizing the idea that men could be so linked together? ("Who ever sausage a disaster?")

While on the subject of the exploit of Turnus in making a brand stick to

To splinters crushed whereof the tower was built.
Scarce one escaped. Yet safely Helenor did,
And so did Lycus.[1] Younger of the two 545
Lithe Helenor was. Him had Licymnia's love,
Herself a slave, unto the king her lord,
He a Mæonian monarch, privily borne.
And she to Troy in arms prohibited
Her son had sent, so lightly armed his sword
Had ne'er a sheath, and so inglorious yet
That his smooth shield was white.[2] Himself he saw

the timbers, I have had an idea that it might have been suggested to VIRGIL by the exploit of a Roman ambassador sent by Cæsar to Quintus, the brother of Cicero. This incident occurred in VIRGIL's early manhood, and was doubtless stored up in his memory for use in his literary labors. I have described the incident elsewhere, and from myself I quote: —

One of Cæsar's favorite lieutenants, Quintus Tullius, brother of Cicero, is besieged by the Gallic army under Cingetorix in strait and starving siege in Charleroi. Cæsar is absent at Amiens, two hundred miles away. The war waxes painful. Famine threatens the Romans. Their messengers are intercepted, — put to death with horrid tortures within their sight beneath the walls. At last a message reaches Cæsar with the sorry news. Cæsar at once, by promise of a large reward, engages a *Gallic* knight to carry a letter to Quintus, written in Greek, that the Gauls might in no event read it, and short as the "Veni, vidi, vici," that it might, like a bugle-note, linger in silence until it should burst into fame. "Take it," said Cæsar to his Gallic horseman, "place it in the hands of Quintus if you can; otherwise, tie it to your javelin-point and hurl it over the walls." Too closely watched by friend and foe, he cannot reach the general; he hurls it tied to his javelin-point. The javelin-point sticks in the masonry of one of the towers. Two days it holds its place; the third it attracts the attention of the garrison, and is taken to Quintus. Officers and men gather round. He reads and translates amidst the wildest enthusiasm of joy: "Tharrein, Boetheian, Prosdechou." "Courage! Help is near!"

[1] "As by miracle." — PIERCE. DRYDEN's description of this incident is a masterpiece of awkwardness. Mrs. Malaprop could not have done worse

[2] "Armed lightly with a naked sword, and shield without device."
PIERCE.

'Midst Turnus' thousands toiled, to left the lines,
To right the lines of Latins saw, and raged
Their spears against, well knowing death had come,
As rages some wild beast whom presses close
The circle dense of hunters who the crown
Place on their hunt, and leaps to death and falls
Upon the barb he saw thirsting his life
To drink. Not otherwise the youthful brave
Rushed on to death his foes among, and where
The javelins thickest saw he, there he charged.
But fleeter far of foot was Lycus swift,
And foe and weapons all evading safe,
He reached the wall, and strove its lofty edge
To grapple, grappling hands of comrades thence
Extended down. Whom Turnus following on,
With speed and weapon armed, victorious chides:
"Madman![1] and didst thou hope us to escape
And this our wrath to shun?" And from the wall
Him drags he down, and with him of the wall
Great part comes following. 'T was as when stoops down
From his own skies the bird of crooked claws
Who bears of Jove the shield, upon some hare
Or swan of body white, and from the earth
Him tears away, or as when from the fold

HEYNE, SYMMONS, and ANTHON, unlike DRYDEN, treat this young warrior with gentleness. They say that not his base birth but his tender years caused his incapacity for the war of Troy, and that his shield was without device because he had not yet won renown.

[1] "Demens."

A wolf of Mars bears off a lamb whom seeks
With bleating much its mother to regain.
Rose uproar on all sides. They forward move,
With men the ditch they fill, while some cast brands
Of burning pine upon the turrets' tops.
Ilioneus' rage struck down Lucetius brave, 570
Him felling with a rock, a fragment torn
Immense from out a mountain's ribs,[1]
The while he striving was the gate to reach
And bearing fire. Emathion fell the pike
Beneath of Liger.[2] Drove Asilas' barb
Its fatal point through Corynæus' breast,
Though aimed from far. For Liger with the pike
Was skilled;[3] and all astonished were so far
To see the unerring arrow cleave its way[4]
Which with such power came from Asilas' bow.
Cæneus brought down Ortygeus, but at once
The conquering Cæneus fell 'neath Turnus' sword.

[1] Ilioneus is the orator of the Æneans, in the absence of Æneas, and it is fair that rhetoric should be freely invoked in describing his exploits in the field: —

"Ilioneus, saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis,
Lucetium."

Heroic exaggeration.

[2] See note to line 576 below.

[3] "Jaculo bonus."

[4] "Longe fallente sagitta."

It is well to note the homeliness of this phrase, a feature which belongs at this moment to our own speech: the long, *deceiving*, arrow. Prosopopœia, or personification.

In translating the phrase I have been compelled to have recourse to words in unstinted measure, using twenty-six English words in place of three Latin.

See the quotation by CHANCELLOR KENT of these words, noticed in Note to line 177 of the Fourth Book.

Turnus slew Itys, Clonius, Promulus proud
And Dioxippus, Sagaris stout besides 575
And Idas standing on the turret's top.
And fell Privernus dead by Capys' hand.[1]
Privernus first Themillas'[2] spear light-winged
Had felt, a grazing wound, and senselessly
The covering shield he cast aside, and laid
Upon the tingling wound his anxious hand.
Then Capys' arrow came on hastening wings
And to his left breast nailed the pitying hand,
And, 'neath it buried, broke life's breathing-paths, 580

[1] "... Emathiom Liger
. Privernum Capys."

The Latin language enjoys, in the circumstance that the terminal syllable indicates the case, an advantage over the English. For instance: —

DRYDEN: "Two more young Liger and Asylas slew."

Who were slain?

CONINGTON: "Asilas Corynæus slays."

Who was the survivor?

The question is not even answered by PIERCE, whose roster will be amended in a future edition: "Liger Emathion slays."

LONG: "Liger Emathion kills."

Who was the survivor?

The shades of Emathion and Corynæus should unite with me in accusing DRYDEN, for he ignores their names. DRYDEN, in a note to the Fourth Georgic, admits and attempts to extenuate his deliberate ignorings of these names in this passage of the Æneid: "In naming many men who were killed by heroes I have omitted some which *would not sound* in English verse."

SYMMONS: —

"Itys by him and Dioxippus fall,
And Idas fighting on the towery wall."

Was Itys slain by one man or by three?

I am not entirely sure, in the matter of grammatical construction, of my own impeccability; but if I am vulnerable here I shall attest my good company as a circumstance in extenuation.

[2] Not of Themilla, but of Themillas. By some fatality the possessive apostrophe is misplaced in all the translations except SYMMONS'.

Its whizzing music bringing instant death.[1]
Stood forth in arms superb with cloak which shone
With bright embroidery wide whose sombre ground
Of Spanish purple was, and on whose face
Nature her seal of beauty rare had set,
The son[2] of Arcens. Him had Arcens sent
From groves maternal[3] round Symæthian streams 585
Where rich and placable[4] the altars stood
Palicus owned. Aside Mezentius laid
His store of spears, and thrice his head around
His whizzing sling he swung, and, with its charge
Of molten lead,[5] the forehead of the youth
In two parts cleft, just at the middle point,
And in the plenteous sand there left him stretched.
'T is said that then Ascanius in the war 590

[1] The soul came issuing out, and hissed against the dart." — DRYDEN.

"As too rash Ademar, the grave and good,
Watched the assault far-off, the fatal cane,
Charged with hot wrath, came whizzing where he stood,
And grazed his brow; impatient of the pain,
He clapped his hand upon the wounded vein,
When lo! a second nailed it to his head,
And, quivering, fixed in his bewildered brain!
He falls — his holy blood, by woman shed,
Floats o'er his priest'ly robes, and dyes the sable red."

TASSO'S *Clorinda in Battle.* WIFFEN, Canto II.

[2] VIRGIL does not give the young man's name. He only records his fate. He was on the side of Æneas.

[3] "Eductum matris luco." There exists a controversy as to whether the word "matris" should be understood as of the youth's own mother, or of Ceres the Mother of Nature. I think that without a special revelation from VIRGIL the doubt is insoluble. I therefore leave the text as I find it: "From groves maternal."

[4] "Pinguis ubi et placabilis."

[5] "Liquefacto plumbo." In the Seventh Book, at line 686, which see, the followers of Cæculus are mentioned as having brought to the war sling shots of lead of the shape of a Minié bullet.

First trial made of his swift arrow's flight.
'Till now the timid beasts in woodland wilds
His pleasing task to terrify had been.
But now Numanus' soul he spilt, whose name
Besides Numanus, Remulus, too, was called,
He who in marriage recently was wed,
His bride being Turnus' younger sister fair.
He, up and down, along the foremost line, 595
Was passing noisily, shouting forth things wise
And unwise, swaggering, and with pride puffed up,
Because unto the throne so near allied :
"Shame have ye none, twice-captured Phrygians there
To hold yourselves in siege, behind a trench,
And stretch out walls before your coming death ?
Lo, there are ye who seek our brides with war ! 600
What God doth Italy rule ? What madness ye ?
For here, with us, no sons of Atreus[1] are,
Nor no Ulysses with his lying tongue.
Upward from birth a hardy race are we,
Our boys[2] at once into a stream are plunged,
And hardened are by frost severe and waves.
Attained to further strength they hunt the game, 605
And make with hunters' shouts the forests ring.
In feats of horsemanship their sports they have,
And bending bows of horn for arrows' flights.
Patient of labor and of frugal lives,
They rule with hoes the earth or shake walled towns

[1] Agamemnon and Menelaus.
[2] "Natos." The sex is important.

In war. Our souls are ever worn by iron.[1]
Our oxen goad we with the inverted spear. 610
Nor weakens mental power long-lingering life,
Nor from the body takes its strength away.
We press o'er whitened hairs the helmet down.
And always our delight it is the spoil
To heap together and by plunder live.
But ye! the purple robe embroidered round
With saffron tracery gay your heart delights. 615
In dances to indulge to music stepped
Ye much are pleased. Your tunics sleeves must have,
And from your mitre's sides are ribbons hung.
O sure, ye naught but Phrygian women are!
Not Phrygian men at all![2] To Dindymus, then,
Begone! There on its heights ye 'll feel at home,
Lulled by the music of your two-stopped pipe,
There where the Berecynthian timbrel sounds,
And where for you the box-wood drones, and where
Calls ye your Mother of Mount Ida's fame.[3]
Leave arms to men! surrender to the sword!" 620
Him, boastful so in words and dire in speech
Of evil prophecy's taunts, Ascanius heard,
But could not bear to hear, and 'gainst him placed
Upon his horse-hair string an arrow aimed,

[1] "Omne ævum ferro teritur."

[2] "O vere Phrygiæ, neque enim Phrygos."

So Thersites to Agamemnon and his staff: —

"But come, my Grecian sisters, soldiers named
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war!"

COWPER, *Iliad*, II. 283.

[3] Popular belief connected the festivites on this mountain with scenes of great depravity, and this is the insinuation of this Italian Thersites.

But stood he, holding thus his arms apart,
Until, in suppliance, Jove by vows he sought:
"O Jove, Omnipotent God,[1] do thou approve 625
By thy kind nod my daring venture taken.[2]
Myself to thee thy temple's roof within
Will solemn offerings bring, and thee present,
Before thine altars brought, a snow-white steer
With gilded horns and one who, high as holds
His mother's head, doth hold his own, and thrusts
His forehead at the looker-on, while throw
His restless hoofs in air a shower of sand."[3]
The Father heard; and from the cloudless sky 630
Upon the left the thunder rolled. Resounds
In that same moment, too, the fateful bow,
Leaps shrieking horribly the arrow sent[4]
And to the head of Remulus doomed doth come,
And through doth it transfix from side to side:
"Go, thou who valor scorn'st with haughty words!
The Phrygians captured twice such answer send 635
To Rutuli rash!" Ascanius only this.
Cheers give the Teucrians, rave they with delight,
And to the stars they lift their courage high.
'T was then by chance above th' ethereal plain

[1] "Jupiter omnipotens."
DRYDEN: "Great Jupiter."
CONINGTON: "Great sire divine."
MORRIS: "O Jove Almighty."
CRANCH: "All-powerful Jupiter."
SYMMONS, PIERCE, and LONG: "Almighty Jove."

[2] "Audacibus annue cœptis."

[3] Needless again to call attention to the felicity of VIRGIL's pen-pictures of animals.

[4] "Effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta."
The sound of the words suggests the flight and errand of the arrow. Onomatopoetic.

Long-haired Apollo[1] on the Trojan camp
And on their leaguered state was looking down,
A cloud his seat. And he to Iülus thus 640
Now flushed with his first victory speaks: "Go on,
Increase in valor, boy, such to the stars
The appointed pathway is,[2] son born of Gods,
Of Gods the destined sire. Such is the law
That Fate ordains: all wars their end shall find
That race beneath which from Assaracus' blood
Its lineage draws. Troy thee no more restrains."[3]
When thus his speech had end, he from the sky 645
Descended, pushed the breathing airs aside,
And to Ascanius came, but changed, in form
And face, to Butes an old man. He once
Had armor-bearer to Anchises been,
The Dardan prince, and, faithful guardian bold,
Stood by his palace-doors. But now his place
Was with Ascanius as his friend and guide:
Such was Æneas' wish. Apollo went[4]
In all things like this ancient man, his voice, 650
His color, his white hair, his clattering arms
That roughly menaced war, and thus he spoke
To Iülus warm with zeal: "Now, be it enough,
Æneas' son, that with thy shaft thou hast,
Unhurt, Numanus overthrown. To thee

[1] Long and beautiful hair the poets were fond of assigning to Apollo.

[2] "Sic itur ad astra."

[3] This Speech of Apollo is, on the part of VIRGIL, a masterpiece of policy and adroitness. Augustus was supposed by his courtiers to resemble or to suggest Apollo. The derivation of Æneas from Venus is again here alluded to. The deification of Julius Cæsar is implied. The deification of Augustus is predicted. And the Universal Peace, called the Peace of Augustus, is foreshadowed. Observe, too, the sententiousness of the passage.

[4] "Ibat Apollo."

This early praise Apollo freely grants 655
And equal arms with his thee envies not.
But other feats omit, boy, in the war."
  Ended his speech; and, with its final word,
The sight of mortal men Apollo left,
And from their eyes far off in thin air passed.
The God the Dardan nobles knew. They knew
His shafts divine. They heard the sound in flight 660
His quiver gave. Therefore, by Phœbus' will
And words compelled, Ascanius' eager heart
They hold in check, and him bid quit the field.
Themselves into the struggle rush again,
And their own lives in open peril risk.
  Along the walls and through the flanking-towers
Goes up the battle-shout.[1] The bitter bows 665
Are bent, and whirled the javelin-thongs. The ground
With darts is strewn. Clink, clink,[2] the blows
On shields and hollow helms resound. Springs up
A struggle hard and rough for mastery there.
As when, what time the rainy Kids [3] their bed
Seek in the Ocean's waves, beat down the showers

[1] "It clamor totis per propugnacula muris."
"Along the ramparts cheer on cheer resounds."
PIERCE.

[2] "Dant sonitum flictu." Onomatopoetic.
"And oft his burganet of steel rings round
Like loud alarm-bells with the lively dint
Of pole-axe, spear, or sword, and sparkles like a flint."
TASSO, *Wiffen*, Canto 9.

[3] "Hædi." A small double star in the hand of the Wagoner. The rising and setting of these Kids was, and is, supposed to indicate the approach of rainy weather.

The solid ground upon, or headlong drives
In storms the crashing hail, and Heaven's high King 670
The boisterous south wind loosed, hurls tempests wide,
And bursts asunder all the clouds of heaven.
Pandarus and Bitias, youths Idæan-born,
Alcanor's sons, who in Jove's grove were reared
By care a rural nymph Iæra [1] gave,
Tall as their native pines and mountain-heights,
The gates, which they, by order of the prince, 675
Were holding under guard, they open threw,
Upon their arms depending; and the walls
The angry foe they challenge to approach,
While they within, to right, to left, like towers
Stood iron-clad,[2] keen their lofty heads the gleam
Of glittering crests upholding, as are seen
Glorious on Padus' [3] banks or Athesis' [4] marge, 680
Streams beautiful with glassy mirrors deep,
Twin oaks that rear aloft their unshorn [5] heads,
And nod sublime. And, towards the opening rush
The Rutuli's throngs, as soon as they it see.

[1] According to COOPER, TURNEBUS gives it as his opinion that this word should be Hyæna, because Romulus was suckled by a wolf. O TURNEBUS!

[2] "Armati ferro."

[3] The Po, the largest river in Italy.

[4] The Adige.

[5] A European usage, in districts where timber is scarce, is to lop off the branches of the tree, leaving the trunk to produce a new growth. The vigorous phrase of Horace is founded on this custom: —

"Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus,
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido;"

words which he places in the mouth of Hannibal.

But Quercus now, and bright in glorious arms
Aquicolus brave, and Tmarus, headlong soul, 685
And Hæmon, favorite fierce of Mars, must all,
With all their hosts, their backs turn to the foe,
Or lay their lives on that gate's threshold down.
Then 'twixt contending spirits rage arose,
And more and more increased, and thronged thereto
The Trojans, in great crowds, and hand to hand
Pressed on the foe and far out dared to rush.[1] 690

To Turnus, raging at another place,
And, as became a leader, urging on
His men to the attack, a message came
That boiling[2] were the foe with slaughter new,
And that themselves had open thrown their gates.
His present purpose straight he laid aside,
And, stirred with rage immense, his way he made 695
To the Dardanean gate and brothers twain
Its haughty guardians huge. His first exploit
Was 'gainst Antiphates, the base-born son
Of tall Sarpedon and a Theban maid.
Him, with the javelin cast, he overthrew.
Forth through the limpid air flies swift and sure
The Italian cherry-wood[3] tough, and, where unite
The stomach and the breast, sinks deep. 700
Returns the dark wound's cavern waves of foam,
And warmly rests the steel within its bed.

Then with his hand he Erymas' life mows down

[1] "Fought hand to hand — by sorties urged the foe." — PIERCE.

[2] "Fervere cæde nova."

[3] "Italia cornus." So called because hard as a horn. The wood of the Cornelian or horny cherry-tree. The usual translation of this word is "cornel," a translation which seems to me an ignorant, and, therefore, unsatisfactory one.

And Meropes fells,[1] and then slays Adiphnus;
Then Bitias, him with blazing eyes, and wild
With foaming courage high. Him slew he not
Beneath the javelin's point, for 't was not given
Unto the javelin's force to take his life,
But huge against him came, and driven with power 705
As is a thunderbolt, the twisted shaft
Of a phalarica,[2] which neither balked

[1] "Tum Meropem atque Erymanta *manu.*"
With his hand, without a weapon.

DRYDEN, CONINGTON, CRANCH, and MORRIS ignore "manu;" and SYMMONS, PIERCE, and LONG almost ignore it, thus: —

"With mighty arm he lays Adiphnus, Erymas, and Merops low."
PIERCE.

"Then, at hand to hand,
He Merops, Erymas, Adiphnus kills."
LONG.

"Then Merops and Adiphnus *feel his hand*,
And Erymantas strews the gory sands."
SYMMONS.

[2] "Contorta phalarica." The "hasta muralis" or spear of the Saguntines, impelled by twisted ropes. It was armed with an iron head a cubit in length, and was made heavy with wrappages of lead. Usually it was thrown from an engine, and carried with it flaming pitch and tow. Here it is wielded by the hand of Turnus.

PIERCE misses here a military opportunity. He says Bitias was impregnable by any "puny dart," but was slain by the "javelin."

MORRIS calls the weapon, "the sling-spear."

DRYDEN: "A knotted lance."

SYMMONS: "A falaric lance."

CONINGTON: —

"A huge falaric spear
Thundering in levin-like career."

CRANCH: "A ponderous phalaric spear."

LONG: "A great slung spear."

PITT: —

"No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost
(In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost),
A strong, vast, weighty spear the hero threw,
A spear that roared like thunder as it flew."

The double thickness of the bull's hide targe,
Nor corselet faithful with its doubled scales
And gold. Sunk dead his mighty limbs. The earth
A groan gives forth, and over him comes down
Resounding loud his shield immense. So falls 710
At times on the Eubœan Baiæ's shore
A tower of stone, which, first in masses huge
Constructed, cast they in the sea.[1] So prone
It ruin draws, and deep the sea within
Its form lies buried; blend the waves above
And dark the wave-swept sands its downfall dash.
Then with the sound shakes lofty Prochyta's[2] base 715
And the hard couch Inarime[3] by Jove
Imperious placed above Typhöeus huge.
Here Mars armipotent gave new strength
And spirit to the Latin men, and stirred

We have seen, in the Second Book, that PITT describes the wooden horse as descending into the city like thunder. The simile of thunder PITT believes in. In the opening lines of the Tenth Book he will describe Carthage as bursting

"like thunder o'er the Roman towers."

And, in the Twelfth Book, he will describe the horse of Messapus as a "*thundering horse.*"

Nero, always intent upon acquiring a vulgar popularity through a display of his powerful frame and gigantic strength in the public contests of the amphitheatre, aspired to represent, at some time in his career, the character of Turnus, as a hero, like Hercules, worthy to form the model of a muscular emperor. SUETONIUS, *Life of Nero*, sections 53 and 54.

[1] Cemented together with pozzolana. Baiæ was the favorite watering-place of the wealthy, and VIRGIL describes the methods by which the piers they used for gardens or residences were built-up; piers which occasionally, in cases of neglect, fell into the sea.

[2] Procida.

[3] The island Ænaria or Pithecusa, on the coast of Campania, hurled by Jove upon the rebellious giant Typhöeus.

Beneath their breasts the spurs of courage keen ;
And to the Teucrians Flight and Fear he sent.
Rally the hosts from far and near, since now 720
Abundant battle to their hands is given,
And with their souls is blent the mastering spell
Which wields the warrior God. . . .[1]
Pandarus, his brother's life-blood spilt, saw well
Whereto now fickle Fortune drove her car,
And in what chance the battle's problem stood ;
And 'gainst the gate his shoulders pushed, and turned, 725
With mighty strength, it on its hinges closed ;
And from the walls shut out, in desperate straits,
Left many of his own side, and within
Those of the foe he kept already there.
The madman ! Might he not, in the mid-line
Have seen break in the tall Rutulian king,
Whom now he holds shut in the city's heart ?
As well might he a tiger huge shut in 730
'Midst helpless lambs. At once from out his eyes
New light shines forth. His arms a fearful sound
Give forth. Tremble above his head the crests
Of bloody hue, and sends he from his shield
Its gleaming lightnings upon all around.
His hated face know well and limbs immense
The Æneans suddenly with horror seized. 735
Then flashes forth huge Pandarus hot with rage
Caused by his brother's death, and speaks : "Not here

[1] "Bellatorque animo Deus incidit." An imperfect line. The reason for it uncertain, unless the pause have a religious significance.

The royal halls are found of Amata fond
Reserved for thee in dower, not Ardea here
Round Turnus closes its paternal walls.
But hostile camps thou see'st; nor power hast thou
Hence thine escape to make." Amused [1] and calm 740
Of heart thus Turnus answer gave: "Come on,
If in thy soul there aught of valor lives!
Come, hand to hand! For unto Priam's face
Thou soon shalt tell thou hast Achilles found!"
He spoke. And now the other, with his strength
To utmost urged, hurls, rude with knots and crude
Of bark, his spear. Received the air the wound. 745
For as it came Saturnian Juno it
Turned from its course. The spear stuck in the gate.
"But not this weapon which with all its force
My right hand wields shalt thou escape. Not such
Is he who wields and guides the steel." [2] He said,
And high he rose [3] to deal the stroke he aimed
With his uplifted sword, and on the line 750
That 'twixt his temples lies just evenly marked
He with his sword his head divides in twain
And beardless chin, at one tremendous stroke.
A sound is heard. With weight immense the earth
Rebounds. His limbs collapsed, his arms with brains

[1] "Subridens."

[2] It is usual to explain here that Turnus alludes to Mars. I do not see why he may not be understood as alluding to himself.

[3] "Et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem."

O'ersmeared, he, dying, falls to earth ; and hangs
From either shoulder down in equal parts
Here half a head and there the other half. 755
Scatter the Trojans seized with trembling dread
And if at once the thought had but occurred
Unto the victor to unbar the gates
And let his comrades in, — that of the war
And Teucrian race the final day had been.
But fury drove the burning man and crazed 760
With thirst for slaughter otherwheres . . .[1]
First from him Phalaris fled, and Gyges then
Upon the ham he cut, and hurls their spears,
Wrenched from their hands, upon their flying backs.
Courage and strength Juno to him supplies.
Halys he adds for company fit, and adds, 765
With parma[2] pierced and ruined Phegeus fierce ;
Then, while they knew it not (upon the walls
They crying on the war,) Alcandrus strong,
And Halius, Næmon, Prytanis slew. And then,
Lynceus, another way pursuing, friends
And comrades calling, with his sweeping sword,
(His knee the while upon the wall's right bank
Being rested, and his sword in both hands held),
Reached he, and by the sweeping blow afar 770
Helmet and head flew off. Then Amycus huge
Before him fell. Destroyer of wild beasts
He was, than whom therein was happier none
Or shafts in oiling for the hunt, or spears
With poison arming. And before him fell

[1] "Egit in adversos." A defective line. The reason uncertain.
[2] A round buckler worn by light infantry and cavalry.

Clytius, the son of Æolus famed, and, too,
Cretheus, that lover of the Muses nine, 775
Their daily friend and follower fond, who songs
And harps and Fame held always in his heart,
The tuneful shell and lofty minstrelsy,
And who of fitting numbers to his strings
Ne'er tired, and who of steeds and arms of men[1]
And glorious deeds and battle-clamors sung.
Observing so by slaughter mowed, or far
From present danger cowering low, their men, 780
And that the foe within the walls his path
With desolation marked and carnage wide,
Together draw the Teucrian princes chief,
Keen Mnestheus and Sergestus brave, and takes
Mnestheus the word: "Why then this flight? And where
Do ye expect such flight to end? What walls
Have ye besides those now that round ye are?
Or fortresses beyond? One man, and he
Within your own walls penned, O citizens rash,
Unpunished slaughters such within your walls
Enacts, and unto Orcus' shades sends down 785
Princes so many from your warrior ranks,
Of all your chivalry high the fragrant flower!
O cowards! why burn ye not with grief and shame
For your unhappy country, for the Gods
Of olden time, and for Æneas great?"
Stung by such taunts their courage comes again,
And in dense line they stand. And by degrees
Turnus the fight declines, and seeks the stream, 790

[1] "Atque arma virum."

That portion of the camp which by the wave
Is girded round. For this the hotter fall
The Teucrians on, while uttering deafening cheers,
And mass their bands: just as with pikes a crowd
In bristling row a savage lion press;
He terrified, but fierce and grim of eye,[1]
Yields ground, but still his wrath him suffers not, 795
Nor doth his prowess high, to turn his back;
Nor to go forward, howsoe'er his will
May bear him thither, can he budge one step
For shafts and men. Not otherwise drew slow
Unhasting, footsteps Turnus, doubtfully, back,
The while his mind with towering anger boiled.
Indeed, even then, twice rushed he on the foe, 800
Twice drove he, mixed in huddled flight, their bands
The walls around. But now in haste the host
Entire is joined, united as one man;
Nor dareth now Saturnian Juno's zeal
Defend her favorite more, nor check the strength
The Teucrians now put forth. For now sends down
Ethereal Iris Jove from heaven to bear
Unto his sister his commands not soft,[2]
Unless from Teucrian walls Turnus departs. 805
So now the warrior's shield him naught avails,
Nor him avails his sword, but overwhelmed
By missiles cast from every side, he shrinks.
Roars round his ears his helmet with the din

[1] "But fierce and grim-eyed."
MORRIS.

[2] "Haud mollia jussa."

The incessant storm of weapons on it brings,
And yields 'neath pelting stones its bars of bronze.[1]
Gone are his plumes. Nor longer doth the disc 810
Of his tough targe his sinking limbs protect.
And with redoubled vigor ply their shafts
The Trojan warriors, and himself helps on
Mnestheus the thunderer.[2] Then pours swift the sweat
Down all his body's length its sticky [3] stream.
His breath grows short. An eager panting shakes
His wearied limbs. Until at length he leaps 815
All armed, as there he stood, into the flood.
It him received its yellow tide within,
And on its soothing waves him bore away,
And to his comrades him returned, washed clean
From such a world of slaughter, and rejoiced.[4]

[1] "About his temples' hollow rings his helm with ceaseless clink:
The starkly-fashioned brazen plates, amid the stone cast, chink."
MORRIS.

[2] "Fulmineus Mnestheus."

[3] "Piceus." The usual translation is pitchy, with which a popular notion associates a black color. This is not just to the presumed Caucasian origin of the fatigued.

[4] "Thus, bore him to his friends rejoiced, from stains of conflict free."
PIERCE.

"And gave him merry to his men, washed from the battle's blood."
MORRIS.

BOOK THE TENTH, ENTITLED PALLAS.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter convenes a council of the Gods, in which he declares that the war must cease. Venus and Juno enter upon a spirited debate as partisans of the respective belligerents. Whereupon Jupiter submits the whole issue of the war to the Fates, and withdraws the veto he had announced. Turnus resumes the siege. Æneas returns. A description of his Tuscan auxiliaries is given and of their leaders, Massicus, Abas, Asilas, Astur, and others. Æneas performs prodigies of valor. Pallas, the son of Evander, enters the field, and, during a career of splendid success, is met and slain by Turnus. Æneas, informed of this catastrophe, spreads terror and desolation among his foes. Jupiter rallies Juno on the evident failure of her plans; and she, in tears, begs only that the life of Turnus be spared. This is granted; and, as contrived by Juno, Turnus is decoyed from the field and his fate by a feigned image of Æneas, fleeing before him. Æneas, disappointed in his search for Turnus, slays Lausus and Mezentius.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

JUPITER, *the Supreme God of Olympus.*
JUNO, *Wife of Jupiter.*
VENUS, *Goddess of Love, Mother of Æneas.*
HERCULES, *the Deified Hero.*
CYMODOCEA, *and her Sister Sea-Nymphs, formerly the Ships of Æneas.*
JUTURNA, *a Nymph, sister of Turnus.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
ORODES, *a Trojan Prince.*
PALLAS, *the Arcadian Prince.*
TARCHON, *Commander of the Tuscans.*
TURNUS, *King of the Rutuli.*
MEZENTIUS, *the Expelled Tyrant of Tuscany.*

The Olympian Council.

MAGUS, TARQUITUS, LIGER, LUCAGUS,	*Latin Princes.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Achates, Ascanius, Lausus (son of Mezentius), the Trojan, Tuscan, and Latin armies, Rhœbus (the war-horse of Mezentius).

SCENE: *Olympus, the Tiber, Tuscany, the field of battle.*

BOOK THE TENTH: PALLAS.

MEANWHILE are thrown wide open the vast doors
Which 'neath omnipotent[1] Olympus' dome
Close in the ethereal throne's arch majesty vast;
And calls of men and Gods the Sire august
A council high in his sidereal seat.
Thence, spread beneath him, every land he sees,
And sees the Dardan camps and Latin tribes.
Sit they 'neath roofs thus glorious. He begins: 5

[1] "Omnipotentis." The VIRGILIANS have, in former instances in the Poem, shown embarrassment in dealing with this large word. How do they deal with it in the present instance?

PITT: "Now wide unfold the eternal gates of Jove."

SYMMONS: —
"Now where his state the Lord of Nature holds
The palace of Omnipotence unfolds."

MORRIS: —
"Meanwhile is opened wide the door of dread Olympus' walls."

CRANCH: "Meanwhile the omnipotent Olympian doors are opened."

LONG: "Meanwhile heaven's mighty halls are opened wide."

The others ignore the word, and substitute no other in its place.

"Ye great inhabitants of Heaven, wherefore
Have ye your old opinion now reversed?
And, with unfavorable minds, such strife
Set forth? Unwilling was I that in war
The powers of Italy roused should be engaged
Against the Teucrians. And in spite of this,
My veto,[1] what a discord reigns? Who these
Or those hath urged to fear, to follow arms, 10
And with the glittering sword harass? There comes
Of fight a proper time (and not too soon
Should ye it bring to pass), when Carthage fierce
Shall upon Roman walls war's fearful threats
And woes, through open Alps, all rudely hurl.[2]
Then may your hatreds have free play, and then
May Rapine run her full and headlong course.
But now desist, and be ye pleased the league
Of friendship made to bind forever firm." 15

Thus briefly Jupiter great, but, in return
Spoke golden Venus, flower of that high hall,
Less briefly thus:[3]

"O Father, Thou whose power eternal is
O'er men and things![4] For now what else remains

[1] "Quæ contra vetitum discordia?"

[2] PITT here describes Carthage as "bursting like thunder o'er the Roman towers."

The rhetoric of this VIRGILIAN suffers at times from an overcharge of electricity.

[3] "Pauca refert:" One of the imperfect lines designedly left imperfect.

[4] "O Pater! O hominum rerumque æterna potestas!"

DRYDEN: "O Power immense! eternal energy!"

PITT: "O Sire of men below and Gods on high."

Whereto we may our prayers, imploring, send
If not to thee? And dost thou not perceive 20
How insolent grown are now the Rutuli ranked,
And how, on steeds majestic through the midst
Is Turnus borne? How full of boasting he?
With Mars to help? Nor longer closed their walls
The Teucrians keep, but to the gates advanced,
And e'en within, the storming parties come,
While flow with blood the battlements and walls,
And overflows the ditch.[1] Absent, of this 25
Æneas nothing knows.[2] And wilt thou them
Ne'er from the siege allow to be relieved?
The foe of Troy, who yet doth live, again
The walls assails, and as of yore inspired.
For Diomede's self, Etolian Arpi's chief,
Rises again [3] against the Teucrian arms.
And I do think that wounds remain for me,
And that thy progeny, I, once more to arms 30

SYMMONS: "O Sire, the eternal might which all confess."
CONINGTON: "Dread lord of all, above, below!"
MORRIS: —
"O Father! O eternal might of men and deeds of earth!"
CRANCH: —
"O Father! O eternal power of men and their affairs."
PIERCE: "O sire, the King of Kings."
LONG: —
"O sire,
Of mind and matter the eternal spring."

[1] "Et *inundant* sanguinæ fossæ."

[2] "And flood of gore adown the ditch is sent,
Unware Æneas is away."
MORRIS.

The printer, by the use of a comma, instead of a period, makes MORRIS say what he did not intend to say.

[3] "Iterum . . . surgit." The fears of Venus, in this particular, were destined to be relieved by the magnanimity of Diomede himself.

By mortal men employed must make demur![1]
If not thy peace within, if 'gainst thy will
Divine, they Italy's fields have sought, let them
The sin atone, withdraw from them thine aid.
But if they followed have responses given
So often and so clear by Gods and ghosts,
Why now should any one thy firm decrees 35
Seek to reverse? or why new Fates to found?
What need that I recall how that their fleets
On Erycinean shores were burned, or storms
And raging winds were from Æolia forth
Sent by their king, or Iris sent in clouds?
Now even the nether world is moved (this Fate
Remained of every power untried) and lo! 40
Alecto on a sudden mission comes
Into the upper world, and revels there
Throughout the midst of Italy's fairest towns.
No motion[2] make I, which beyond the terms

[1] "Equidem, credo, mea vulnera restant,
Et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma!"
She had been wounded by Diomede in battle under the walls of Troy.
"With his protruded spear her gentle hand
He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
Ambrosial, by themselves the Graces wrought,
Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm."
. . . . . .
"Diomede the proud,
Audacious Diomede; he gave the wound,
For that I stole Æneas from the fight,
My son, of all mankind my most beloved;
Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy,
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves."
COWPER, *Iliad*, Book V., lines 387 and 436.

[2] It has been observed by ANTHON and others that a stately and old-fashioned style of speech, as more majestic and dignified, characterizes this colloquy of the Gods. This I have not, myself, observed. VIRGIL is

Of your own orders runs. We much have hoped
While Fortune with us stayed, but now we say,
Let those the victors be whom thou preferr'st.
But, Father, thee I do beseech, by Troy
And all her smoking ruins, I implore,
If, among all the regions of the earth,
There none exists which thy hard-natured wife 45
Unto the Teucrians grants, yet let it be
That safe from arms Ascanius shall be kept.
O let my grandson live! In thy wise plans
Be it, that, cast on waves unknown, my son,
Æneas, sails, and whatsoever way
That Fortune gives pursues, but grant my prayer
To shield the boy from battle's agonies deep. 50
Mine Paphus is the lofty, Cythera high,
And bright Idalia's dome. Arms laid aside,
Let him, inglorious, there his lifetime spend.
Then, with thy mandate mighty thou may'st say:
'Carthage, do thou Ausonia dominate proud!'
Thenceforth shall naught the Tyrian towns with-
stand. 55
What did it help that they the plague of war
Escaped and Grecian fires, and drained
On sea and land deserted, peril's cup,

capable of facetiousness and humor, even in reporting the Gods and Goddesses, and he is at all times dignified, and his Speeches of the Gods and Goddesses possess the same simple dignity which elsewhere characterizes his lines. But this I have observed: that, for some reason, — perhaps because at the time of composing these lines, VIRGIL was much in the law-courts, or in the company of lawyers, — these speeches employ repeatedly good set law-phrases, as "demur," "reversed," "opinion," "motion," "orders," and the "open court," the lecta bipatenta of heaven. And these I have preserved in my translation. And, it seems needless to say, Venus approves herself, in her address, an adept in special pleading.

The while they Latium sought and Troy restored?
Had it not better for them been t' have sat
The ashes of their country's past among,
T' have clung unto the soil where once was Troy?[1] 60
Xanthus and Simois give thou back, I pray,
Unto these wretched men. And do thou grant
That they again the sad calamities sore
Endure which patiently, in siege and field,
What time Troy stood, they deeply felt and oft."
Queen Juno, then, by grave displeasure urged:
"Why dost thou me my reticence profound
So long preserved, at last to break, and woes
Long-felt, but long-suppressed, to frame
In words coarse-spun, compel?[2] Which of the Gods,
Or e'en what man hath driven Æneas forth 65
Wars to pursue, and hostile steps to take,
Against Latinus' throne? 'By Fates advised
He sought out Italy's realms.' Yea, driven abroad
By wild Cassandra's fancies. Did e'er we
Him urge his camps to leave, and to the winds
His life to trust? Or to his boy his war 70
Confide and its great aims and ends, or e'en

[1] "Solum quo Troja fuit."

[2] "Et obductum verbis vulgare dolorem."

Herein is found an ample answer to the suggestion referred to just above, that in this council, the celestial participants were observing a more than usually stilted and dignified style of speech. Juno hastens to declare that, as to her, the opposite is the case, that she is there to use the utmost plainness and directness of common speech, to vulgarize, as she expresses it, her woe, to air in good round phrases that will hit hard, her long pent-up indignation. And she does it.

His walls? Or Tyrrhene leagues to seek? Or stir
With zeal unreasoning quiet tribes? What God
Hath him compelled to fraud? Some power severe
Of ours? Ask ye, where Juno was? Or, where,
Commissioned from the clouds did Iris come?
Unworthy then it is when nascent Troy 75
Italian men with flames surround, or stands
Turnus at bay on his paternal soil;
He who for grandfather Pilumnus had,
And for his mother boasts no less a name
Than that divine Venilia gives her son;
But wrong in naught, when, with malignant face,
Against the Latins Trojans injuries hurl,
Or place a yoke on fields they do not own,
Or booty drive from others' lands away,
Or enter parents' homes and brides abduct
Of other men, or come and ask for peace 80
With trained-bands at their backs, and on their ships
Defiant figure-heads.[1] All right for thee

[1] "Præfigere puppibus arma."

MORRIS has it: "Lades ships with weapon-gear."

But this is not the sense of VIRGIL. At the very moment that Juno was speaking, the Tuscan navy was in full sail for the scene of the siege, with beaks whereon Teucrian emblems had taken the place of Tuscan. Some two or three pages further on we will read: —

"THE SHIP WHEREIN ÆNEAS SAILED WENT FIRST,
Upon its beak the *Phrygian lions* nailed,
And over them *Mount Ida*, grateful sight
To refugees from Troy."

CONINGTON: "And arm their ships from stem to stern."

CRANCH: "Yet hang up arms upon their ships."

PIERCE: "And nail war's ensign to their brass-prowed ships."

It is Æneas to withdraw from hands of Greeks
And in the man's place fogs and winds to show,
And turn into as many Nymphs his ships;
But when we, on the other hand, somewhat
The Rutuli wronged defending their own homes
And hearths assist, why that is infamous! 85
'Absent, of this Æneas nothing knows?'
Well, let him absent be, and nothing know!
Paphus is thine, Idalia thine, and thine
Is lofty Cythera fair? Why, then, dost thou
A city try with battle's terrors black
And savage breasts? And we thy Phrygian crash[1]
'Tried to make still a wider waste!' What! we?
Who was 't unto the Grecian arms consigned 90
Your wretched Troy? Wherefore arose in arms
Europe and Asia, secretly their leagues
Of peace discarding? And was 't I[2] brought in
The Dardan libertine who held, in walls
War-guarded, Sparta's pride?[3] Have I in arms
Set any hero forth? Have I warmed wars with Love?[4]
If such things we had done, which we deny,

LONG: "And set the battle-standard on their decks."
Thus CRANCH, PIERCE, and LONG have it nearly. MORRIS and CONINGTON are clearly wrong.

DRYDEN, PITT, and SYMMONS ignore.

[1] "Fluxas Phrygiæ res." The Fall of Troy.

[2] "Me duce." Juno has, in her warmth, forgotten her dignity. She does in this a cruelty to the commentators who have been at pains to commend the old-fashioned dignity of her style. She descends from the "dura potentia nostri" to "Hic Juno," and "me duce."

[3] Helen, whom HOMER so repeatedly calls the loveliest of her sex, and MORRIS "Sparta's jewel."

[4] "Fovive cupidine bella?"

Then mightest thou for those thou lovest have feared.
And the complaints which thou mak'st now are late,
And angrily given, and are, besides, unjust." 95
So Juno pleaded; muttered all who dwell
Within the courts of heaven uplifted high
Their various thoughts consenting or opposed,
As when the earliest breathings in the woods
Their murmurings mutter forth which tell
To careful sailors of the rising winds.
And then began the Almighty[1] Father, he 100
Who holds, his hands within, the power supreme;
And when he spoke, the lofty dome broad-spread

[1] "Tum Pater Omnipotens."

CRANCH: —
"Then the Omnipotent Father who o'errules
The universe begins."

LONG: —
"Ruler of all, the Almighty Father then
Began."

MORRIS: "Then spake the Almighty Sire, in whom is all the world's avail."

SYMMONS: —
"Then Heaven's Almighty Sire who governs all
Began."

DRYDEN: —
"Then thus to both replied th' imperial God,
Who shakes heaven's axles with his awful nod."

PITT: —
"Then spoke the Almighty Father as he sat
Inthroned in gold, and closed the great debate."

CONINGTON: —
"Then he begins, the Sire of all
Who rules the world at will."

PIERCE: "The Sire, who rules the universe, replied:"

So, it is seen that in this instance, DRYDEN, CONINGTON, and PIERCE ignore the word.

Of Gods was stilled; stilled was the ether high;
The Zephyrs e'en reposed; the placid deep
Its waves repressed, before such majesty awed;
And trembled to its centre all the earth:
"Accept ye, therefore, these my words, and them
Deep in your souls retain,[1] since not allowed 105
It is, that with the Teucrians should be joined
In league the Ausonians, and since yet there seems
No end to be of discords 'twixt ye twain.
What fortune each one hath to-day, what hope
Each from the garment of the times may cut,[2]
For Trojan, be it, or for Ausonian, I
In difference none will hold, whether it be
That, by the Fates, fair Italy's camps
Are held in siege, or Troy's, by error ill 110
And warnings sinister foiled. Labor and luck
Let each one have as to his hand it comes.
The self-same Jupiter still to all is King.
Let find the way the Fates." His nod he gave
By streams his Stygian brother owns, by gulfs
Black with their pitchy torrents, by the banks
With shadows crowded. And Olympus shook. 115
This was of speech the end. Rises he then
From off his throne of burnished gold, and him
Follow a train celestial as he goes.

[1] I claim that I amend the text by substituting here a comma for a period, and that this makes a new and better reading. This reading, too, explains the otherwise unintelligible "therefore" (*ergo*) in the preceding line, which for want of a clue to its meaning is misunderstood by all the VIRGILIANS, and is ignored by DRYDEN, SYMMONS, CONINGTON, MORRIS, and LONG.

[2] "Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem." DRYDEN's translation of this passage is so obscure that in it this fine line is untraceable.

Meanwhile round all the gates the Rutuli grim
Press hard, and fell in slaughter men, and gird
With burnings walls, and hold th' Æneans close, 120
Their lives within besieged, no lingering hope
To them remaining even of flight, still less
Of triumph borne on Victory's favoring wing.
Wretched they stand upon the turrets' tops [1]
In vain. Their crown upon the walls is thin.[2]
Albeit undaunted, in the perilous edge
Of battle,[3] there are seen the honored braves
In whom Troy rests her cause: Asius, the son
Of Imbrasus strong, the two Assaraci prized,
The Hicetaonian Thymœtes, and old
But brave Thymbris with Castor joined. And there 125
Sarpedon's sons both strive, and, with them, they
Who with them came from lofty Lycia's coasts,
Clarus and Themon. Acmon there the huge,
He whom Lyrnessus furnished to the war,
A rock immense, task for his utmost strength,
A part not small of a whole mountain's bulk,[4]
Up to the wall's top rolls, not less his fame
For deeds of daring than his father's was,

[1] "Turritis altis."
[2] "Rara . . . corona."
"Thin garland for the wall."
MORRIS.
Not wall-flowers at all in the popular sense.

In rendering turritis altis "turrets' tops," I compromise with the word altis. Of altus and magnus VIRGIL seems fond. In a heroic poem he naturally "keeps them in stock," as our merchants would say, to meet the eking-out emergencies of a metrical composition.

[3] MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book First, line 276.

[4] "Haud partem exiguam montis."

Clytius renowned, or brother Mnestheus' self.
These struggle on with darts to make defense 130
Or ponderous rocks, or fire make fire to fight,
Or fit the arrow to the twanging cord.
And see! among the crowd that comely head
Most justly Venus' care, which nobly shines
As shines a gem in setting pure of gold,
For neck or head [1] an ornament fair and grace; 135
Or as the ivory shines inset in box,
Or, wood Oricia yields, the terebinth smooth.
Upon his milk-white neck pours down his hair
Which gathers up a circlet soft of gold.
Thee, too, great-hearted tribes saw, Ismarus bold,
Wounds multiply, and reeds with poison arm, 140
Son of a generous house Mæonian famed,
Where men till fertile fields the worth whereof
Pactolus makes more rich with golden floods. [2]
There, too, was Mnestheus whose brave deed
Of driving Turnus from the invaded camp
Raised to a pitch sublime his proud renown,
And Capys, he whose name that city claims
Which o'er Campania's fields wide lordship holds. 145
And while against each other these of war
The conflicts hard were fiercely waging there,
Æneas, in full progress, on the flood,
His way towards the scene was cutting fast.
For after that Evander he had left,

[1] "For collar or for diadem."

CONINGTON.

[2] The adjectives employed in this description of Ismarus seem to convey a sharp sarcasm upon his detestable mode of warfare.

He made his way into the Tuscan camps.
He there the king approached, tells him his name
And splendid race, his business and his needs ; 150
How that Mezentius scheming was for help ;
How bitter bent the mind of Turnus was ;
And warns him, too, how that in human things
But little trust belongs, and mingles prayers.[1]
Tarchon delay makes none. His powers he joins.
A league they strike. Then, free of Fate, their fleet 155
Ascend the Lydian men, as Gods had them
Instructed, by a foreign prince led forth.
THE SHIP WHEREIN ÆNEAS SAILED WENT FIRST,[2]
Upon its beak the Phrygian lions nailed,
And over them "Mount Ida," grateful sight
To refugees from Troy. Here in command
Æneas mighty sits, and of the war 160
The various chances turns his mind within.
And Pallas at his left side sat and traced
The stars and courses of the darkening night ;
Or asked what had the hero seen, what woes
Were his and toils endured by land and sea.

INVOCATION TO THE MUSES.

Now, Goddesses, of Helicon the gates
Wide open throw, and spread abroad your songs.

[1] "Inmiscetque preces." The incident and the sentiment are in accord with Æneas's character for piety.

[2] "Æneia puppis
Prima tenet."
I have thought this fact deserved casting in one continuous line, in letters larger than the rest. The name of this flag-ship was, doubtless, the "Mount Ida." The lions were placed as a crest beneath the figure-head.

What bands from Tuscan shores Æneas forth
Doth bring, and how their ships they arm, and how
Upon the sea they sail, do ye declare.[1] 165
First, in the bronze-beaked[2] "Tiger," Massicus swift
The waters cuts, 'neath whom a band of braves[3]
A thousand strong are ranked, who Clusium's forts
And Cosa's city left, who hold the spear,
And from whose shoulders hang bark quivers light,
Skilled they the fatal arrow forth to send.
Grim Abas, then; his force in brilliant arms 170
That flashed with splendor back Apollo's rays,
The ship wherein he sailed Apollo's form
Upon its beak advancing grand with gold.
To him had Populonia given, a home
In people rich, a kindly mother-land,
Of braves six hundred, veterans tried in war;
And Ilva's isle three hundred more, an isle
Whose generous mines a store exhaustless yield
Of Chalybs' steel; nine hundred, thus, his score.
The leader third Asilas was, skilled he 175

[1] In the very presence and physique of these Tuscans we of America, if Dr. Beard is right, have a special interest; for *we* are the men and women of Tuscany reproduced. "America, if archæology is to be trusted, is a modern Etruria, the delicate features and fine forms of prehistoric Italy emerging from the entombment of ages and reappearing, in a higher evolution, in the Western Hemisphere." (Dr. George M. Beard in *North American Review* of December, 1879.)

[2] "Ærata." But, as elsewhere explained (Book First, line 35), æs was not brass, but bronze. The usual translation, therefore, of "brazen-beaked" is erroneous. "Massicus advanced," say Lee and Lonsdale, "in his *brazen Tiger*."

[3] "Juvenum." Youths, braves, warriors. Literally, boys. Effectively, soldiers.

In things to deal which men and Gods concern,
And whom obey of flocks the hearts and nerves,
And stars of heaven, and tongues of birds, and fires
Which in prophetic lightnings flash. His host,
A thousand strong, stand in dense ranks, with spears
That bristle rough, and whom hath Pisa sent,
That Tuscan city which famed Alpheus built.[1] 180
Astur most beautiful comes next, Astur
In steeds confiding, and in arms of hues
That shift and play as plays on them the light;[2]
Three hundred horsemen his, in all one mind,
And that their leader's mind; Cæres their home
And Minio's fields, and ancient Pyrgi's bounds
And where the storms beat on Gravisca's shores.
Nor should I thee omit, most brave in war, 185
Of the Ligurians leader, Cinyra wise;
Nor thee, Cupava, although small thy band,
Thou, from whose helmet rise the swan-wing quills.

[1] Al-phe'us. Three syllables.

[2] "Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur,
Astur equo fidens, et versicoloribus armis."

The starry Astur (the name itself is versicoloric) had arms such as the style of SOPHOCLES and of VIRGIL often furnish, the peculiarity of presenting in the same word or collection of words a choice or an aggregation of several thoughts or images. Thus (to follow this star) Astur may mean a star, a falcon, a healing earth, an Asturian, as well as that leader of the Tuscans who surpassed all the others in personal beauty. Like many of the names employed by VIRGIL, it is Protean. And, it seems besides remarkable, that we nowhere hear, in the sequel of the story, in all the sanguinary scenes which swept away so many warriors, that Astur was ever slain. Was it not the intention of VIRGIL that, as his name and arms illustrated the character of his own muse, he should, like Æneas, wear, to the end, a charmed life, and survive all the vicissitudes of the war?

Love was thy crime; thy plumes of war the same
Thy father bore. For Cycnus, they relate,
Grieved for the death of Phaethon lost,[1] his friend,
While sung he, poplar foliage dark among, 190
And 'neath the shade of sisters lost and mourned,
And with his muse his sorrowing love consoled,
A whitened age upon him came and growth
Of plumage soft, and left he this our earth,
And, singing still, far journeyed to the stars.
And now his son, while sailed in other ships
The men he brought, sailed in a ship immense 195
The "Centaur" called. The figure-head stands forth
The waves above, o'er which it threatening holds
A rock immense,[2] the while the ship plows on
Its furrow long across the deep blue sea.
Calls, too, that Ocnus[3] from his native shores
His band. Son of the Tuscan flood he was
And Manto prophetess; the same who gave, 200
Mantua, thy walls to thee, and for a name
Gave thee his mother's name; a lordly town,
Well-built, which in ancestral stocks is rich;
Yet not one race for all: a threefold race

[1] Unsuccessful in guiding the chariot of the sun he was thrown by Jupiter into the Po. His sisters, lamenting his fate, were turned into poplar trees. The statue in the Louvre, called the *Phaëthusa*, representing a maiden in process of transformation into a tree, is a rare gem of art. It would afford me great pleasure, if I knew it, to give the name of the artist. — *Personal Observation.*

[2] "Threatens a monstrous bowlder at the wave." — LONG.

"It seemed to fear the formidable sight
And rolled its billows on to speed his flight."

DRYDEN.

[3] Ocnus is mentioned in the Ninth Eclogue under the name of Bianor.

It hath, and every branch four tribes ; itself
The head of all ; its strength in Tuscan blood.
Five hundred thence himself against in arms
Mezentius to the war calls forth, whom led
The "Mincius," born of Benacus' bright waves,[1] 205
With head in sedge gray veiled, along the sea
In convoy of good ships of pine trees stanch.
  Then grave Aulestes comes. With hundred oars,
Each huge, as though were each a tree's stout growth,
He, rising, beats the flood, while foams the sea
A marble floor uptorn. Him bears his ship
Immense the "Triton" named,[2] who with his shell 210
Of blue the sea alarms, and as he swims,
Down to his hairy sides a man appears,
Below a pristis [3] is. Murmurs the wave
In foam his breast beneath, half man's, half beast's.
  So many chosen lords they sailed in ships
Thrice ten to help of Troy, and with their keels
Of bronze were borne the salty plain along.
  And now the Day from out the sky had fled, 215

[1] The River Mincius fed by Lake Benacus.

[2] So named from its figure-head, the Triton, represented as blowing on a blue shell. We may suppose, besides, that these ships bore their names

"Painted upon a background of pure gold,
Such as the Tuscans' early art preferred."

[3] "Pristis" will be remembered as the name of one of the ships in the naval contest at the Games in Sicily, described in the Fifth Book. The name has no English equivalents. Some of the VIRGILIANS call it "sea-monster;" some, "sea-wolf;" and some make it "whale."

And, in her wagon of the Night[1] full-orbed,
Drove Phœbe fair[2] her steeds through heavenly heights.
Æneas, (for his cares unto his limbs
No rest allowed,) himself the helm controlled,
Himself the sails disposed. And lo! of friends
Meets him in middle space a charming choir, 220
Nymphs whom sweet[3] Cybele's care produced from ships,
And unto whom a power divine she gave
O'er the sea's realms and strange things of those realms.
So swam they equally there, and so the waves
They cut, as stood the bronze-bound beaks
Which from the shore looked out where they were moored.
Far off their king they recognize. Their joy
In dancing sportive ways they show, and one 225
Cymodocea, she in speech most learned[4]
Of all, following behind the ship, the stern
With her right hand holds pleased, the while her left
Falls in the water as an oar would fall,
And o'er the silent waves her breasts displays,
And thus, before he had bethought him, spoke:

[1] "Curru noctivago."

[2] "Phœbe sweet and fair." — MORRIS.

I would have made to Phœbe the same concession had my metre been as long as his. But I follow VIRGIL the nearer, as he uses only a single adjective: "alma."

[3] "Alma" again. And here, again, MORRIS, assisted by a more accommodating metre, says "holy-sweet." I have, however, stolen a march upon him in the phrase "charming choir," which he is so prosaic as to call merely "company."

[4] "Doctissima."

"And dost thou watch, Æneas, race of Gods?[1]
Watch thou![2] And let thy sails spread wide.
For we 230
Pines are from Ida's sacred height, thy ships
Now into Sea-Nymphs changed. As pressed on us
With fire and sword the fierce perfidious troop
Who own for master the Rutulian king,
Broke we unwillingly thy bonds, and now
Before thee come. Our shape the Mother kind, 235
Of mercies full, hath changed, and us, preserved
The crystal depths within, as Goddesses throned
To live permits. But now thy boy beloved,
Ascanius, wall and ditch hold in, and shafts
That hurtle thick, and Latins that of war
The bristling weapons bring and hot assaults.
And now Arcadian knights and Tuscan braves
Have gained their rendezvous, but fixed the mind
Of Turnus is opposing bands to send
To cut them off, that they may fail to reach
Thy suffering troops to whose relief they march.[3] 240
Rise! Act![4] And at Aurora's earliest hour
Thy comrades call to arms, and take thy shield,
Unconquered one, the same which edged with gold,

[1] "Deum gens, Ænea." See Book Eighth, line 36: "O sate gente deum!" and Note thereto; and Book Ninth, line 525, "vos, O Calliope!" and Note thereto.

Herein I make a New Reading. None of the VIRGILIANS recognize this sense of these words.

[2] "Vigilasne rex? Vigila!" was the form with which, according to SERVIUS, the Vestal Virgins began their addresses, on certain occasions, to the Rex sacrorum: "Dost thou watch, O King? Watch thou!"

[3] This passage furnished to PIERCE and myself a military opportunity which we were not slow to improve.

[4] "Surge, age!"

Himself the Ignipotent God thee gave. The light
To-morrow brings, unless my words ye deem
An idle tale, shall see in heaps on heaps
Of confused dead lie prone the Rutuli's ranks." 245
She said; and as she left the lofty bark,
It with her right hand drove, the mode thereof [1]
She knowing well; then through the waves fled swift,
Swifter than shaft or arrow that the wind
In speed doth rival; and her course straight on
Followed the rest of that fair sisterhood.
Amazed, caught unaware, was he of Troy, 250
Anchises' son. Yet with the omen high
His courage rose. Then briefly, as to heaven
His eyes he cast, he prayed: "O thou, of Gods
The Idæan parent dear,[2] who Dindymus' heights
Dost love and cities turreted, and spans
Of lions yoked to bear the bit, to me
Do thou be now the leader in the fight,
And to this augury give full weight and force, 255
And with thy prospering foot do thou stand near,
O Goddess, to the Phrygians in their need."
So much he said. Meanwhile the day, returned,

[1] "Haud ignara modi."
"She ceased, and parting, to the bark
A *measured* impulse gave."
CONINGTON.
DRYDEN, MORRIS, CRANCH, and other VIRGILIANS say skilled in, or not ignorant of the mode, and their interpretation seems to me the preferable one. It is larger than CONINGTON's and takes it in.

[2] "Alma" again. MORRIS now makes it "kind." A more affectionate sense it has, of which "dear" seems a reasonable English equivalent. The Goddess whom Æneas addresses is Cybele.

Was pressing onward with its light matured,
And driving far away of night the shades.
First went his order forth: "Follow, brave men,
The signals[1] ye shall see, your courage stir
To martial deeds, and be ye for the fight
Prepared." And now in sight his Teucrian men 260
He sees, and Teucrian camps, there as he stands
Upon his vessel's deck. Then raises he
With his left arm his glowing shield. And cheers
The Dardans on the walls send forth that shake
The stars. And rises with their hope their wrath.
Fierce flies their storm of darts. 'T was as when give 265
The Strymon cranes 'neath darkening clouds their cry,
Filling the air with mighty sounds of joy,
As forth their way they wing towards the north.
But unto Turnus and the Ausonian lords
Wondrous these things appeared; until they saw
The ships turned towards the shore, and all the flood
Filled with the hurrying fleet. Then saw they burn 270
The plumes upon his head, and saw they pour

[1] "Signa." DRYDEN, PITT, HEYNE, and MORRIS erroneously say "standards" or "banners" or "flags." MORRIS corrects himself a few lines below, where the same word again occurs.

SYMMONS, ANTHON, PIERCE, CONINGTON, CRANCH, and LONG are right. PIERCE's authority on such a point is valuable.

"Signa" has its definition in line 309 just below: "Signa canunt," they *sing*, or announce, the signals; or as MORRIS has it, in its intransitive form, "the war-horns sing," his construction being that the signals were made by the bugle.

"The trumpets sound."

PIERCE.

The flames from out his crests, and saw his shield
From out its boss of gold belch raging fires;
Not otherwise than, on a night serene,
With portents sad, the blood-red comets glare,
Or o'er the sky far throws its mirky blaze
The Sirian star to mortals weak and wan
The gloomy prophet of impending death.[1] 275
Yet doth not Turnus bold one moment doubt
He may upon the shores an onslaught make
And thus the landing hinder. So with words
In lofty spirit uttered [2] he his men
Stirs up to bravery's heights, and them he chides
With free unstinted tongue.[3] "Here, now, my men,
That which with prayers ye sought ye have at hand:
Like Mars himself with blow direct to strike.[4] 280
Now let each man bethink him of his home,

[1] "High on the Soldan's helm, in scales of *pearl*,
With writhen neck, raised paws, outflying wings,
And tail rolled downward, ending in a curl,
A rampant dragon grinned malignant things:
Its lips frothed poison; brandishing three stings,
You almost heard its hiss; at every stroke
Heaped on its crest, through all its livid rings,
The monster into fiery motion broke
And spit its spiteful flames, and belched Tartarean smoke.
Such, and so Gorgon-like the Soldan's form
Showed by those fires to the beholder's sight,
As Ocean tossing in a midnight storm
To sailors, with her million waves alight."

WIFFEN'S TASSO, 9th Canto.

[2] "Ultro." A word difficult of translation. Here is repeated the 127th line of Book Ninth: —

"Ultro animos tollit dictis, atque increpat ultro."

[3] "Ultro" again, and in another shade of meaning, but always implying excess.

[4] To meet in open fight men undefended by fortifications.

His wife, and patriot deeds recall and names
Which on the lofty scroll of Fame shine forth.
Let us with eager courage [1] charge the foe
As soon as landed, while they hesitate still
And stumble in the first steps of their march,
Uncertain of their way. The favorites, men,
Of Fortune are the brave . . .' [2]
He says; and in his mind the question turns, 285
Whom he shall forward lead, and whom in trust
To keep the siege 't will do to leave behind.
Meantime Æneas, from his lofty decks
The men sends forth on bridges fixed, while some
Watch the retiring wave, and, as it ebbs,
Trust to a leap, while others on the oars 290
Slide down to land. Tarchon along the shore
Looked forth a place to find where roll not in
The waves, nor break upon the coast, but swells
In harmless flood the crescent shoreless sea.[3]
Turns he at once his prows, and thus exhorts:

[1] "Ultro" again; and still, in this further instance, of a different shade of meaning, and of great difficulty in translation. As we have no English equivalent for this word, why not make one: ultraly?

[2] "Audentes Fortuna juvat."

An imperfect line. Probably awaiting completion.

Turnus, by his excess of action and exhortation, betrays his fear of the Fates, which he and his army knew had pronounced against him. It is therefore that he says: The Fates favor the brave. Let us, by our bravery, win the Fates to our side. In Book the Ninth, lines 133, 136, 137, he had said: The Fates? I answering Fates will vouch: "Nil me fatalia terrent . . . sunt et mea contra fata mihi." It is certain that VIRGIL here had this passage of the Ninth Book before him, for he had just quoted an entire line of it (the 127th) in line 278 above.

[3] "Sed mare inoffensum crescenti allabitur æstu."

There seems herein (to one, at least, who has stood by this incomparable shore) a touch of the art of word-painting, of the Onomatopoetic.

"Now, my brave lads, lay on with vigorous oars,
Raise up the ships, and make them forward plunge, 295
And with their prows this hostile land attack
And plow its soil. Let break the keels, if such
Their fate must be, if only once on land
Our feet may rest." No sooner said than done:
His comrades to the oars rise in their strength;
Towards Latin fields the ships their pathway make; 300
Dashes the foam, the prows lie high and dry;
Safe stand the ships on land: except, Tarchon,
Thy ship, for in the shoals awhile she stood,
In balance hung, suspended on a ridge,
The doubtful strife sustained, and beat the waves,
But broke at last, and in the sea the men 305
Were thrown, whom broken oars and benches cast
Abroad upon the flood keep from the land;
And hinders, too, the back-draught of the sea
Which, landward as they strive, trips up their feet.
Retards not Turnus any slow delay,
But fiercely all his line he forward throws
Against the Teucrian force, and on the shore
Confronts them. Sound the signals. Now attacks 310
The rustic troops Æneas first, of fight
The omen fortunate he, and routs the force
The Latins had in field, with Thero's loss,
He who, most huge of men, with ill-judged haste [1]

[1] "Ultro" again, and with still another shade of meaning.

"Whose own heart bade him go
Against Æneas."

MORRIS.

Æneas sought. His open side gaped wide
Where passed Æneas' sword deep 'neath his mail,
Deep 'neath his tunic clad with scales of gold.
Then Lichas takes he off, Lichas whose life 315
Came from the skillful cutting which, a babe,
He of his mother necessary made,
Wherefore to thee, Apollo, he was vowed
Because, a child, he 'scaped the dreadful steel.
Nor long was he in sending thee death's way,
Cisseas savage, nor, huge Gyas, thee,
Felling whole lines with clubs. Not them preserved
The arms of Hercules' toils, nor their own strength 320
Immense, nor that Melampus was their sire,
Melampus he the friend of Hercules known
And sharer of his toils, as long as earth
Sore labors furnished to the hero's might.
And Pharo there! whilst yells his harmless throat
Into his wide-stretched mouth the keen dart leaps.
Thou, Cydon, too, whilst hapless thou about 325
Clytius thy new delight wert following close,
Him whose fair cheeks just showed their early down,
Would'st have been felled by that Dardanian hand
And fallen a pitiable sight, but safe
From all the loves wherein thou e'er hast strayed,
Had not been interposed the serried band
Thy brethren, Phorcus' sons, in number seven,
Form with their javelins seven. Storm these the king. 330

Part idly fall from shield and helmet back,
And part, that else the body would have torn
Turns Venus kind[1] aside. Æneas then
Thus unto true Achates speaks: "My spears
Reach thou me here. Not one which stood on fields
Of Ilian fame in bodies of the Greeks 335
Shall hurl my hand in vain 'gainst Rutuli's shields."
Then a great spear he seized and hurled. The shield
It, flying, pierced which Mæon wore, and broke
The mail beneath it, and the breast. And stood
Alcanor, who his brother was, and him
With his right hand upheld. But passed the shaft
Straight onward through his arm, its bloody path 340
Pursuing, till the hand hung, a dead hand,
Down from the shoulder's nerves.[2] Then Numitor,
The spear drawn forth from out his brother's corpse,
Attacked Æneas. But his form to reach
Is not allowed, so hemmed he is from harm.
The spear the thigh of great Achates grazed.
And Clausus now, of Cures, presses on,[3] 345

[1] "Alma Venus."

[2] HEYNE, COOPER, and ANTHON give it as their opinion that this wounding of the arm was the work of a *second* spear; and DRYDEN, PITT, SYMMONS, CRANCH, and LONG follow this opinion.

[3] Here are recorded the exploits of Clausus of Cures who, it should be remarked, is of the party of Turnus.

It will have been observed that in the Seventh Book, line 710, Clausus is mentioned as the founder of the Claudian house, and much prominence is given to his command, and to his eminence as a mighty leader. VIRGIL now returns to this honored name, and to justify the praise he had already bestowed upon a favorite of his muse, he makes him the leader of the com-

S. P. Q. R.

In youthful vigor confident he, and smites
With rigid spear launched forth from mighty hand

bined attack by the forces of Turnus, and accords to him immunity from the valor and arms of Æneas.

It should be further observed that to give him an additional claim to distinction he now speaks of him as "Clausus of Cures." The town of Cures, still existing under the name of *Corese*, on the river of the same name, was the capital of the Sabines, and was distant more than twenty miles from Rome; but the Sabines, retaining their name of Curetes or Quirites, established their capitol on the Quirinal and Capitoline hills, and were thus full in face of Rome, built on the Palatine, and formerly thence named Pallantéum. Cures sinks into the rank of a provincial city: the new town of Quirium emerges, a name which, throughout the long and lofty annals of Roman glory, has always been conspicuous in the initials which form the proudest badge in Roman heraldry: —

S. P. Q. R.

(Senatus Populi Quiritium Romanorum). For, until the signification of the initials became corrupted under the empire and construed to mean the Senate *and* People of Rome, they were correctly construed "The Senate of the Nation of Ramnite-Quirites," or "The Senate of the Nation of Roman-Quirites," or, finally, "The Senate of the Nation of Roman Citizens," the Rhamnes being the original tribe constituted by Romulus, and Rome representing the military and Quirium the civil power. Under the empire the military power absorbed the civil, and the most honored and ancient badge of Roman citizenship received a new interpretation. But Rome still continued to preserve the traditions of her people, and EUSTACE (in his Tenth Chapter) says he was pleased, in the year 1802, to see in the very Capitol itself, an inscription donated by some princely hand and chronicling a restitution of the building in these words: —

"S. P. Q. R. majorum suorum præstantiam ut animo sic re quantum licuit, IMITATUS, deformatum injuria temporum, Capitolium RESTITUIT; anno post urbe conditam 2320." The Senate of the Nation of Roman Citizens, in spirit and in *form* imitating the excellence of their ancestors, as far as was allowable, has restored the Capitol injured by the hand of time; in the year after the foundation of the City, the two thousand three hundred and twentieth.

If we pause a moment to ask at what precise year of our era this inscription was made, we find that it was of the year 1567, the second year of the pontificate of St. Pius the Fifth, a pontiff eminently of the people. For it is of him that LORD MACAULAY (in his *Essays*) says that "under his gorgeous vestments he wore day and night the hair-shirt of a simple friar, walked barefoot in the streets at the head of processions, and edified his flock by innumerable instances of humility, charity, and forgiveness of injuries."

Dryops. His voice and life at the fell stroke
Go forth, his throat transfixed, and he
Falls with his forehead prone to earth, and pours
A stream from out his mouth of clotted gore.
Three Thracians, also, of the race remote 350
Of Boreas rude, and three whom Idas sent,
Their sire, and country Ismara rich, he felled
In various ways. And hurried to the scene
Halesus and the Auruncan band; and comes
The child of Neptune, he with horses grand,
Messapus. Seeks each side the other side 355
To put to rout. Upon Ausonia's edge
And threshold thus the combat spins, as rise
In heaven's wide space contending winds, and war
Wage fierce with discord vast, in zeal the same,
In force the same, nor 'mongst themselves yield they,

> "This life of old the ancient *Sabines* lived,
> These ways were those of Remus and his twin,
> So grew Etruria strong, as thou dost know,
> And so arose, of things most beauteous, Rome."
>
> *Close of Second Georgic.*

> "But who is that, there in the distance far,
> Who in his hands the holy things doth bear?
> The hair I recognize and whitened chin
> Which shall unto a Roman king belong,
> The first who shall on *laws* the city base,
> From little *Curæ* sent and sterile land,
> A mighty empire to control."
>
> *Sixth Æneid*, line 808.

And also in the wonderful Fourth Georgic, VIRGIL has shown his fondness for the word and its remote associations by speaking of the *bees*, in his eulogy upon them, as *the little Quirites*, "Parvos Quirites." And, as Romulus was the military name of the founder of Rome, Quirinus was his civic title. OVID calls Rome the city of Quirinus ("Urbs Quirini"). HORACE calls the Romans the people of Quirinus ("Populus Quirini"). And in his *Art of Poetry*, line 342, he alludes to the Roman nobility as the lofty Ramnes ("Celsi Ramnes").

Nor yield the clouds, nor yields the stubborn sea.
Doubtful the fight stands long. Locked stand the ranks,
And progress none by either host is made.
The Trojan lines, the Latin lines, crowd wedged, 360
Foot presses foot, man closely presses man.[1]
But in another portion of the field,
Where, by the torrent's force, rocks had been rolled,
And prostrate trees torn from the torrent's banks,[2]
Prince Pallas saw his men, the Arcadian force 365
Of cavalry, all unused to ride where ranks

[1] "Hæret pede pes, densusque viro vir."
This passage recalls the close order of the Greeks described in the Thirteenth Book of the Iliad, and of which COWPER furnishes the following admirable translation: —

"Spear crowded spear;
Shield, helmet, man, pressed helmet, man and shield;
The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
Kissed close at every nod, so wedged they stood.
No spear there was but in the manly grasp
It quivered, and their every wish was war."

TASSO, as usual, follows VIRGIL closely: —

"As with like rage and strength to battle fly
Here the strong South-wind, there the ruffian North, —
They cuff, they rave, they clash; and sea and sky
To neither yield themselves, though lashed to froth,
But cloud for cloud, and wave for wave send forth:
So fought both hosts beneath the hideous shade—
Unyielding, firm, sharp, obstinate, and wroth;
Front shocking front, in horrible parade,
Shield with shield, helm with helm, and blade loud clashed with blade.
. . . . . .
Foot pressed [illegible], no ground repining hate
Concedes; nor this nor that side wins or quails."

WIFFEN, Canto 9.

[2] Such a torrent pours its débris, after every freshet, on the Mediterranean coast just east of Nice. — *Personal Observation.*

Of foot might venture, to the Latin troops,
That urged them in pursuit, showing their backs,
Since the rough nature of the place had there
Their horses to abandon them compelled. And he
Did all that then remained, alas! to do,
To beg by prayers, to drive by bitter words,
The fugitives faint to stand against their foes:
"Whereto fly ye, my comrades? By yourselves
And by your mighty deeds, and by the name 370
Of him your leader, King Evander's self,
And by the wars he fought, and, fighting, won,
And by my hope of praise which seeks a height
As high as that my father gained, trust not,
I pray you, to your feet at all.[1] A way
Must through the foe be broken by the sword.[2]
Where thickest presses on that mob[3] of men
There the high call of country you doth claim
And Pallas too. Not weighs 'gainst us of heaven[4] 375
The hostile will. Ourselves but mortal urge
Foes who themselves but mortal are. To us
Belong, as unto them, our lives, our hands.
Behold the sea its wall of water holds

[1] "Fidite ne pedibus."
"Trust not, like cowards, to your nimble heels." — PIERCE.
[2] "Ferro rumpenda per hostes est via."
[3] "Globus."
[4] "Numina nulla premunt."
MORRIS: "No gods weigh on us."
CRANCH: "No divinity presses against us."
CONINGTON: "No angry heaven above you lowers."
DRYDEN: —
"Nor powers above nor destinies below
Oppress our arms."
LONG: "No god forbids."

Before our steps, and for our flight earth lacks!
And shall we seek the waves again and Troy?" 380
He said, and 'midst the thickest foes rushed on.
First met him Lagus, led by fates unkind.
Him, while a stone of mighty weight he heaved,
Just where the spine the ribs divides, he pierced,
And then the spear still clinging to the bones
Withdrew. Nor Hisbo him surprised, though that 385
He hoped. For Pallas him caught rushing wild
With haste, and off his guard with frenzied grief
Caused by the cruel death his friend had met,
And buried in his swelling breast his sword.
Then Sthenelus keen he seeks, and him who came
Of Rhœtus' ancient race, Anchemolus base,
Who of his own stepmother dared the bed
Defile. Ye, also, twins, fell on those fields 390
Rutulian, Thymber and Larides, so like
Each one to each, that difference none was known
E'en to your parents' eyes, who thought with joy
Of such a puzzle sweet. But Pallas now
To each hath given a grievous marking sign.[1]
For from thee, Thymber, that Evandrian sword
Hath lopped thy head away, and, Larides, 395
Seeks thee, though shorn away thy right hand brave
And move the quivering fingers still, and grip,
While falling with it to the ground, thy sword.
And by his warnings kindled now, and view
Of these the brilliant actions of the man,

[1] "Dura discrimina." "A cruel marking-sign." — MORRIS.

Mixed grief and shame the Arcadians arms, and back
Turns on the foe. Then Pallas Rhœteus smites
The while he fled drawn past by horses twain.
This space delay so much for Ilus was, 400
For Pallas his stanch spear had from afar
At Ilus aimed, which Rhœteus came against
The while he fled, good Teuthras, from thy sword,
And from the weapons keen thy brother hurled,
The valiant Tyres. Fell in death his heels
Chilled from his chariot in Rutulian dust.
And as, when, from a safe direction, rise 405
The winds the shepherd watched from day to day,
And he the fires ignites which through the woods
Sweep on, while spreads one hot Vulcanic line
Throughout the fields, and he, a victor, sits
To see the flames their proud ovation make,[1]
So doth the valor flame of all thine[2] host 410
As of one man, and Pallas, thee delights.[3]
But making head against it, fierce in wars

[1] Doubtless this simile VIRGIL took from his own experience of rural cares and employments. *He* is the victor who sits to enjoy the jubilant march of the flames conferring an ovation upon the prudent and successful planter.

[2] The pronoun is anticipatory of "Pallas."

[3] "Prince Sweno shone; his valor was avowed
By a sublime ubiquity of power,
Surpassing all belief; of blood a shower
And heaps of slaughtered formed around the slayer
A crimson moat — a rampart and a tower."

WIFFEN'S TASSO, 8th Canto.

Sweno was TASSO'S Pallas. These lines, besides, furnish a characteristic picture of modern Italian literature: it is horribly bloody and bloodily horrible.

Halesus comes,[1] himself close holding couched
Beneath his armor stooped, and quick his sword
Pharetas slays and Ladon slays, and thee,
Demodocus,[2] and with its blade that gleams
With lightning fierceness, strikes, Strymonius, off
Thy red right hand put forth in daring rash 415
Against his throat, and, with a stone, the head
Of Thoas breaks, and scatters wide his bones,
With bloody brains bespattered, o'er the field.
Halesus' father him hid in the woods,
And he was wise herein, and Fates knew well;
But when in death the old man's eyes grew pale,
The Fates then had their way, and vowed his son
To King Evander's shafts. While aim at him 420
Took Pallas, thus he prayed: "Do thou my prayer,
O Father Tiber, grant, that this good spear,
Which now I poise, may fortune find, and fare
On prosperous path through hard Halesus' heart!
So shall thine oak possess his arms and spoils."
Heard this the God. And while Halesus sought
Imaon to protect, gave he himself 425
His breast bare to the Arcadian dart. But not
With slaughter of a man so great his lines,
By panic overborne, to shrink and cringe
Would Lausus suffer, of the war himself
A mighty part.[3] First slew he Abas tough,

[1] He who in the Seventh Book, line 723, was spoken of as the enemy of the Trojan name.

[2] "Ladona, Pharetaque, Demodocumque."
Each word a sword-cut.

[3] "Lausus, breath of battle's life." — CONINGTON.

The knot and block of all the fight. Then fell
Arcadia's sons, and fell the Tuscan braves,
And ye, O Teucrians, whom the Greeks had spared. 430
In strength and leaders equal meet the lines.
The farthest ranks addense.[1] Such is the press
That hand nor weapon neither can be moved.
On one side Pallas presses and insists;
Against him Lausus strives. Nor much in age
Were they apart, and both of noble form; 435
Nor unto either of the two did Fate
Return permit unto his native land.
Yet would not he who rules Olympus' heights
Allow that they should meet in mutual strife.
For 'neath a greater foe each bides his doom.[2]
Meanwhile doth Turnus' sister dear him warm
To succor Lausus. Swift the midst he cleaves 440
Of all the battle, in his chariot borne,
And, as he sees his comrades, thus he speaks:
"'T is time the fight to leave. I drive alone
'Gainst Pallas. He to me alone is due.
I would prefer his father could be here
The fight to see." Give back his men. The space
He claimed is clear. And Pallas looks amazed 445
On Turnus and his bulk immense. O'er all
His eyes from far pour forth their stern proud light.
And with these words he meets the tyrant's words:
"Now either shall I praise reap for my deeds,

[1] "Extremi addensent acies." *Ad*dense seems to me a better word in such a case than *con*dense; and I here beg to utter it as a new coinage of my own.

[2] Lausus will be slain by Æneas, Pallas by Turnus.

That I the SPOLIA OPIMA[1] have won,
Or gone to glorious death. For either fate 450
My father is prepared. So spare thy threats."
And, as he spoke, he to the mid-space came.
Cold rushed the blood back to Arcadian hearts.
Leaped Turnus from his chariot down, on foot
To try the fight. As comes a lion on,
When, from his lofty watch, he sees afar 455
A bull for battle ready in the fields,
So Turnus comes his dauntless foe to meet.
Now him when Pallas thought so near advanced
That ere he nearer came him might his spear
O'erthrow, and thus by chance a daring deed
Might for their powers unequal compensate,
Thus to the spreading heavens he makes his prayer:
"Now by my father's kindness shown to thee, 460
His guest, and hospitality warm from him
By thee received, thee, Hercules kind, I pray
My great designs assist. Let Turnus see,
As close his eyes in death, that me it is
Plucks off his bloody arms, a conqueror crowned."
Hears Hercules grieved the youth, and in his heart 465
Deep down a groan doth press, and pours
Tears unavailing forth. Then, in kind words,
As would unto a son a father speak,
He answered thus: "His day hath each that lives.
To each brief time is given, time that no stay
From heaven can have. But this the work sublime

[1] The SPOLIA OPIMA have been mentioned before. See the Sixth Book, line 855. The phrase has no English equivalent.

Of heroes is, by deeds to lengthen fame.
Of Gods how many sons there died the walls 470
Of lofty Troy beneath. Indeed there fell
My son himself, Sarpedon.[1] Turnus, too,
The Fates demand, and hurries he to reach
The measure full that to his days belongs." [2]
He said, and like a God, who all foresees,
Turned from Rutulian fields his eyes aside.
But forth with mighty strength Pallas his spear
Upon its errand sent, and from its sheath 475
His gleaming falchion drew. The spear its path
Took for the shoulder's height, but missed its way,
Turned by the shield aside, whose edge it caught,
Yet gave a grazing wound. Then forth his spear
With sharpened head of steel held long in poise
'Gainst Pallas Turnus sent, and said: "Now see 480
If may not deeper go this spear of ours." [3]
He said, and forth his quivering blow sped on
And pierced the middle of the shield's broad boss,
So many as it had of folds of iron,
So many as it had of bronze, and hides
Of bulls; through all the swift steel went, nor stayed

[1] These lines may remind some of my readers of LEVY's masterpiece exhibited at the French Universal Exposition of 1878: *Sarpedon carried to Jupiter from the plain of Troy by Night and Sleep.* His character is described as the most faultless and amiable one attributed by HOMER to any of his heroes. Such was Jupiter's grief at his death that he poured upon the earth a shower of blood.

> "Alas, he falls! my most beloved of men;
> Sarpedon, vanquished by Patroclus, falls!"
>
> COWPER, *Iliad*, Book XVI., line 526.

[2] The art of these lines is exquisite. They seem to predict the immediate death of Turnus.

[3] "Aspice, num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum."

Upon the corselet's rings of steel, but leaped
Straight through it to the man, and in his breast 485
Its fatal point plunged deep and did its work.
Snatched he at once the warm shaft from the wound;
But 't was in vain; one and the same sad path
His blood and life pursued. Upon the wound
He falls. Give forth his falling arms a sound.
And as he dies, his mouth, one mass of gore,
Kisses a foreign land, a hostile soil.
Above whom Turnus standing:[1] 490
"Remember well, Arcadians, and report
Unto your King Evander these my words:
Such as to be hath Pallas merited,
Him send I back. Whate'er the honor be
A tomb may give, whate'er from burial may
Of consolation come, that I accede.
To entertain Æneans him will stand 495
In no small cost."[2] And as he spoke he pressed

[1] Quem Turnus super adsistens." An imperfect line. Of the class left intentionally so.

[2] "Haud illi stabunt Æneia parvo
Hospitia."

My translation follows literally the words of VIRGIL.

In the interest of impartial criticism I am compelled to record that all the VIRGILIANS ignore this homely and expressive phrase, except. . . . I had written so far with the expectation of finding at least one exception. But I have to record that I find not one.

I find the phrase, indeed, in BARTLETT's *Dictionary of Americanisms:* "This horse stands me in two hundred dollars." But the phrase was in use fifteen hundred years before America was discovered, and possibly a thousand, or thousands of years before that. Abraham may have said of the cave of Macpelah: "It *stands me* in four hundred shekels of silver current money of the merchant," that is, if the cave were, in his regard, and apart from its sacred destiny, subject to computation as a vendible posses-

With his left foot upon the lifeless corpse
And tore therefrom the sword band's ponderous weight
And shapes of wrong impressed thereon: of youths
A group slain on one wedding-night, whereof
Are seen the bloody bridal beds. Of gold
In rich profusion chased this Clonus wrought,
Eurytus' son. Ovating Turnus now 500
The spoil puts on, and so bedecked, is glad.
Of Fate unknowing is the mind of man,
Or what the future holds for him in store,
Or how in measure's bounds his joy to keep,
Carried away by fair Prosperity's smiles.
The time will come to Turnus, when his wealth
For Pallas whole he would by thousands pay,
And when this day his very soul shall hate 505
And this same spoil. But, full of groans and tears,
Come crowding to the scene the comrades sad
Of Pallas, and upon his shield stretched out
Him bear away. O thou, who to thy sire
Great grief and glory great[1] on thy return
Shalt bring, the day that gave thee to the war
The same takes back, but leaving here thy dead,
Thy ghastly heaps of foes Rutulian slain![2]

sion. And Atticus may have said to Trajan: "This immense treasure *stands me* only in the cost of its exhumation, and I am afraid, as a private citizen, to be known as the possessor of so much wealth."

Although so old and homely, my improvement I claim as a New Reading.

[1] "O dolor atque decus magnum."

"Great grief and glory great." — MORRIS.

[2] DANTE remembers Pallas, as, by his blood spilled in battle, the founder of Rome. — *Paradise*, Canto 6th.

And now unto Æneas flew not fame 510
Of a calamity so great, but that
Which is more sure, a courier, sent[1] to tell
How that the war upon death's perilous edge
Hung tremulous there, and that had come the time
His flanked and falling Teucrians to relieve.[2]
So all that nearest to him is he reaps,
A bloody harvest for his anxious sword,[3]
And a wide swath with burning steel his arm
Drives through the embattled ranks, thee, Turnus proud,
Seeking through slaughters new. And in his eyes 515
The whole scene comes again. Evander comes
And Pallas' noble face, and he himself
Welcomed he sees to their first feast of love,
And right hands given in friendship's mutual pledge.
Four sons of Sulmo[4] then he takes alive,
And four whom Ufens reared, all whom he 'll slay,
Oblations offered to the loved one's shade,[5]

[1] "Certior auctor."
"A special courier." — LONG.

[2] "Tempus versis succurrere Teucris."

[3] Here, as elsewhere, I have indulged in the rhetorical privilege of Prosopopœia on my own responsibility.

[4] Sulmo is here the name of a Latin city and Ufens that of a Latin tribe. City and tribe yielded their sons ("Sulmone creatos" and "quos educat Ufens") to the demands of the heroic, which, here as elsewhere, rises grimly, through boiling blood, in the element of the wrathful, in tongues of flame.

[5] "Inferias quos immolet umbris."

Human sacrifices were not unknown to remote ages. A ceremony somewhat less in ferocity succeeded them, — the combats of the gladiators. Only bloody tragedies could expiate heroic losses.

And that, in captive blood the flames that rise 520
From out his funeral pyre may sink appeased.
A hostile spear 'gainst Magus then he sped.
Dodged he astute,[1] and o'er him flew the spear
Its quivering flight pursuing far beyond.
Then grasped his knees the suppliant, and thus spoke:
"By thine own father's ghost, by hope of him
Thy son, thine Iülus, that rising star,
Thee I beseech this life of mine to spare 525
Unto my father and my son. My house
A high one is. Lie buried deep within
Of silver wrought a talent's weight, and there,
Wrought and unwrought, of gold great heaps are mine.
This mercy victory will not turn from hands
Of Teucrian men. A difference great as this
One life will not effect." Thus did he pray, 530
And thus Æneas to him answer gave:
"Save for thy babes thy talents, save thy gold
And silver stored. Such trade in war,[2] just now

It should be observed that the word which VIRGIL here uses is one of sacrifice, *immolet* (whom he may immolate). The literal signification of the verb immolare is to sprinkle a victim offered in sacrifice with salted sacrificial meal (mola salsa).

It should also be observed that the same word, and with the same mortal and sacrificial significance, is used by VIRGIL just below (line 541), where he relates the fate of the priest Hæmonides, and in the close of the Twelfth Book, where he relates that of Turnus.

[1] "Ille astu subit." Herein is seen the root of our word "astuteness."

[2] "Belli commercia." There is, I think, an allowable inference here that, under ordinary circumstances, Æneas would have accepted the commutation.

"'The gold and gems of kingdoms shall my kind
And faithful lady grant for my release':

Thy Turnus slew, when Pallas' life he took.
So deems my father's ghost, Anchises dead,
And so deems Iülus' self." And as he spoke, 535
The while his helmet in his left he held,
He with his right, while backward bent his neck,
Plunged in his throat the life-destroying sword.
Nor far from him Hæmonides[1] appeared,
Phœbus' and Trivia's priest,[2] a band his brows
Bound round of sacred leaves. All brightly shone
The vestments that he wore and noble arms.[3]
Him drives he o'er the field, and as he falls, 540
Standing above his prostrate form he slays,
And with a shadow deep his grandeur hides.
Shoulders his armor choice Serestus brave,

> 'Heaven has endowed me with a nobler mind,'
> Godfrey replied, 'than to desire increase
> Of earthly treasure; still retain in peace
> All that from Ind or Persia swells thy store,
> Bocharian mantle and Tartarean fleece;
> I set no price on life; on Asia's shore
> I was in Europe's right, not trade in Asian ore.'
> This said, he gives him to his guards."

So TASSO chronicles the surrender of Altamoro to Godfrey. WIFFEN, near close of 20th Canto.

[1] It should seem that this phrase may either mean of Hæmonia (Thessaly) and therefore a Thessalian, or that it may mean son or descendant of Hæmon, Hæmon being the devoted lover of the heroïc Antigone. The sad story of the lovers is told in one of the tragedies of SOPHOCLES. The attachment was a pure one, attested by death itself. The word is Protean, Sophoclean, in its various shadings and suggestions, and was, therefore, doubly remindful of the great dramatist, and doubly dear to VIRGIL.

[2] "Phœbi Triviæque sacerdos . . . immolat." One proof, among many, of the force of nationality. The sacred office afforded no protection from the secular sword wielded by sectional rage. Politics, to say nothing of social biases, good or bad, present, at times, baits singularly tempting — even to the judiciary — baits which, alas! are not always refused.

[3] "Totus collucens veste atque insignibus armis."

That of it unto thee, thou Gothic[1] God
Who over war dost hold thy realm supreme,
He may a trophy make, thy sacred due.
  Then Cæculus doomed, the same who of the race
Of Vulcan proudly came, the battle's ranks
Was setting in array, and Umbro, too,
Tough son of Marsian hills. 'Gainst them the child
Of Dardan race doth rage.[2] And met he, then, 545
Bold Anxur, and smote off, at one sword's cut,
His left arm, shield and all. Great boasting words
Had he given forth, and deemed that power he had
To make his boasting good, and, doubtless, raised
His head to heavenly planes, and hoped, fond man,
For frosty locks and lingering length of days.
  Tarquitus came, exulting he in arms 550
That far their bright effulgence cast. The son
He was of Faunus, fond of woods, who loved
Nymph Dryopé. The flaming warrior now
He stood before. To him Æneas pinned,
With hurtled spear, his coat of mail and shield
Of orb and weight immense. He strikes to earth 555
His head that prayed in vain and much would say.
And, headlong hurling his yet tepid trunk,
Speaks he, and in no friendly wise, these words:
"There, now, thou terror, lie! Not thee in earth
Shall now thine estimable[3] mother place,

[1] "Rex Gradive." Mars.

[2] "Dardanides contra furit." The deaths of the two warriors are to be inferred.

[3] "Optima mater." Thy best of mothers, the nymph Dryop . A strange

Nor in thy father's sepulchre. Thy flesh
Shall ravenous birds devour, or thee the sea
Shall whelm, and on thy wounds shall fishes feed." 560

Next he pursues Antæus, Lucas then,
Both princes brave of Turnus; Numa strong
And yellow Camers, born of the proud line
Of Volscens great of soul. In lands, of all
That in Ausonia dwelt he richest was,
And in the silent Amyclæ was king.[1]
Like to Ægeon was he, who, they say, 565
Possessed a hundred arms, a hundred hands,
And from whose fifty mouths and fifty throats
Poured fire, and when war waged he Jove against
And 'gainst his thunderbolts, on fifty shields
He clashed, and forth drew fifty swords.[2] Thus flamed
Æneas over all the field, his path

occasion for compliments, especially as the poet had just apprised us that Æneas was about to utter an unfriendly speech. ANTHON says the whole speech is Homerically brutal, but certainly this part of it is Virgilianly amiable. DRYDEN, to prove it brutal, and to gratify his dislike for women, ignores the word "optima."

[1] The yellow hue of Camers is not explainable, except as indicating him as the wearer of blonde hair. His city was supposed to have inherited the name of "silent" from another city of the same name in Laconia, destroyed in consequence of a law which illustrates a Fable of Æsop. So many false alarms of hostile attacks had been made, that the law forbade any alarm on any occasion. The enemy, profiting by this law, took the city.

[2] "Alone the bold Argantes stood at bay;
He faced the driven storm; the rushing bands;
Nor made less havoc on that signal day
Than if Earth's Titan, with his hundred hands,
Had brandished fifty shields and fifty flashing brands."
WIFFEN'S TASSO, 7th Canto.

The gory path the victor treads, when once
In blood his falchion's edge was steeped. And now
Behold! upon Niphæus' four-yoked steeds
He turns, and faces front to front. But they,
When him they coming see with rapid strides
And threatening wounds and death, are seized with fear,
And turning backward, throw their master out,[1]
And with the chariot tear along the shore.
Meanwhile comes Lucagus, his chariot yoked
With two white steeds, and with him Liger drives,
Liger his brother, there to hold the reins
While hurls fierce Lucagus his battle-blade.
Æneas saw, but suffered not, such warmth
Of zeal, and huge against it raised his spear.
And Liger thereupon:[2]
"Not here thou see'st the steeds of Diomede flinch,
Not here Achilles' chariot, nor the fields
Which Phrygia owns, but here are lands whereon
Shall come an end unto the war and thee."
Wildly such words from witless Liger fly,
But words to match them tries Troy's hero not.
Against the foe his spear he sends. And prone

[1] "Effunduntque ducem." I adopt MORRIS's word "master." MORRIS betrays a laudable Brittanic tendency to translate dux, "Duke." He resists the tendency in this instance. It would indeed have an uncourtly air—"they threw out the Duke."

This phrase, "effunduntque ducem," throws light on the phrase "additque duces" in the 470th line of the Third Book, and confirms my construction of it.

[2] "Cui Liger:" An imperfect line. One of the class intentionally imperfect.

Lays Lucagus above the lash, and goads
With handle of his spear his steeds, while firm
His left foot forward he doth place
To fit him for the fight, when comes the spear
Æneas sent the lower border through
Of his effulgent shield, and pierces deep
The left groin of the man, who, dying, falls
Down from his chariot in the dust. Then thus 590
Devout Æneas speaks with bitter words:
"Not, Lucagus, hath thee the balking flight
Of horses brought to dust, or phantoms vain
Turned from thy foes. Thyself hast from the wheel
Leaped down and left the team." And, as he spoke,
The steeds he seized. And slipped down from his place 595
The wretched Liger, holding forth his hands,
Hands that no power possessed. "Now, by thyself,"
He said, "I pray, and by those parents thine
Who brought to life a glorious son like thee,
O man of Troy, spare thou this life, and him
Who supplicates thee now have mercy on."
Much thus he prayed. Æneas said: "Not so
Just now thou said'st. Now die. A brother thou 600
Should'st not a brother leave." Then from his breast
He with his falchion's point his soul released.
Thus death the fields throughout the Dardan chief

Spreads wide, with all the fury dire that waves
In torrents have or winds in storms.[1] At length
Beyond control break out and leave the walls
The boy Ascanius and his comrade-boys.[2] 605
Meantime, thus sharply Jove (himself well-pleased
With Troy's success) drives his fair spouse: "O thou,
Sister at once and wife most sweet, come now,
As thou hast said (ne'er doth *thy* judgment fail)[3]
The Trojan powers 't is Venus that sustains;
Their men in war lack hands that glow, and hearts 610

[1] "Less swift
Leaps the grim lion from his bosky den,
Shoots the fierce eagle from her mountain clift;
Floods that pluck up, and in their rapid drift
Roll down huts, rocks and trees; lightnings that blast
Strong towers with bolts that leave a burning rift;
Earthquakes whose motions turn the world aghast,
Are symbols weak to paint the force with which he passed."
WIFFEN'S TASSO, 9th Canto.

[2] Misled by the warrior meaning of the word juvenis, some of the VIRGILIANS here make the mistake of saying that the warriors broke out, whereas VIRGIL here uses the word juvenis in its simpler sense — the boys.

Thus DRYDEN, and PITT, and SYMMONS, erroneously say: —
"Ascanius and the Trojan train."
And CONINGTON the same: "Ascanius and his leaguered train."
And LONG: "The boy Ascanius and his troops."
And CRANCH: "Ascanius and the warriors."
MORRIS and PIERCE do not offend.
COOPER and ANTHON make no comment.

[3] Here is an ironical speech: —
"Junonem interea compellat Jupiter ultro."
Jove drives Juno ultraly. He rallies her sharply, shrewdly. He renews the Trojan argument at that juncture in the events of the war when his return to the subject would enable him with the greatest effect to twit the woman with the charming eyes. As the Poem approaches its close it becomes important to humble Juno.

With valor filled, and minds content to dwell
In peril's toils." And Juno, then, to him
Submissive speaks: "Why dost thou me annoy,
O Spouse of mine, in beauty excellent, why,
Sick as I am, and filled with trembling fear,
Use gloomy words like thine? If unto me
There still remains, as once there was, and still
Should be, in love I hold towards thee, a source
Of power, thou, who all power dost hold,[1] to me 615
Wilt not deny that which I humbly ask:
That Turnus now be from the fight withdrawn
And, for his father Daunus' sake, kept safe.
For now in danger dread he is of death,
Of yielding up to blinded Teucrian rage
His sacred blood. For he his name brings down
From us and ours. Pilumnus, as thou knowest,
Is, of a truth, his great-great-grandfather,
And oft thy shrines upon, with liberal hand, 620
Gifts plenteous he hath laid." To whom the king

[1] "Omnipotens."

THE VIRGILIANS, at the recurrence of this word, arrange themselves as follows: —

DRYDEN: —

"From your almighty power your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life."

PITT'S phrase is: "The almighty sovereign of the skies."

SYMMONS: "My suit, Almighty, would not vainly plead."

MORRIS: "Thou, though all of might, would'st ne'er deny it me."

CRANCH: —

"Thou would'st not now,
Omnipotent, refuse me this request."

PIERCE: "Thou could'st not grudge this boon, majestic King."

LONG: —

"Thou would'st not now,
Almighty One, deny me this."

Of realms ethereal briefly answered thus:
"If for the warrior doomed delay is asked
Of death that now impends, and thou dost deem
My sentence still stands firm, him take by flight,
And save from yawning Fates. Thus far thy wish
I may indulge. But if beneath thy prayer
Lurks there a hope of greater grace than this,
A hope my plans to move, and change the war,
Then all such hopes thou feed'st are vain." And she,
All steeped in tears: "But, now, what if thy heart
Should grant that which thy voice denies. For so,
Might yet sweet life with Turnus tarry long.
Now on the guiltless waits an exit sad,
Else from the truth far off I stray away.
But O that yet it may be so that I,
Mocked by a baseless fear, am shaken so,
And that, as suits thy power, thou yet may'st turn
To thoughts of better things for mourning me."
Thus said she, and herself from heights of heaven
Sent down, with cloud girt round and driving far
The storm, and sought the Ilian ranks and camps
Laurentian. Then she placed, a space within
Of hollow air, a shadow thin, which void
Of all strength was, but seemed Æneas' self,
A prodigy rare of wonder to the sight.
With Dardan weapons doth she it adorn;
The shield she imitates, and waving crests

That mock [1] the war above his head divine,
And in its mouth she places empty words,
A sound where no mind is, and of his gait 640
A cunning feigning makes, as through the air
Will flit at times, as busy Fame doth say,
The forms of men deceased, or shapes which cheat
The senses steeped in sleep. And, boastfully gay,
The image stalks and swells the ranks before,
And goads with darts the men, and with its voice.
And towards it Turnus presses, and a spear 645
Against it whizzing sends. It turns in flight.
And then, indeed, no doubt did Turnus own
But that Æneas 't was by him pursued,
And, stirred with deep excitement, long draughts drank
Of baseless hope: "Æneas, tell, whereto
Dost thou escape? Come, thou should'st not thy bride
Betrothed desert! This good right hand the earth 650
That thou o'er seas hast sought will freely give."
Shouting the like he follows him, the while
His brandished falchion gleams, nor doth he see
That all his glories mocked are by the winds.
By chance, a ship there stood, which lay at port,
Moored 'gainst the ledges of a lofty rock,
With ladders all let down, prepared for sea,
And on the point to sail, wherein had come 655
Royal Osinius borne from Clusium's shores.

[1] An attempt at prosopopœia introduced on my own responsibility, the text suggesting a prosopopoetic opportunity.

Thereto Æneas' image ran in dread,
And there hid close in lurking-places dark.
Nor lingered Turnus. Swift he hurried on
And cleared the bridge. And scarcely touched had he
The vessel's deck, when, by Saturnia's hand
The cable wrenched, asunder snapped, and forth
The rapid ship drove swiftly out to sea, 660
Whereof the back-draught bore it far away.
Then lurked the image light no longer hid
In deep and dark recesses of the ship,
But took towards the sky its flight sublime,
And mingled with a dark cloud's misty shape.[1]
Meantime, in vain for him who absent was
Æneas called, the while to death he sent
Of men a mighty horde. And when far out 665
The whirling waves had Turnus borne, and round
His eyes he cast, not grateful, not aware
To what he owed his safety gained, raised he
Up to the stars his voice and folded hands:
"Father Omnipotent,[2] is it that thou
So guilty dost me deem, and me would'st drive
To penalties dire like these. Whereto, and why, away 670
Am I thus borne? And may this flight again,
And in what plight, me to the walls bring back
And camps Laurentum owns? And what the fate

[1] VIRGIL's regard for his hero would not allow even his counterfeit to lurk among the bilge-water of a ship.

[2] "Omnipotens genitor." The VIRGILIANS, being summoned, all, with the exception of DRYDEN, recognize and admit the phrase Omnipotent. He ignores it.

Shall be of comrades brave who in the war
My fortunes chose? and whom, O thought of pain!
I have left all to miserable deaths.
E'en now I see them wandering here and there.
Their groans my ears assail. And I? What can 675
I do? What yawning gulf hath earth that me
Can bury deep enough from sight? But ye,
Ye winds, do ye me mercy show! On rocks,
On cliffs, drive ye the ship (a worshiper
Devout and free of yours I, Turnus, am)
And sink it deep in cruel whirlpools' depths,
Whither can follow me no countryman
Of mine, nor fame e'er find the wretched wreck!"
Thus did he speak, and thus his mind, now here, 680
Now there, in ceaseless floods of doubt,
Was swept, whether, by such disaster crazed,
Upon his falchion's point to fall, and drive
Deep through his ribs the trenchant blade, or leap
Amidst the waves, and swim to shore, that there
He may his body yield to Teucrian arms.
Thrice either way he tried. Thrice him the hand 685
Of mighty Juno held, with pity moved.
Through prosperous seas sails on the lofty ship,
And to his father's home the warrior bears,
Where Daunus' ancient city [1] towards her chief
Worn by the war holds hands of welcome out.
Meanwhile, Mezentius takes, at Jove's command,[2]

[1] Ardea, his capital.

[2] Note the orthodoxy of the poet in making an atheist assume his arms at the command of a God.

The field. Ardent and confident he strides 690
The Teucrians to attack. Rush up at once
The ranks of Tyrrhene braves, and forward press
With all their storms of hate and showers of shafts
Against one man. He, like a rock which fronts
The mighty sea, bears all the fury sent 695
From raging winds and mountainous waves
And all the power and strength of sky and sea,
And yet unmoved remains. Strikes he to earth
The son of Dolichaon, Hebrus named,
And with him Latagus and Palmus smites,
Palmus who flees and Latagus who stands.
Full in the mouth and face of Latagus
A stone he plants which seemed a fragment torn
From off a mountain's side. And as he runs
Palmus he hamstrings ; and their arms he leaves 700
To Lausus, who them loads upon his back
And shoulders broad, and, with the waving plumes,
Sets forth his helm already glorious made.[1]
Evanthes, then, the Phrygian, he lays low
And Mimas, Paris' equal [2] and his friend,
And on the same night born. For on that night
Theano to Amycus Mimas gave,
And she, who from a torch conceived and bore,
The fair queen Cisseus' daughter, Paris had.
Paris in his paternal city lies ; 705
And Mimas' face a space hath sought unknown
Within the realms o'er which Laurentum [3] rules.

[1] VIRGIL begins to draw attention to Lausus as a youth attending upon an older warrior, and pleasing himself with a pardonable vanity of dress.

[2] "Equal *in age*," the commentators and translators say, but VIRGIL does not so restrict his meaning.

[3] Latinus' capital. This reference to a foreign burial-place, in contrast

And, like the hunted boar, who many years
Has had his covert safe in piney heights
Of Vesulus steep and fen Laurentian dark,
And found his pastures in the reedy woods, 710
After that he within the nets hath come,
Strikes out with savage rage, and 'gainst the darts
A bristling horror is, so that not one
Is brave enough to anger him, or e'en
To approach, but all at distance stand, and him
With shouts and javelins goad ; so do they now,
In mighty wrath, against Mezentius move,
Yet whom no mind have they with swords to meet, 715
But him harass from far with missiles launched
And clamorous shouts, while he, devoid of fear,
With gnashing teeth, stops of his own free will,
Now here, now there, and shakes from off his back
The shower of spears. There came, from distant bounds
Of Corythus, [1] a Greek man, Acron named, 720
Who from his native land fled in such haste
That he unfinished there his nuptials left.[2]

to the burial of Paris in his native land, is pathetic, and for a purpose. VIRGIL will, just below, record the death of ANTORES, whose death-pang is his regret at dying in a foreign land.

[1] The modern Cortona.

[2] "Infectos linquens profugus hymenæos."

We may presume from this expression and from others in the context, that Acron was a lady-killer of those days, who had found it convenient to leave home in a hurry. VIRGIL's contempt for him is plainly implied in his comparison of him to a *she-goat* ("capream," from which we have our word caper), in his mention of his brilliant plumage and purple favors, and in the grim delight with which Mezentius just laid over him and devoured him.

Inasmuch as I am the first VIRGILIAN, as far as I know, who has observed the ironical sense of this passage, I deem myself entitled to claim it as a New Reading.

Him when far off, in midst of all the ranks
Mezentius saw, his restless brilliant plumes
And purple favors mingling in the fight,
Favors from her who should have been his bride,[1]
E'en as a lion lacking food, who long
Hath walked about the sheepfold high in vain,
And whom, the while, mad hunger hath urged on,
If he by chance a flying she-goat spy, 725
Or stag with antlers budding, glad he is,
And, gaping fierce, his shaggy mane erects
And, lying o'er the prey, with grim delight
Upon it clings, while bathes his rascal[2] face
The ugly gore, . . .[3]
With such alacrity on dense-ranked foes
Mezentius springs. The wretched Acron falls 730

There is a further contempt implied in the use of the word homo, a male specimen of the human species; not *vir*, but homo. The comparative poverty of the English language makes this irony almost inimitable in our tongue. The very name, Acron, from *acer*, implies irony, acritude: a Protean name, like Astur, on which we have observed in a note to the 180th line of this Tenth Book.

It may be observed in this connection that LONG calls Acron a "deserter." That will not do, Governor. A soldier does not desert his camp, perhaps in the dullness of peace, to join, in this blatant method, an army in the field. A deserter, in the military sense, he could hardly have been: in the domestic sense, a deserter, he very probably was. He came to Italy to escape marital obligations in Greece.

It may be further observed that VIRGIL, in describing this desertion, uses precisely the same word, "profugus," which he uses in the first sentence of the Poem, in describing the escape of the refugees from the flames of Troy. Doubtless this brilliant kid escaped in hot haste from the Vulcanic fires of a domestic Troy.

[1] "Pactæ conjugis."

[2] "Improba."

[3] "Ora cruor." An imperfect line. The motive for it uncertain. Probably VIRGIL intended to add to this picture of the king of beasts other features.

And pounds with dying heels the dark dull[1] ground,
While stains his blood the broken spear infixed.
Yet deigned he not Orodes to attack,
Orodes who his back in flight had turned,
Nor wounds with hurtled spear to blindly give ;
So ran he him to overtake and meet,
That man to man they might contend, that not 735
By stealth he might succeed but arms. On him
Abject his foot he placed ; him pressed his spear :
"Here lies, my men, Orodes tall, a part
Not despicable of the war." Respond
His men with pæans glad. But speaks their prey
From out his dying lips : "Whoe'er thou art
Me that dost overthrow, not unavenged
Shall I remain. Thy joy shall not be long. 740
Thee also seek like Fates, and soon this turf
Thee too shall hold." To whom Mezentius then
The while a smile mixed with his bitter wrath :
"Now die ; the Father of the Gods and King
Of men will see to me."[2] And, as he spoke,
And from the wound the weapon drew away,
Came on his eyes a sleep of iron, and weighed 745
Hard rest upon them, and the wings of Night
Came down and closed around him evermore.[3]

[1] "Atram humum." Black in contrast with the gay colors of Acron's attire.

[2] "De me viderit." Mezentius derisively offsets Orodes' allusion to the Fates by a contemptuous appeal to Jove.

[3] Literally VIRGIL says hard rest, iron sleep, and eternal night closed his eyes. This instance of a repetition of substantially the same phrase, called somewhere an "ekeing-out tautology," I can only account for by supposing that VIRGIL deemed himself compelled to resort to it to bring at once his paragraph and his line to a technical metrical close. For the phrase eter-

Now Cædicus' spear strikes Alcathous down,
Sacrator ends Hydaspes; Orses tough
Falls 'neath the stroke of Rapo, who lays low
Parthenius, too; while valiant Clonius[1] dies,
And Ericetes, son of Lycaon's loins,[2]
Beneath Messapus' steel, the one while down 750
Unseated by his horse and heavily thrown,[3]
The other foot to foot. And now came forth
The Lycian Agis; whom o'erthrew, though young
In warfare's ways, yet of a goodly race,

nal night (æternam noctem) it will be observed that I propose a substitute. The ancient poets were much inclined to the use of the word eternal. And like them, Ammianus Marcellinus and Gibbon indulge in it in reference to a city whose marble and brick and bronze are certainly not eternal; and modern literature repeats, with tiresome frequency, the hackneyed phrase. At least in modern orthodoxy there is no such thing as an eternal city, nor even eternal night. Eternal fire is not eternal night.

[1] A warrior of the same name, Clonius, was slain, in a former combat, by Turnus (Book Ninth, line 574); and the only way out of the difficulty is to suppose that this is another person of that name. Or it may be the purpose of VIRGIL to make the leader of the enemy's army so ridiculous as to kill, or claim to kill, a man already dead.

[2] The disadvantage in the matter of case under which the English language labors, in comparison with the Latin, is here again shown. It is important to know which hero (for the time being) is in the nominative, and which in the objective, case. We cannot say in English: —

"Parthenium Rapo;"
"Messapus Clonium;"
"Thronium Salius;"
"Salium Nealces."

Supposing that we say, with CONINGTON,

"Now Cædicus Alcathous kills,"

can we be sure which is the survivor?

[3] VIRGIL seems to have set apart Messapus as an object of ridicule. Euryalus, while Messapus is asleep, possesses himself of his helmet; and now the inglorious warrior slays an enemy prostrate on the earth by a fall from a fractious horse. And it will be found (in the Twelfth Book, line 289) that in the same unsoldierly way he slays the prostrate Aulestes, the Tuscan king, as he stumbled backward over the desecrated shrines erected to solemnize the Battle-League.

Valerus. So falls Thronius by the hand
Of Salius; him, in turn, Nealces kills,
Nealces for the spear renowned and bow,
The bow that sends its arrow home from far.
Now Mars, severe, to each weighs out like woes, 755
Like deaths. Alike they slay, alike they fall,
Conquerors and conquered, flight to these unknown,
To those unknown. But, high in Jove's own house,
Pity the Gods the idle rage of each,
And toils by mortal men so bravely borne.
Thence Venus views the field; and views it, too, 760
But from another side, the wife of Jove,
While pale Tisiphone's grim fiendish face
Glows with a fearful joy amid the murk.
But comes Mezentius to the field. A spear
Of mighty weight he wields, the while his step
All pride and power doth seem. As in the depths
Of Nereus' seas when great Orion walks,
The waters yield, and o'er the waves rise high 765
His shoulders huge, or, on the land, when, armed
With some huge mountain ash, torn from its home
Aloft, hides he his head in clouds;[1] so seemed
Mezentius and so vast his arms. 'Gainst him

[1] A humorous son of Erin will be heard, at times, to claim Orion as his countryman. And, if it be not stepping too far beyond the line which is supposed to protect the sublime, I might add that the text here gives the true outline of Irish glory. Irishmen, their heads in the clouds of faction and the sunshine of imagination, have carried, by land and by sea, and on both hemispheres, military and naval prowess into many a brilliant victory.

Æneas, looking down the mighty lines
Of war, prepares to move. Unshaken stands, 770
In his own bulk, the dauntless man, and waits
His great-souled foe. And with his eyes the space
He measures o'er if it a spear-cast be:
"Now be thou, my right hand, a God to me,
And thou, this spear I hurl. Thee, Lausus, clad 775
In arms torn from this pirate hulk, I vow
A trophy raised above Æneas slain."[1]
He said, and on the winds his spear sent forth.
Shrill sped it on, and struck the shield, but glanced
And, bounding far, struck in the side and groin
The good and great Antores. He the friend
And aid of Hercules once had been and, sent
From Argos, to Evander clung, and had 780
In that Italian city[2] settled down.
Unhappy falls he with an alien[3] wound,

[1] His hand and spear are his Gods; and to them he vows a trophy; the trophy to be Lausus clad in the arms of Æneas!

[2] Pallantéum.

[3] "Alieno vulnere." The VIRGILIANS, without exception, translate this phrase in the sense of "another's wound," an "unmeant wound," or a "wound intended for another." But, while it is true that the wound was intended for Æneas, it will have been observed that VIRGIL, before using the words "alieno vulnere," describes Antores in terms such as carefully regard and preserve his identity as a Greek. Antores did not voluntarily leave Argos: he was sent (missus). He attached himself, not to Italy, but to the person of Evander (hæserat Evandro). He had not become an Italian citizen. He had only settled down in an Italian city (consederat Italia urbe). He, then, on a foreign coast, with a foreign wound, died thinking of his native land. Even if he claimed citizenship as a Pallantean, he still suffered from a foreign spear, the spear of a Tuscan. But the poet seems to have had in view to paint a homesick man grieved at meeting death in a strange land remote from his own sweet Argos; of a man so devoted to the scenes of his childhood that he never renounced

And, as to heaven he looks, thinks of his home,
His own sweet Argos, which he ne'er shall see,
And soothes, with that dear dream, the pangs of death.
Then the devout Æneas cast his spear.
Onward it went through triple folds of bronze,
Through linen canvas tough, and three bulls' hides,
And just above the thigh a wound infixed, 785
But further carried not its full-spent force.
Rejoiced, then, blood to see from Tyrrhene veins,
Æneas from his side his sword drew forth
With lightning swiftness, and, on fire, pressed on
Against his trembling foe. But Lausus groaned,
Groaned with the love he bore a parent dear, 790

them, and who so fondly clung to the reminiscences of home that his sharpest pang in death was that the spear of a stranger had ended his days, and prevented his long-hoped-for return. It little mattered to him that the wound was intended for another: the overmastering cause of grief was that it was a mortal wound received in a foreign land. And he dies, thinking of "home, sweet home."

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

CONINGTON, in his commentary, with apparent shrewdness, remarks, and, in the preface to his translation, repeats the remark that VIRGIL has, in common with SOPHOCLES, the habit of hinting at two or three modes of expression while actually employing one — a felicity which, he proceeds to say, has never been attained, and probably is unattainable, in English. The remark has the appearance of scholarship, and yet it seems to me to be untrue as a general remark, besides being unjust both to VIRGIL and to his translators. Such felicities exist in *all* languages; they are part of the peculiarities of a condensed style, of a highly-organized structure of sentences, and are, too, a part of the privilege of a writer who makes choice from an abundant store of words.

I have, therefore (partly, I may say, to furnish an instance in disproof of CONINGTON's remark), while strongly tempted to say a *stranger* wound, or a *foreign* wound, and to claim a New Reading thereupon, concluded to adopt VIRGIL's own phrase, of which our English has inherited the double signification.

When him he saw in peril like to this,
And down his cheeks the storm of sorrow rolled.
  Not silent will I be, illustrious youth,
If aught to merit great shall future times
Their praise accord, thy grievous death to tell,
Thy deeds of merit eminent to paint,
And all the beauty of thy life to sing.[1]
  Mezentius backward moved, disabled sore
And hindered by the spear which still his shield 795
Transfixed. And forward Lausus rushed, and placed
Himself in danger's gap; and as rose up
Æneas to the blow which held, as holds
The cloud its thunder-charge, his good right hand,
Came 'neath the falchion's stroke the dauntless youth,
And kept it back. And follow him with cheers
That shake the skies his comrades, whilst withdraws 800
The father by his son's shield saved from harm.
Fly fast the spears. Around Æneas swarm
Shafts sent from far. His fury boils, and close
Himself he holds. And, as when falls the rain
Headlong with plenteous hail, the plowmen flee,
Nor stays one laborer in the storm-dashed field, 805
And 'neath some archway safe the traveler lurks,
Or 'neath the banks of streams, or stony vaults,[2]

[1] This apostrophe to Lausus is, by MORRIS and other VIRGILIANS, rendered only parenthetically. I have thought that it deserved a separate and very special rendering.

[2] "While safe the traveler lurks
In castle of the river-bank or rock-wrought cloister-works."
MORRIS.

While pours the deluge down, that when returns
The sun, they may their ways pursue ; so stormed
By shafts, so thundered on by all the hail
Of war, Æneas stood. And much he strove 810
Lausus by wrath of words, Lausus by threats,
Forth from the field to drive : "O whither, crazed,
Dost thou rush forth to die, and darest tasks
Far, far, too strong for thee ? Thy filial love
Thee too incautious makes."[1] But none the less
He madly rushes on. And rises higher
The Dardan king's fierce wrath, and spin the Fates 815
Lausus' last threads. For drives his powerful sword
Æneas through the youth up to the hilt.
Transpierced its thrust the shield and glittering arms
The threatening warrior wore, and tunic choice
His mother's[2] hand with gold had woven rich,

[1] "Fallit te incautum pietas tua."
Here is found another instance in which piety is used in the sense of filial affection.

[2] I have seen somewhere a most truculent criticism upon VIRGIL's treatment of the characters of women in the Ænejd. It is declared, without qualification, to be always adverse, and to indicate a contempt for women. This critic could not, by any form of remark, have so conclusively demonstrated his lack of familiarity with the scenes and incidents of the Æneid. Creüsa, Andromache, Anna, Amata, Lavinia, Camilla, the mother of Euryalus, the mother of Lausus, the mother of Drances, Juno, and the Sibyl (all his female characters except the Harpies and the Furies), even Venus and Dido, rise up to declare the critic guilty of a gross offense against the truth. It is precisely in the tenderness and delicacy of his treatment of women that the charm of the Æneid in great measure consists. We only just now saw (this Book, line 557) how, in the midst of the rage of Æneas, the poet makes the warrior bestow a compliment upon Dryope, the mother

And filled with blood his breast. Then, all exhaled,
Fled his sad soul to shades below, and left 820
His body dead. And truly, then, when saw
Anchises' son the features of the youth,
His face, his face, that paled in wondrous ways,
Groaned, heavily moved, the pitying man, and held
Down towards the prostrate form his own right hand,
And seized his mind the thought of how himself
Such tender love to his own father bore.
"What now, to thee, lamented boy, can give 825
Devout Æneas, equal to thy deeds
And worthy thee? Thine arms, which were thy joy,
Do thou retain. If such thy care,[1] go thou
To join thy shades ancestral. And let this
Thee, in thy death, unhappy boy, console,
That thou by great Æneas' hand didst fall." 830
His tardy comrades, then, he roundly chides[2]
And he, himself, the body lifts from earth,
Where blood his locks well-combed had foully soiled.

of Tarquitus. And why will men so photograph their own characters in public criticisms? DRYDEN comes in for a large share of this censure. In one of his notes he derisively alludes to Cassandra and the Sibyl as "two madwomen." In the case of Tarquitus, he ignores the word "optima" (estimable) as applied to the character of his mother.

[1] That is, if he were not, like his father, an atheist; if he did not adopt his father's opinions as to religion.

[2] "Increpat ultro." He scolds ultraly. VIRGIL has left it uncertain whether the rebuke of Æneas was addressed to his own comrades or to those of Lausus.

Meanwhile the father, at the wave where cool
Ran Tiber's flood, his wounds [1] was washing clean,
And seeking for his body rest somewhat
A leaning tree against. Hung from a branch [2] 835
At hand [3] his helm of bronze,[4] and on the turf
Rested his heavier arms. Around him stand
His chosen warriors [5] sad. He, sick, draws hard
His breath, and soothes his suffering neck, and strokes
Upon his heaving breast his lengthy beard.
Of Lausus much he asks, and messages fond
Repeated sends that he return. And borne 840
Unto the son are his sad parent's words.
But, weeping now, his comrades come, and bring,
Upon his armor stretched, his lifeless corpse,
Him man of might by wound of might laid low.
His mind, presaging ill, their wail knew well.

1 "Vulnera." The heroic plural. He had but the one wound, the spear-thrust inflicted by Æneas.

2 "Ramis." Heroic plural. A branch or branches.

3 "Procul." Literally at a distance, but not necessarily at a great distance. DRYDEN, PITT, and CRANCH ignore.

4 Not brass. Æs.

"High up amid the tree
Hangeth his brazen helm."

MORRIS, herein, in the same sentence, misapprehends two words of VIRGIL'S.

"High on the branches hangs his casque."—CONINGTON.

The same misapprehension as to procul.

"His brazen helmet decks a neighboring bough."—PIERCE.

The same misapprehension as to æs.

"Not far away
Upon a branch his brazen helmet hangs."
LONG.

5 "Juvenes." Literally youths. The poetical as well as the familiar Greek for a brave man.

With dust abundant fouled he his white locks,
And reached both hands to heaven, and to him clung. 845
"Hath such desire to live constrained me, son,
That thee whom I begot I thus exposed
For mine own sake to meet the hostile stroke
Of that right hand? Shall I, thy sire, be saved
By wounds of thine? By thy death live? Alas! 850
To wretched me at last the wound comes home,
At last unhappy me my exile makes.
For he I am, my son, who stained with crime
Thy name, by hatred from my throne driven forth
And sceptred rights. I should have paid to hate
The penalty high I owed, I should have given
Unto my country's laws my guilty life
By every sort of death. But now I live. 855
Nor hide I yet from men nor from the light.
But I will hide." And as he spoke, he rose
On his sick thigh, and, held back as he was
By his deep wound, but not yet crushed, he said:
"Bring me my horse." For he his glory was,
He his delight. A victor he had rode
From every battle forth upon his back. 860
And to the sorrowing steed he speaks, and thus
Pours in his ears his griefs: "Rhœbus, we twain
Together long have lived, if aught be long
To mortal men. Either to-day thou shalt
Bring from the field those bloody spoils of war
And proud Æneas' head; and Lausus' woes
With me avenge; or if of ours no might
Can force a way, thou fall'st, my friend, with me. 865

For doubt I not, brave fellow, that thy mood
Is not to alien [1] mastery much inclined
Nor pleased with dignifying Teucrian lords."
And speaking so, he mounted to his place,
The place where loved the horse his limbs to feel,[2]
With both hands loaded full with sharpened spears,
And bright his head with gleaming bronze, while waved
His hirsute horse-hair crest; and forth he bore 870
At speed into the battle's midst. Shame boiled
His heart within, shame mixed with maddening grief.[3]
And here thrice on Æneas' name he calls
With mighty voice. Æneas knew the sound,
And well pleased prayed: "Do so . . . O Sire of Gods! . . . 875
Do so . . . Apollo high . . . my prayer accord
That soon in fight we meet. . . ."[4]

[1] "Jussa aliena pati." The same double sense of aliena (a Protean word) which we saw a few pages back in alieno vulnere. This Book, line 781.

[2] I doubt not that all this is implied in the words "consueta membra."

[3] A line here occurs in the text, line 873:—

"Et Furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus,"

which has doubtless crept into the text from the marginal notings of some student or annotator. It belongs in Book 12, line 668, and is there appropriated by Turnus. It does not belong to Mezentius.

"And love by Furies lashed
And pride, pride in his conscious power and worth."

Yet Dryden, Pitt, Cranch, Pierce, and Long retain the line. Symmons, Morris, and Conington very properly reject it.

[4] "Incipias conferre manum." An imperfect line. The motive uncertain. It may have been to indicate that Æneas's delight stifled his speech, for Virgil immediately himself informs us that Æneas said nothing more. The speech is merely a series of interjections. The vehemence of the speaker forbids grammatical sequence.

This only did he say, and forth he went
The foeman's shafts against. But he: "O thou
Whose cruelty is most savage, save thy taunts!
Why dost thou me affright, now that my son
From me is snatched away? For thus, alone,
Could'st thou me overthrow. Such strokes destroy.
No death we dread. No God that is we spare. 880
Desist. I come to die. But ere I die
These gifts I bring to thee." He said, and hurled
Against the foe his spear, and after it
Another, and again a third, and speeds
In a great circle round. The golden boss stands firm.
His triple round is from Æneas' left. 885
And thrice, as turned the assiduous warrior's course,
Æneas turns against the thronging spears
His shielded side. But then, when wearisome
The task became of plucking spear-heads out,
And waiting long, and meeting thus a foe
On terms not equal made, and in his mind, 890
He much had turned it o'er, he like a storm
Broke forth, and hurled a spear that sought direct
The forehead's centre of the warrior horse.
Uprears the horse, and with his hoofs the air
Paws wild, and throws his rider off, and falls
His shoulder on the man. Burn all the skies 895
Trojans and Latins both with deafening shouts.
Rushes Æneas forward, and his sword
Forth from its scabbard draws. And "Where," he asks,

"Is fierce Mezentius now? Where is that force
Of courage terrible which all o'erbore?"
To him made answer the Tyrrhenian king,
So soon as breath came to his body back
And he his mind regained: "O bitter foe, 900
Why chidest thou? Why slay at first with threats?
Of slaughter naught do I complain. Not such
Into the jaws of war I came. No leagues
Like this with thee my Lausus made.
I beg of thee, if aught of grace be due
To conquered foes, suffer the earth to rest
Above my bones. I know that round me stand 905
With rankling hatreds, all my countrymen ranged.
Oppose, I beg, this wrath, and me a tomb
Grant next my son." Thus doth he speak, and sinks
Deep in his throat, before his eyes, the sword.
Flow o'er his armor forth the floods of gore,
And with them speeds his troubled life away.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is the culminating point in the Poem, — the death of Mezentius. Well may Æneas say, in the opening speech of the next Book: —

> "Maxima res effecta, viri, timor omnis abesto
> Quod superest."

> The most of that, my men,
> We undertook to do is done. Dismiss
> Whatever fears ye have for all the rest.

The next two Books will be devoted to the task of gracefully bringing the Poem to a conclusion.

The Book at the close of which we now are may safely challenge comparison with anything in the Iliad. The poet paints Æneas as the typical Roman warrior, and no painting ever reflected such lustre upon any artist.

BOOK THE ELEVENTH, ENTITLED CAMILLA.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects, in honor of Mars, a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, and, weeping over the corpse of Pallas, sends it under an escort to Evander. On the suggestion of the Latins, a truce of twelve days is agreed upon, for the burial of the dead of both armies. The Latin delegates sent to solicit aid from Diomede return with an unfavorable report; and Latinus summons a parliament to discuss the situation. There, a bitter personal debate arises between Turnus, the head of the war party, and Drances, the leader of the opposition. The parliament is brought to an abrupt close by the report of the advance of Æneas. The fighting is renewed. Camilla, a maiden warrior, whose romantic history is given, approves herself a formidable foe; but, at length, is slain by Arruns. Her death is avenged, at the instance of Diana, by Opis, the maiden messenger of the Goddess, who transfixes Arruns with a celestial arrow.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

DIANA, *Goddess of Purity, Queen of the Shades, Patroness of the Chase.*
OPIS, *Messenger of Diana.*
CAMILLA, *a Latin Heroine.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
DIOMEDE, *a Grecian Hero.*
EVANDER, *an Arcadian King settled at Pallanteum.*
ARRUNS, *a Tuscan Prince.*
THE SON OF AUNUS, *a Ligurian Prince.*
LATINUS, *King of Latium.*
AMATA, *Wife of Latinus.*
TURNUS, *King of the Rutuli.*
DRANCES, *a Latin Orator and Ambassador.*
VENULUS, *Head of the Embassy to Diomede.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

FAME, CHLOREUS (*a priest*), METABUS (*father of Camilla*), *Camilla's maiden attendants, the Trojan, Tuscan, and Latin armies*, ÆTHON (*the war-horse of Pallas*), *weeping.*

SCENE: *Olympus, Tuscany, the Tiber, the field of battle.*

BOOK THE ELEVENTH: CAMILLA.

MEANWHILE from out the sea Aurora rose.
Æneas, although hurries him his care
That all the day by both sides should be used
The dead in burying, and his mind with thoughts
Of bloody deeds is sad and drear, yet pays,
A conqueror, to the Gods his vows, what time
The radiant day-star gems the kindling East.
A sturdy oak (its branches lopped away) 5
He makes a mound, and clothed with gleaming arms
Stripped from a king as precious prize of fight,
Mezentius' spoils; to thee a trophy raised,
Thou God bellipotent![1] Fits he thereto
The crests with blood bedewed, the broken spears he sent,
And, in twelve places pierced with weapons through, 10
His coat of mail. Upon the left his shield
He tied, and from the neck his sword he hung,

[1] "Tibi, magne, Tropæum, Bellipotens."

An ivory-handled blade. Then, for next him
Stood all his leaders brave and warriors grim,[1]
His comrades, glad at heart. as conquerors are,
He thus bespoke: "The most of that, my men,
We undertook to do, is done. Dismiss
Whatever fears ye have for all the rest.[2] 15
The war to us hath here its first fruits brought.
A haughty king's rich spoils and pomps are here,
Here is the heraldry high which masked his form,
And here Mezentius is, by my hand slain.
Lies now our way 'gainst King Latinus' power,
And 'gainst his walls our siege. Now arms
Prepare ye in your minds, and in good hopes
Plan war, lest that by chance delay somewhat
May come to us unheeding when the Gods
Give nod to pluck the ensigns from their rests 20
And lead the ranks to war, or sloth and fear
Delay. Let us, meanwhile, to earth commit
The unburied bodies of our comrades brave,
Their passport sole to Acheronian depths.

[1] "A mighty hedge of duke and battle-lord." — MORRIS.
Spoken like a poet.

"About him massed, his whole staff throng,
Encircling him." LONG.

Spoken like a Governor.

"Since all the chiefs were gathered close around." — PIERCE.
Spoken like a soldier.

[2] "'Lo!' he exclaimed, with transport on his brow,
'The God of Sabaoth hath our armies blessed;
The tug of war is o'er; but little now
Remains, my friends, your glory to arrest,
Naught to dismay.'"

Godfrey to his army.

WIFFEN'S Tasso, Canto 19.

"Go, decorate now," he said, "with gifts supreme,[1]
The memory fair of those illustrious souls
Who, by their blood for us so freely shed,
Have won a land we may our country call.[2] 25
And, first, unto Evander's sorrowing town
Must we his Pallas send, whom that dark day
Removed, rich as he was in virtue's gifts,
And sunk the bitter waves within of death."
Thus spoke he weeping, and his steps drew back
Unto the threshold where of Pallas dead 30
Was placed the lifeless corpse. There, o'er it watched
Aged Acœtes, he who once the shield
Bore of Evander the Parrhasian[3] King,
But now, beneath a star less fortunate fallen,
Served as companion to the king's loved son.
Around were all the servants of the prince,
The Trojan soldiery's ranks, and Ilian dames, 35
Their loose hair flowing as the custom was.
But when Æneas entered those high halls
Unto the stars from beaten breasts goes up
A groaning great, and in the royal courts

[1] "Decorate supremis
Muneribus."

Supremus may signify last or highest, or both together. It has the same privilege with alienus, and may be called, like it, a Protean word.

[2] ". . . We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract . . . ." — ABRAHAM LINCOLN *at Gettysburg.*

[3] Parrhasia was a province of Arcadia.

Throughout resound sad lamentations deep.
He, when the pillowed head and snowy face
He sees of Pallas, sees his manly breast, 40
That white and smooth as polished marble is,
And the bare wound made by the Ausonian spear,
Midst tears that would not down,[1] he thus doth speak:
"Lamented boy, hath Fortune, which to me
So joyful came, so grudging of her gifts
Been unto thee, that thee she suffered not
My realms to see nor, crowned with victory's wreath,
Return again unto thy father's house.
Not to Evander promises stark like these 45
Did I of thee when I departed make,
When he embraced me on my going forth,
By him commissioned in a great command,[2]
And me admonished that grave fears he had
Because the men we went to meet were fierce
And hard to struggle with in warfare's ways.
And, now, perchance, by vain hopes much deceived,
He piles the altars high, and offers vows, 50
While we the warrior dead and owing naught

[1] "Lachrymis obortis."

[2] "Cum me complexus euntem
Mitteret in magnum imperium."

Imperium here, as construed by the VIRGILIANS, seems to furnish a choice of two senses, *into* a great command, and *against* a great command. neither of which, I think, is right. DRYDEN, ANTHON, MORRIS, and LONG adopt the first. CRANCH adopts the second. In my opinion the word "mitteret" (commissioned — some will say in a technical sense) makes it clear that the command Æneas means is the command of his Arcadian allies. Thus the phrase connects itself with Pallantéum, and with Rome and its Empire. And so I have taken the liberty of suggesting a New Reading.

CONINGTON and PIERCE, wonderful to say, ignore the phrase.

To any power divine, stand sadly by,
With honors just as vain. Unhappy man!
The cruel burial thou of this dear son
Shalt see. Is this the glad return we hoped?
Are these the triumphs we had planned? Is this
The mighty trust I undertook? But not 55
On one, Evander, shalt thou look, with wounds
That shameful are; not on a son so saved
As that thou would'st his bloodiest death prefer.
Alas for me! And what a prince dost thou,
Ausonia, lose! And what, Iülus, thou!"
When thus the pitiable corpse above
His grief he had poured out, he orders gave 60
For its removal thence; and men of choice
From all his force a thousand strong he sent
That by their escort of the dead they might
Unto it thus the final honors pay,
And stand between a weeping father's tears;
Small solace for a mighty loss, but due
Unto the loving care a father feels.
Not slow weaved others from the strawberry-tree 65
And twigs of oak a hurdle soft and bier
That pliant was, and o'er its top for shade
A spread of foliage fixed. The rustic couch
They place sublime the warrior's body on,
Like as a flower which, by a virgin's hand,
Be it the violet sweet,[1] or hyacinth grieved[2]

[1] "Mollis violæ." The gentle violet. The sweet or fragrant violet is here meant, the viola odorata, the emblem of fragrance and modesty.

[2] The hyacinth derives its name from Hyacinthus, a Greek youth of royal birth and of great beauty, the favorite of Apollo, but also beloved by Zephy-

That hangs its lovely head, with no hue changed 70
Nor trace of beauty lost, but yet which draw
No longer nurture from their mother earth.
And then two purple garments stiff with gold
Æneas brought, which made for him the Queen, 75
Sidonian Dido, with her own glad hands,
Weaving herself their golden arrows through.
As a last honor sad unto the youth,
One of these royal robes around his limbs
He wrapped, and in a graceful veil the hair
Bound up, the hair that destined was for flames
Upon the funeral pyre. Rewards, besides,
Of the Laurentian fight he heaped, and bade
The men the booty place in order long.
And steeds and darts he added, spoils of war, 80
And men, their hands behind their backs bound fast,
Whose blind blood should the funeral fires bedew,
The while their ghosts the silent shades sought out.[1]

rus. As Hyacinthus was playing with Apollo, jealousy prompted Zephyrus to blow the quoit of the God against his head. From his blood sprang the flower, upon the leaves of which are seen the Greek exclamation of woe, AI, AI.

[1] Horses, weapons, and men are here noticed together as jointly destined to feed the funereal flames. It is further observable that the men are mentioned last as least in value.* Victory and Sorrow thus combined, in the heroic ages, to cheapen human life. For human sacrifices came gradually to be substituted the combats of the gladiators; and a new dispensation, in the interest of mercy, succeeded in suppressing these.

* An instance in point, in modern warfare, is furnished by a dispatch from General Butler, in command at Fortress Monroe, wherein he catalogues to the Secretary of War the contents of a captured Confederate schooner. The dispatch is of the date of January 25, 1862. Those desirous of further information may consult the archives of the government. It is not the business of the "present editor" to gratify a morbid curiosity.

And tree-trunk trophies clothed in hostile arms,
Whereon inscribed were seen their wearers' names,
Were to fit men committed to be borne.
Bowed down with age is led Acœtes sad, 85
While with unhappy fists he beats his breast
And with despairing fingers tears his face,
And headlong falls his whole length on the ground.
Then come the Trojan chariots sprinkled o'er
With blood of Rutuli slain. And then the horse,
His favorite war-horse, Æthon, laid aside
His trappings all, goes weeping. Down his cheeks, 90
Profusely shed, the big tears burst and roll.[1]

[1] The grief of the horses of Achilles for the death of Patroclus furnishes HOMER with one of his finest pictures, which, in unsurpassed English, has been reproduced by COWPER: —

"Meantime the horses of Æacides
From fight withdrawn, soon as they understood
Their charioteer fallen in the dust beneath
The arm of homicidal Hector, wept.
Them oft with hasty lash Diores' son
Automedon impatient smote; full oft
He stroked them gently; and as oft he chid;
Yet neither to the fleet ranged on the shore
Of spacious Hellespont would they return,
Nor with the Grecians seek the fight, but stood
As a sepulchral pillar stands, unmoved
Between their traces; to the earth they hung
Their heads, with plenteous tears their driver mourned,
And mingled their dishevelled manes with dust.
Jove saw their grief with pity, and his brows
Shaking, within himself thus pensive said:
'Ah, hapless pair! Wherefore by gift divine
Were ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,
Yourselves immortal, and from age exempt?
Was it that ye might share in human woes?
For, of all things that breathe or creep the earth,
No creature lives so mere a wretch as man.'"

COWPER, *Iliad*, XVII., 426 *et seq.* of text,
514 *et seq.* of COWPER.

Others the shield and helmet bear. The belt
Victorious Turnus took.[1] Then grieving came
The phalanx of choice men, and followed them
The Teucrian troops and Tyrrhene forces all,
And, bearing arms reversed, the Arcadians sad.
When had filed past the escort all, still stood 95
Æneas, and with loud groans said:[2] "Us hence
To other tears call us the same rude Fates
The Fates of War. Farewell, for me, farewell!
Farewell[3] forever, Pallas, mightiest soul!"

Telegram to St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND HIS WAR-HORSE.

BRISTOL, R. I., *September* 15, 1881. — After the funeral services in the church here, the remains of GENERAL BURNSIDE were conveyed by special train to Providence, and now lie in state in that place.

PROVIDENCE, *September* 15, 1881. — GENERAL BURNSIDE'S war-horse, MAJOR, that bore him through the war, was killed this afternoon. It had become helpless, and the General had arranged for its death whenever it could be killed without his knowledge. All the evening, crowds have been passing past the remains of GENERAL BURNSIDE, lying in state in the City Hall, at the rate of 4,000 per hour. Many distinguished gentlemen from abroad have arrived to attend the funeral.

[1] "Stood keen in his bright arms
Æneas, and, as moved his thought, so moved
His eyes, and held he back his hand and sword,
And more and more were softening him the words
That Turnus spoke, when he perceived, alas!
On Turnus' shoulder that unhappy badge
That Pallas wore, and all the bravery gay
That in the boy's familiar sword-band shone,
Whom, by a wound o'ercome, Turnus had slain,
And stripped from him, and in defiance wore.
. . . . . ."

Quotation from the close of the ÆNEID.

[2] "The escort had filed slowly past, when Troy's great hero with a sigh exclaimed: . . ." — PIERCE.

[3] The three farewells with which the Greeks were wont to close the ceremony of burial.

No more he said, but to the lofty walls
His sorrowing steps he turned to seek the camps.
  And now approached, from out the Latin town, 100
With olive-branches crowned, and craving grace,
Fair-spoken orators meek: "That he would give
The bodies up throughout the fields which lay,
And them allow a burial 'neath the earth,
Since there should be with men o'erthrown no strife,
Nor those whose light is quenched; that he would spare 105
Those who his hosts were called, and kinsmen even."
  Whom good Æneas, since their humble prayer
Could not be set at naught, grants the grace craved,
And adds thereto these words: "What hapless Fate,
O Latins, hath you brought into a war
So great? And why flee ye from us your friends?
Peace for the *dead* ye ask, souls bought by Mars: 110
Indeed most willingly to ye that live
Would I accord the same. I had not here
My footsteps brought, had not the Fates a place
Here given and home. Your people, sirs, with them
I have no war. The king our league destroyed.
He deemed it best to Turnus' arms to trust.
Kinder[1] to you had Turnus been had he 115

[1] "Æquius." As I have, in an earlier Book of the Poem, taken occasion to explain, the best sense of the word æquus is *kind* or *favorable*.

Unto this slaughter his own self opposed.
If, as 't would seem, hands must the war conclude,
Hands drive the Teucrians forth, 't were better he
With me should meet in arms. Let him survive
To whom the God his life assigns or whom
His right hand saves. Now, go, and place the fire
Beneath your wretched comrades stretched in death."
Æneas ceased: amazed, they silent stood, 120
And each to each turned eyes and faces round.
The elder, Drances, then took up the word,
He whom by youthful Turnus had been held
Ever a foe because of hate indulged
And charges made, and thus in answer spoke:
"O great in fame, and greater far in arms,
Thou man of Troy! By what words shall my praise 125
Thee to the skies uplift? For justice calm
Shall I thee most admire or labors vast
In war? This answer we shall gladly bear
Unto that city which our country rules,[1]
And will thy fortunes blend, if way thereto
Good chance may give, with those which rule our king.

The Chancery courts preserve this best sense for us in their word "equity." Equity is peculiarly a growth of Roman jurisprudence, and its highest praise is that it mitigates the severity of law.

Inasmuch as no previous commentator or translator has suggested this best sense of the word, I claim it as a New Reading.

DRYDEN is so little conscious of the value of the phrase that he ignores it altogether.

[1] "Patriam ad urbem." A phrase having several senses. I have selected the one which I think most likely to have been used by the speaker.

Let Turnus seek out allies for himself.
'T will please us well thy solid walls, by Fate 130
Ordained, to raise, and place our shoulders firm
Beneath thy Trojan stones." He said, and all,
As with one voice, muttered assent thereto.
A truce of twice six days their covenant makes,
And, peace so pledged,[1] throughout the woods they roam
And on the bluffs, and mix, without a fear, 135
The Trojan and the Latin soldiery free.
Rings with the steel, struck by the double axe,
The ash. And pines which sought the stars
Are brought to earth. Wedges the oak's firm grain
And cedar's odorous body split, nor cease
The groaning wagons loads to bring of trees
Known by their foliage roan, the mountain-ash.[2]
And now Fame flies with bitter message swift
Of so great grief, and fills Evander's breast, 140
Evander's home and towers, Fame which just now
Pallas a conqueror made in Latium's land.
Rush to the gates th' Arcadians, and as then
The custom was, seize torches as they run.
Gleams in long row a path of flame, and wide

[1] "Pace sequestra." The phrase is one of law, wherein it is used to designate a third person who holds for the time being the object of a litigation, be the object money or property.

[2] Here is another instance of VIRGIL's tenacity of purpose in permitting no opportunity to escape him of exhibiting his knowledge of rural names and methods. He seems to desire to emphasize this, in the present instance, by making his axe-men find two sorts of ash, one peculiar to the plain, the other to the mountain. The roan foliage is an amplification of my own, and is derived from my (limited) range of rustic experiences. MORRIS erroneously calls the tree the *Rowan* tree. The tree is known by its roan tints.

Its light throws o'er the fields.[1] And joins the crowd 145
Of Phrygians that arrives the mourning throngs.
Then from their houses come the matrons forth,
And with their cries the sorrowing town inflame.
Nor is there any power that hath the strength
Evander to retain, but comes he forth
Into the very midst. Set down the bier 150
Of Pallas is, and bends he over it,
And thereto clings with frequent groans and tears,
And scarce his voice a path his grief allows:
"Not these, O Pallas, were the promises, son,
That unto me thou gav'st, when I besought
That thou shouldst caution use in thine approach
To cruel Mars. Not that I failed to think
How far may lead a new renown in arms
And glory over-sweet of war's first wounds. 155
O sad essays of youth! O wars that come
'Twixt neighboring lands[2] from hard beginnings wrought!
And by not one of all the Gods were heard

[1] The use of torches, or candles, at funerals carries the mind, or rather the imagination, back to the old heroic times when human sacrifices were one of the concomitants of a funeral pageant, — a feature of barbarism which is said to owe its abolition to a demi-God, Hercules.

[2] "Bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta."

In the labors of my brother VIRGILIANS I find no warrant for my translation of the phrase "Belli propinqui," but it seems to me VIRGIL had in his mind, when he wrote it, the thought of COWPER: —

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations which had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

My vows, my prayers! And thou, O holiest wife!
Happy art thou that thou art dead, not saved
For such a woe, while life for me my Fates 160
Hath overthrown,[1] and I alone survive
Both wife and son! O that of Troy the arms
A follower I had been in fields of strife!
Then me had overthrown Rutulian spears!
Then I my life had rendered up to death!
And these funereal pomps not Pallas home
Had brought but me! Nor blame I, Teucrians, ye,
Ye nor your league, nor your right hands which warm 165
I grasped, and grasp, in hospitality, friends.
This lot appointed was for our[2] old age.
What if untimely death sprang on our son:
The thought is sweet, that ere he fell his arm
Thousands of Volscians stretched upon the plain
And Latium opened to the Teucrian power.
Why, then, my Pallas dead, not otherwise, boy,
Will I thee honor in thine obsequies high
Than doth devout Æneas and the men 170
In battle mighty of the Phrygian race
And those brave Tyrrhene lords who loved the lad,
And all the Tyrrhene army gathered here.
Great trophies here are borne of those who sought
Beneath thy strong right hand the realms of death;
And thou, too, Turnus, would a trunk adorn,
With all thine arms immense, had age and strength

[1] "Vivendo vici mea Fata." "O seeds of war begun," says MORRIS, and so, substantially, say they all. Mine is a New Reading.

[2] The grand old king forgets for a moment his personal woes in the dignity of the plural pronoun.

On his part equaled thine. But why do I 175
The Teucrians thus delay from warlike deeds?
Go, and remember this to tell your king
From me, that 'I endure a hated life
Since Pallas is no more, because of work
Thy right hand hath to do, a debt thou owest
To son and father both. His bad deserts
On thee and fortune wait for their reproof.[1]
No joys of life I seek; 't would not be right. 180
All that I seek is, this glad word to bear
Down to my son in that dim world of shades.'"[2]
To miserable mortals, once again,
Meanwhile, the light beloved[3] Aurora brought,
And with it work and toils. Now funeral pyres 185

[1] "Meritis vacat hic tibi, solus
Fortunæque locus."

The VIRGILIANS here, as a rule, use "meritis" in a good sense, and apply it to Æneas. The literal translation encourages this construction: "In merits there is vacant only this place for thee and fortune." But I think the *bad* sense of merits is intended, the application being to Turnus.

DRYDEN ignores the "meritis."

"This niche alone is vacant still
For fortune and desert to fill."

CONINGTON.

"'T is given thee and fortune in no other way *to satisfy my soul.*"

PIERCE.

My suggestion, after all, may be rather an amplification of the text than a new reading. Evidently PIERCE was on the way to my reading.

[2] This dream of successful battle is painted in almost equal colors by DANIEL O'CONNELL: —

"O Erin, shall it e'er be mine,
To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line,
To lift my victor head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?
Such gleam of joy were all I 'd crave
Betwixt my cradle and my grave."

[3] "Alma lux." The English form enables me to make alma, for the occasion, a Protean word.

Upon the winding shore Æneas built,
And with him Tarchon. Each here brought, in mode
Such as their country's usages required,
The bodies of their dead. The subject[1] fires
Black clouds of smoke float off into the sky.
Thrice round the kindled biers they run with arms
Effulgent girded. Thrice the flames of death
Move they around on horses, while their mouths 190
Give heartfelt groans of lamentation forth.
With tears the earth is sprinkled and with arms.
Clamors of men and trumpets' clangors sound.
Spoils torn from Latin dead some on the flames
Now cast, bright helms and glorious swords and gear 195
Of harnessed steeds and glowing wheels.
Some throw thereon gifts that too well they know,
Shields of their friends, and unsuccessful spears.
To Death are many oxen sacrificed
And bristling boars, and, snatched from all the fields,
Bleed on the flames the flocks. On the whole shore
See they their comrades burning, and watch long 200
The heaps of smouldering dead, nor can they thence
Be torn away till humid night the sky
Clothes in the splendors of its rolling worlds.

[1] "Subjectæ ignes." Subjectus, like alienus and supremus, a Protean word.

And on the other side rise up great fires
Innumerable made by Latin hands.
Their many men they part commit to earth 205
And part they carry forth to distant fields,
Or to the city send; and a great heap
Confused of slaughter, which nor number hath
Nor honor, there they burn. Thence rival fires
Gleam frequent here and there throughout the fields.
The third day's light removed the chilly cloud. 210
They closer place the bones and ashes white,
Weeping sad tears the while, and heap them up
With earth whose clods still warm are from the flames.
But now, indeed, the walls within of him
The Latin king, who wealth exceeding had,
And in his city's bounds, rise startling cries,
For there the chief part is of this long woe.
There mothers are and brides bereaved; there grieve 215
Of sisters dear the tortured breasts, and boys
Their fathers mourn; and all unite, the war,
The dire and dismal war to execrate loud
And Turnus' nuptials: "Him, let him, in arms
Decide it by the sword, he who the realm
Of Italy wide and princely honors asks!"
And bitter Drances aggravates all this, 220
And testifies that Turnus had been called
To strive in single combat with his foe.
But, at the same time, on the other hand,
Many opinions are, in various words,

Defending Turnus' cause. He rests, besides,
Within the shadow of the Queen's great name;
And his victorious Fame, born of his deeds
And of his trophies great, sustains the man.
So moved the troubled State, and in the midst 225
Of all this raging tumult,[1] troubles yet
Add on to all the rest the legates sad,
Responses bringing from the city great
Which Diomede rules, that, after such vast pains
And outlays great and toils, nothing is done;
Of no avail the gifts had been, nor gold,
Nor mighty prayers; for allied arms elsewhere
Must look the Latin king or peace secure 230
From Troy. Gives way Latinus' self to woe
So great: that, by the will of heaven, to all
Made manifest, the Fates Æneas helped,
The angered Gods attest and all these graves
Before their eyes just now heaped on the plain.
Therefore a parliament[2] he calls of those
Who in his government were chief, and them 235
In his wide halls to meet compels.[3] They come
Through highways thronged. As bid they meet.
Sits in the midst Latinus, eldest he,
And first in rank, but not with joyful face.
And now the legates who the answer bring 240
Sent from Ætolia's city he commands
To make report: whatever word was sent

[1] "Flagrante tumultu." A more deplorable condition of affairs, by far, than that impliable from the words "flagrante bello." A tumult partook of the nature and horrors of a civil war.

[2] "Concilium magnum."

[3] "Cogit."

To tell it all in order due.[1] Tongues cease,
And 'midst the silence Venulus grave stands forth,
And thus he speaks: "Friends, Diomede's self
We 've seen, him and the Argive camps; and past
All dangers of the way our journey made,
We touched his hand, the hand which conquered Troy. 245
Argyripa he builds (named from the place
That gave him birth), on lands of Garganus fair
In Iaphygian fields his prize of war.
The audience given and plenteous leave of speech,
Our gifts we offered, and our names declared
And land; who warred upon us; and the cause 250
That us to Arpi[2] brought. To such things heard,
He these things rendered back with placid face:[3]

[1] "Responsa cuncta." VIRGIL, it seems to me, is, in all he says of Latinus, admirably successful in describing an honest, amiable, and plain-spoken old man.

[2] The name Argyripa contracted. As San Francisco sinks to Frisco; Mediolanum to Milano; Lutetia Parisiorum to Paris; Forum Julii to Fréjus; and the Aquæs to as many Aixs.

[3] "Placido ore."

"From *quiet mouth* gave answer thus again." — MORRIS.

But os here means more than mouth. It means the face, the expression of the countenance. So CICERO says, in his *De Oratore*, "in ore sunt omnia," all depends on the countenance. PLAUTUS has the phrase, "os habet," he has cheek; and TERENCE, "os durum," a hard face. The Greeks practiced, and, in their works of art, perpetuated *the placid face*. The placid face is the peculiar characteristic of the bearing of the Gods.

"Then, with soft accents and a pleasing look,
Made this return."

DRYDEN.

"He hears, and, with untroubled eye
And courteous accent, makes reply."

CONINGTON.

The other VIRGILIANS content themselves with saying that the answer was given in a *courteous*, or in a *kind, manner*.

'O people fortunate most! Saturnian realms!
Ausonians old! What happening now doth plague
Your peaceful lives and ye persuade to war
And war's unknown results? All who among us 255
Have violated[1] Troy, her with the sword
Have plundered and the torch (I count not those
Who fell in fight exhausted 'neath her walls,
Nor those whom Simois' waves engulfed, that stream
Whereof the current clogged with corpses was),
Unheard-of woes have met and punishments dire.
Whatever penalties hard on crime are fixed,
These on our heads have all been visited;
So that would drop e'en Priam's self for us
A tear. Knows it right well the adverse star 260
Minerva fixed in heaven,[2] the Eubœan straits
And rocks Capherean keen which wrongs avenged.[3]
Wide from that war in diverse paths driven forth,
As far as Proteus'[4] pillars, Atreus' son,

[1] "Violavimus," as "violavi" just below.

[2] The raging constellation Arcturus.

[3] On these rocks Ajax, son of Oileus, was shipwrecked. His offense was the violation of Cassandra in the temple of Minerva. Minerva pursued him with storm and shipwreck and drowning.

[4] "A seer
Oracular, the Ancient of the Deep,
Immortal Proteus, the Egyptian . . .
. . . . . .
First he became a long-maned lion grim,
Then dragon, panther then, a savage boar,
A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree." . . .
. . . . . .
. . . the old one of the waves." . . .
COWPER, *Odyssey*, Book Fourth, lines 468 *et seq.*

The Pillars of Proteus bounded the extreme East of the known world, as the Pillars of Hercules bounded the extreme West.

Great Menelaus fares, and Cyclops, grim
With Ætna's grime, Ulysses meets. And why
Need I Neoptolémus' woes relate

VIRGIL also describes Proteus, in the Fourth Georgic, as relating, under the patronage of the nymph Cyrene, to her son Aristæus, the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Both HOMER and VIRGIL add to other varieties of shape that of *fire*.

The allegorical application of this myth is very pleasing. The story seeks to personify the future reluctant to yield up its secrets. Proteus is the shepherd of the sea, tending the seals, the flocks of Neptune, in the remote boundaries of the East. Even there he eludes pursuit and, to escape capture and question, changes his form to beast, tree, water, and flame. His pastures of the deep,

"Beneath the glossy, cool, translucent wave,"

protect him from the curiosity of mortals; but at times he reposes upon the rocks, or visits the shores to count his flock, and there he may be caught, and, if held, will disclose the hereafter.

MILTON, in his *Song to Sabrina*, that

"Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,"

speaks of Proteus, in reference to his employment, as bearing a shepherd's hook. Indeed, the whole passage is quote-worthy as recalling, in verses, which, for graphic beauty, are unsurpassed, the powers of the sea: —

"Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethy's grave, majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed."

And troubled reign, and how the household Gods
Idomeneus adored were overthrown, 265
And how dwelt Locrians on far Libya's coast?
Even he[1] whom from Mycenæ came supreme
In great command of mighty Greeks, was met
On his own threshold by a shameless hand,
His wife's own paramour's, and hewn to earth;
And to adultery thus succumbed a king
Who had the conquest made of Asia's throne.[2]

[1] Agamemnon.

[2] SOPHOCLES makes Clytemnestra herself the slayer.

"CLYTEMNESTRA:

Let loose again, it seems, thou roam'st at large
Ægisthus being absent. In his charge
Thou had'st not been permitted wantonly
To wag thy tongue and shame thy family.
. . . . . .
Thy maledictions shall recoil. For hence
Thou hast received no ill. Thy sole pretense
Is this, that I thy ruffian father slew.
Well, I deny 't not. What thou sayest is true.
I slew him. Rightly, too, for in that strife,
Not I, alone, but justice claimed his life.
. . . . . .

ELECTRA.

Hear, then! Thou ownest, with unblushing face,
Thyself a murderess. What could be more base
Than this confession? For, though well or ill
Death were deserved, 't is thy dishonor still.
But that a villain's tongue persuaded thee
To do this act of shameless perfidy,
And that there was no justice in the deed,
I now will show thee, if thou wilt but heed."

LONGWORTH'S *Electra of Sophocles*, pp. 27, 29.

It should be remarked that, besides this Electra, daughter of Agamemnon, there are two other Electras. One of these is one of the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, and constitutes, with her sisters, the constellation of the Pleiades. This Electra is she who became, by Jupiter,

Begrudged the Gods that I again should see
My father's altars, my loved wife and land, 270
The beauteous land of Calydon. Ay, e'en now
Pursue me portents horrible to see.
My comrades lost the air cleave through with wings
As birds, or wander in the waves. Alas!
The punishments still my friends endure! They fill
With sad, lamenting tones the rocks around!
But woes like these I might have well supposed 275
Might on me come from that day forth when I
Thrust senseless with my spear at heavenly flesh
And Venus violated[1] with a wound
Which from her hand celestial ichor brought.
No, no! no more of contests such as these
For me! No more for me[2] of fight with men
Of Teucrian race since Troy is overthrown! 280
Nor mind nor joy have I in ancient ills.[3]

mother of Dardanus, founder of the Trojan power. It will be remembered that this circumstance, together with the slight put upon her by the rivalry of Venus, and upon her daughter Hebe in being supplanted by Ganymede, embittered Juno against Æneas as the son of Venus and as the leader of a Trojan colony. The third Electra is the mother of the Harpies.

[1] "Violavi." As "violavimus" just above.

[2] "Ne vero, ne me . . . nec mihi."

This, the climax of Diomede's refusal, has the same tone of emphasis as that of Rollo, chief of the Northmen and first Duke of Normandy, formerly Neustria, when he refused to kiss, in token of fealty, the foot of Charles the Simple: "Ne se, bigot!" (No, sir, by God!) was his answer.

[3] "Nor do I think or joy at all in ills of long ago." — MORRIS.

A proof of how much music may find its way into thirteen little words.

The closing passage in the speech of Isaac H. Bromley, an American journalist, at the banquet of the Army of the Potomac, at Washington City, May 17, 1883, seem to me to deserve wide commemoration not only for justness in sentiment, but for exceptional beauty of style. "Thanks to the kind chemistries of nature and curing force of time, all old sores are healed.

Your country's gifts ye bring to me take back
And give Æneas. We have stood spear clashed
'Gainst spear, hand raging against hand. Believe
One who hath been where he hath trial made
How to his shield he rises, how his spear
Springs with a whirlwind's force towards his foe.
If so it had been that the Idæan land 285
Two men besides[1] him, such as him, had reared,
The Dardan ultraly[2] had come to towns
Of Inachus far; and Greece, with Fates reversed,
Had mourned. Whatever stay we met, the walls
Around of stubborn Troy, was just because
The Grecian victory stuck[3] within the hands 290
Of Hector and Æneas. They its steps
Held back for ten long years; in courage both
Superb, and skill in use of arms, but he,
Æneas, of the two, the more devout.
In friendship let your right hands clasp his own
Whate'er the league may be, but how in arms
Ye him in arms shall meet, of that beware.'[4]

The cattle go in and out of the old embrasures; the sheep browse by the side of the dismantled guns; the low vines creep kindly over the crusted shells; and the grass is growing in the furrows of the war."

[1] One more besides Æneas and Hector.

[2] "Ultro." Again this difficult word, and again with some new shade of potent signification. Akin to the English proverb that misfortunes never come single is the Latin one that "Mala ultro adsunt" (misfortunes come unsought? or inexorably?). Why not say in English, *ultraly*, as we learn to say from vero, *verily*, and from true, *truly*. The adjective *ultra* is well established in the English language, and even the noun ultra. Why not go a step farther and enrich our tongue with the adverb *ultraly*. Shall I venture to coin this word? It is not much more troublesome than *utterly*, and seems to have a similar breadth or extent of expression.

[3] "Hæsit."

[4] "I served in the Mexican War. I served in our Civil War. I did my

"These are, thou best of kings, the answers brought,
All as is told. Them thou hast heard. Thou knowest
In this great war what his opinions are." 295
Scarce had the legates spoken, when there ran
A mingled murmur as of various speech
The troubled mouths among of those who heard;
As, when the rocks the rapid streams delay,
The narrow current sends a murmur forth,
And the close banks complain with quarreling waves.
Soon as this feeling somewhat slackened was, 300
And more at peace the excited tongues were found,
Spoke forth the king, first after prayer to heaven,
There where he sat upon his lofty throne:
"Latins, my wish it was, and so, I think,
Much better had it been, if of our State
We first had somewhat fixed. No time is this
To call a parliament when sits the foe
Beneath our walls. An ill-starred war we wage 305
My people, with a race divine, with men
Of strength invincible, whom battles none
Fatigue, and who, though conquered, from the sword
Will ne'er desist. If hope had any one
Of aid that from Ætolia's shores might come,

duty in battle. As my friend COLONEL WILSON has told you, two of my sons, who were my comrades in the latter war, rest in soldiers' graves. I want no more war. My wish is to be at peace with all the world."—Speech of COLONEL KISE at the Lafayette, Indiana, Reunion, October 12, 1881.

Let that be laid aside. Each man of hope
Claims some, but here, how narrow 't is, ye see.
And our affairs elsewhere in rapid wreck 310
Of utter ruin are, and in your hands,
And all before your eyes. None do I blame.
What valor's most abundant power could do
Is done. With the whole body of the realm
We 've made the fight. Now, therefore, what my mind
In doubtful wise hath thought I will suggest, 315
The while to my few words your minds ye lend:
Near to the Tuscan river lies a tract
Of ancient land, far to the west, beyond
The boundary line Sicanians call their own;
The land is mine; Auruncans sow its fields
And Rutuli aid. Its tough hillsides they plow.
Its rougher places serve for pasture land.[1]
This region all, and the pine belt which round 320
The mountain runs, grant ye, for friendship's sake,
Unto these Teucrian men, and let us them
Give equal laws in league, and in the State
Let them be called to share the rulership.
There let them settle down, if so they please,
And build their walls. But if their minds 325
The preference give to lands elsewhere, and they
Another people's leagues would rather seek,
Then can they leave our soil, and ships twice ten
Of tough Italian oak we 'll make, or more,
If more they need. Lie now upon the wave
The logs. Let them the mode prescribe. Let them

[1] VIRGIL, the *farmer*, is before us again.

The number name. We will the copper give,
The workmen, all, in fine, to rig the ships
Complete to take the sea. Besides, our words 330
To bear, and to confirm the league, let us
A hundred orators forth depute, of rank
The best in Latium, who, with olive-boughs
Of peace, shall carry gifts, a talent's weight
Of gold and ivory choice, the royal throne,
Our robe of state, the insignia of our realm.
Consult; give aid; your weary country calls."[1] 335
Then Drances rose, that same unfriendly man,
Whom, through his envy, which he ill concealed,
Turnus' renown with bitter stings disturbed.
Much wealth he had; more tongue; was cold his hand
In war. In counsel skilled, his plans were wise;
And influence much he had in faction's ways. 340
Gave him his mother's line a noble race,
But of his father doubtfully people spoke.[2]

[1] It is observable that in this speech the king makes no mention of his daughter, nor of Turnus. It was for Drances, the enemy of Turnus, to bring these names into the debate. And we shall see, directly, that he knows how to do it.

[2] "*Incertum* de patre ferebat."

I find all of the VIRGILIANS (except VIRGIL) inclined to speak of this father with severity, or at least contempt. DRYDEN says Drances' father's parentage was unknown, as though the father were a foundling. CONINGTON says Drances was "*inglorious* on his father's side." A similar imputation. MORRIS curtly but quaintly says that the father was "*of no account.*" PIERCE says Drances "gained nothing from his sire save *folly.*" LONG says "who his father was nobody knew." CRANCH says that "upon his sire's side he was of *uncertain birth.*" This is casting an imputation on the mother. ANTHON says "about Drances' father *all was uncertainty.*" PITT is, like PIERCE, severe: —

"His mother's blood illustrious splendors grace,
By birth as generous as his sire was base."

Unto the general rage his words gave weight,
And all the flames of discontent he fanned.
"Good king," he said, "from none concealed is that,
Nor to the lips of any of thy friends
An unfamiliar thing, concerning which
Thou dost our counsel ask.[1] All will confess
They know whereto thy people's fortune drifts, 345
But when they come to speak, their mutterings waste

SYMMONS: —

"Rich, and to kings maternally allied,
But low and doubtful by the father's side."

Alethes was TASSO's Drances, as *Argantes* was his Turnus, and on Alethes he pronounces the same severe sentence which the VIRGILIANS, as I think incorrectly, pronounce upon Drances: —

"The one, Alethes, of vile lineage sprung,
Who in obscurest shade his course began,
Rose, by smooth flatteries and a fluent tongue,
To the first honors of the grave Divan;
A supple, crafty, various-witted man, —
Prompt at deceit, perfidious in his phrase,
He with a smile of sweetness could trepan;
And wove his webs in such ingenious ways,
That each calumnious charge had all the air of praise.
Argantes the Circassian, his compeer,
Came to the court a stranger, but endowed
With valor equal to the loftiest sphere,
Was soon a Satrap of the realm avowed;
Impatient, fierce, implacable, and proud."

1 "But on his heart Alethes laid his hand,
And bowed his head to earth, and every sign
Of honor showed that glory could demand,
Or the smooth flattery of the East combine.
He spake, and from his lips than golden wine
More sweet, the floods of eloquence distilled."

WIFFEN's TASSO, Canto 2.

That which their tongues should say. Let that
man,[1] Sire,
Grant liberty of speech![2] Let him give up
His wordy fiatulence, he, for whose false cause
And baleful enterprise and manners bad
(Ah! I will say it, though he threaten me
With arms, and e'en with death) so many lights
Of our nobility high have sunk in blood,
And o'er our city's face so dark a pall 350
Of grief hath come, whilst he the Trojan camp
Attempts, and safety seeks in flight, and heaven
Alarms with all his warlike din. One gift,
One more, beyond the numerous ones thy speech
Sets forth, one more, our own most excellent king,
Thou shouldst unto the Dardans send, nor let
Of any one the violence rash thee awe.
Yea, thou, a father, shouldst thy daughter give, 355
In worthy marriage bonds, unto a man
Well worthy thee and her, and thus this peace
In bonds eternal hold. What! doth such dread
Our minds and hearts possess? Well, let us him
Beseech, let us of him beg leave, and he? —
Why, let him yield! Let him accord to king
And country, too, their rights. O why, thou head
And source of Latium's woes, why wilt thou drive
Into such perils deep thy countrymen whelmed 360
In rank on rank of brave devoted souls?
No hope of safety have we in the war.

[1] This outbreak upon Turnus seems to me to be conceived in the highest spirit of effective popular oratory.

[2] "Det libertatem fandi."

Peace, Turnus, peace, we, all, of thee demand,
And when we this demand, demand we, too,
Of peace the sole inviolable pledge.
And first myself, whom hostile to thyself
Thou feign'st to be (and, as to that, demur
I make thee none) behold! myself, thee I
A suppliant seek! Have pity on thine own!
Resentments cast aside, and, beaten, yield! 365
Onward, through deaths enough have been our steps,
Around, sufficient fields have we laid waste.
Or if Fame stir thee, if so much a throne
And dowry hold thy heart, dare thou, and firm 370
Set thou thy breast against thy foeman's breast!
Forsooth, that Turnus may in royal bonds
Be wed, we animals dumb of low degree,
A mob, unburied, unbewailed, must lie
Hewn down in every field. And, now, if yet
Aught in thee dwells of strength, if aught
Thou of thy country's Mars the spirit hast,
Do thou him in the face look fearlessly, him [1]
Who calls thee to it! . . . [2] 375

[1] In the midst of my almost unwavering approbation of MORRIS's renderings, I find myself again compelled to express a sense of disappointment. In his rendering of the speech of Drances he seems to miss its significance. He is probably misled by too contemptuous an estimate of his character. VIRGIL sets forth Drances as a man of rank and fortune, and, although he describes him, in the way of making him a foil to the softness of Latinus, as an acrimonious debater, yet he accords to him political adroitness and influential leadership.

[2] I desire to remark on this broken line, "Qui vocat," that it seems to me to have been intentionally left imperfect, as marking a dramatic pause. Drances may be supposed to have paused sufficiently to mark the effect of the words on Turnus, and Turnus, glad of an opportunity to interrupt his philippic, dashed in with his response.

But at such words flashed Turnus' fury up;
A groan he gave, and from his bosom's depths
His answer came: "Yea, Drances, yea, of speech
A large abundance, then, hast thou when wars
Make call for men, and thou dost go — when called
The Senate is — the very first. But words 380
Alone will not conduct the court, great words
Which, thou being safe, like weapons from thee fly,
The while the foss keeps back the foe, nor yet
Float full our trenches with the blood of men.
Then, as thy wont is, of thine eloquence glib,
Roll thou the thunders forth, and make me out,
O Drances, full of fear, since by thy hand
Lie slain of Teucrian dead so many heaps, 385
And for thee trophies rise in every field
Adorned with noble arms! What courage can
Of brilliant acts perform is easily tried;
Nor need we for our foes long search to make.
All round the walls they stand. Let 's go![1] Let 's
march
Against them! Lagg'st thou, brave? Wherefore?
Must Mars
To thee remain that self-same Mars whose tongue 390
Is naught but wind, whose feet are swift in flight,
Now as before? . . .[2]

[1] "Imus." Let 's be going! Brisker and more poetical than "eamus," which has a similar, but less active meaning. "Imus" may take rank with the French "allons." "Allons! enfans de la Patrie!"

[2] "Semper erit." An imperfect line. The reason uncertain, unless it be an intentional pause to mark the change in the speaker's mind from irony to indignation. For he is about, now, to attempt an answer to the arguments of Drances.

I beaten! Now, what honest man, thou beast,
Me beaten deems who sees the swelling flood
Of Tiber's waves grow great with Trojan gore,
And all Evander's house, up from the root 395
Destroyed, and those Arcadians stripped and bare
Of arms. Not so me Bitias thought, who tried,
A giant he, nor so his brother huge
Fierce Pandarus slain, nor all that thousand men
Whom, on that day, a victor I sent down
To Tartarus' depths, the while shut up I was
Their walls within, and by their ramparts high
And bolted gates cut off from help. No hope
Of safety have we in the war! O fool!
Such songs sing thou unto the Dardan head 400
And sing them, too, unto thine own affairs.[1]
Henceforth do thou with mighty fear disturb
Our every plan; and puff with profuse praise
The strength of this twice conquered tribe; on arms
Of Latin men lay all the weight thou canst.
For tremble now the Myrmidonian lords
At Phrygian arms; and so doth Diomede; ay,
Larissa's hero, too, Achilles, quakes;
And e'en up-stream run now the Aufidus'
waves![2] 405

[1] "Rebusque tuis." These words are understood as insinuating treason on the part of Drances.

[2] It was on the banks of the Aufidus, now the Ofanto, that HORACE was born — Aufidus the mountain-torrent which, in one of his Odes, he describes as a rushing river, far-sounding, "longe sonantem."

MORRIS makes here a slip in geography: —

"And Aufidus the flood flees back *unto* the Hadriac Sea."

DRYDEN's geography has it correctly: —

"The rapid Aufidus with awful dread,
Runs backward *from* the sea, and hides his head."

But, friends, since terror of some grudge of mine
This rascal feigns, and stirs this bitter dread
Into his talk, no such a soul would I
With this right hand (nay, be not thou alarmed !)
Shed forth. There let it live. Congenial place
It hath just such a scoundrel breast within.
"And now to thee, my father, and the words 410
Of counsel thou hast given, let me revert.
If further hope none can we place in arms,
If so abandoned are we, if our lines
Are turned, so that, in spite of every brave
And worthy effort made, prostrate and cowed
We fall, and for us Fortune hath no step
The other way ; why, let us sue for peace,
And hold right hands unnerved towards the foe.
O that the old-time valor had we yet ! 415
To me that man would seem in all his toils
Most fortunate, ay, a noble, glorious soul
Who, not to see such things, would lay him down
In death, and bite the dust. But if we yet
Resources have, if yet our youth intact
Remain, and Italy's fields with all her men 420
And towns ; if through abundant blood was earned
The Trojan glory ; if their corpses too
Were piled on gory fields, and the same storm
Of war came down on all alike, with them ;
Why falter we, disgraced, at the first step ?
Why, ere the trumpet sounds, doth all our limbs
A craven trembling seize ? As days increase, 425

As varying time its change of toil brings on,
A better season comes and sure rewards.
Fortune, at times, hath many made her sport,
Whom, at the last, on solid ground she plants.[1]
The Ætolian host to us no aid will give
Nor Arpi's lord; but brave Messapus' aid
We 'll have; Tolumnius, fortunate chief, is ours;
And princes, more than they, are in command 430
Of all the numerous warriors in our camps.
Nor will a trifling meed of glory earn
They who the choice of Latium are, the flower
Of all Laurentum's blooming fields and fame.
And, of that great resplendent Volscian race,
Camilla comes. A heroine, forth she leads
Her band of knights, and squadrons bossed with bronze.
But if the Teucrians me alone demand,
In single combat, and this seemeth best, 435
And so much I the common good oppose,
Not yet so far hath Victory fled these hands,[2]
That for a hope so great I should refuse
What risk soe'er to tempt. With all my heart
'Gainst him I 'll go, though he in might o'ertop
Achilles great, and armor wear like his,
By Vulcan made. To you, my countrymen, then, 440

[1] "Et in solido rursus Fortuna locavit."
Here are recognizable two supposed "Americanisms," *solid* and *locate*.

[2] "Non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit."
ADDISON imagines that because certain ancient coins have represented an image of Victory held in the *hand*, that this victorious usage is here alluded to by VIRGIL. I take the liberty of thinking that, inasmuch as VIRGIL mentions here, not one hand, but *two*, he uses a still more vigorous figure, the seizing by Turnus of the Goddess of Victory with *both* his hands.

To thee, Latinus, sire of her my bride,
I, Turnus, who in valor second am
To none of ancient fame,[1] devote my life!
'Calls him alone Æneas!'[2] Well, I pray,
He may so call. For I would not that he
Should Drances call, whether it be of Gods
The anger lurks herein, or Glory waits
To crown their favorite's brow with laurel'd wealth,
The richest wreath[3] that Fame's fond hands can weave."[4]
Thus they, in doubful straits, among themselves 445
Contending vied: Æneas moved his line
Of battle up. And lo! with uproar rude
A courier runs the royal halls throughout,
And fills with feverish terror all the town:
That from the Tiberine flood the Teucrian troops,
Drawn up in battle line, were pressing on,
And that the Tyrrhene bands, from all the fields, 450
Were coming down in force. At once disturbed
The minds were of the crowd, and shocked their breasts,
And with no gentle spur their wrath is pricked.

[1] A proof of the proposition that in the heroic times, self-assertion was not thought unbecoming.

[2] Turnus had just said "The *Teucrians* want me." Now he says, "But they say *Æneas* challenges me."

[3] The spoils taken from a king overthrown in single combat were always accounted the richest spoils of war, the SPOLIA OPIMA.

[4] This speech of Turnus has been the subject of many and deserved expressions of admiration, but I think it falls behind that of Drances. And I believe it to have been part of the plan of the Poem to make it inferior to that masterpiece.

Trembling, for arms they call, for arms the youth
A frenzied clamor make. The sad shed tears.
The fathers muttering go. Boils everywhere
Dissension's caldron great. A din confused
The air of heaven assails. Not otherwise it was 455
Than when, by chance, of flocks of clamorous birds
A lofty grove the theatre swarmed becomes,
Or, on the Po, with luscious fish full-stocked,
The rough-voiced swans their endless parleys hold.
"Yea, townsmen," Turnus says, who thus the time,
The moment opportune, improved, "Go on, 460
Deliberate, think, debate, sit down and talk
Of peace: while they, with arms, upon your realms
Advance." No more he said, but left, quick-stepped,
The royal halls. "Thou, Volusus, quick, to arms
The Volscians call, and lead the Rutuli forth!
Messapus, arm the horse, and lead them out!
With help thy brother, Coras, thee will lend, 465
Thy troops deploy! Let troops the gates make strong,
Troops garrison deep the towers; the rest, a band,
Shall weapons bear with me, and orders mine
Await!" Thus saying, he ranges everywhere
Throughout the walls the city's circuit round.
Father Latinus left the council board, 470
And all his plans of peace abandoned quite,
And, grieved his heart with this so evil time,
Much he himself reproached that he at once
Had not, and ultraly,[1] Æneas made,

[1] "Ultro."

By proclamation firm, his son-in-law.
The others ditches dig before the gates,
And stones and stakes supply, the bloody signs
Of war. Hoarse notes from trumpets clang 475
Upon the frightened air. Of matrons meek
And boys a mingled throng the walls possess.
Last labor 't is of all, and all calls forth.
And presses on to courts sublime, where glow
Minerva's shrines, a crowd of mothers moved
By Amata, her and her wild sobs and prayers,
Who gifts present. With them is seen the maid,
Lavinia's self, the cause of ills so great, 480
Her beauteous eyes cast down. On moves the throng,
And, as they move, the censers swing, whence balm
Of frankincense its sweet clouds pours o'er all,
And from the lofty threshold chant they forth
A sad lamenting litany's lines of woe:
"O thou armipotent, thou who over war
Thy sovereign sway doth wield, Tritonian maid,
Break with thy hand this Phrygian robber's shafts,
And prone him drag to earth, and spill his life 485
Thy lofty gates beneath!"[1] And raging zeal
Holds Turnus in its grasp, the while for war
He girds his armor on. His corselet donned
Makes rough the royal man with its bronze scales.
His legs he locked in gold. His brow as yet
Was bare, and he had bound upon his side
His sword. Shone bright in that high hall as round

[1] "O save and deliver us from the arrows of the Hungarians!" GIBBON records as the plaintive litany of the Eastern Empire.

He ran, here, there, this nimble man of gold. 490
His spirits, too, exulted, and with hope
He now the foe engaged; as when at length
The steed at liberty, his bonds being torn,
Breaks from his stall, roams either the wide field
Or to the pastures tends and herds of mares,
Or seeks in water clear his usual bath, 495
Wherein with neck erect he shines and joys,
While his proud mane o'er crest and shoulders waves.[1]

Before the hero now Camilla[2] came,
And, following her, the Volscian line complete;
And at the very gates leaped down the Queen 500
From off her steed. The same did all the rest.
Then thus she speaks: "If to the brave be given
The meed of trust to merit due to meet,
Then dare and promise I th' Ænean troops
Against and Tyrrhene knights to fight alone.

[1] "As when a wild steed in the stalls of kings
Fed for the battle, from his manger breaks;
O'er vales, o'er mountains, to his loves he springs,
Seeks the known meads, or to the river takes;
His curled mane dances on his back; he shakes
His haughty neck aloft; his broad hoofs sound
Like the black thunder; with the bright fire-flakes
Struck forth from his swift trampling, burns the ground,
And with his neighings shrill he fills the world around.
So issues Argillan." WIFFEN'S TASSO, 9th Canto.

[2] "Meave, the while,
Resting upon those great and growing hosts
Her widening eyes, rejoiced within, and clutched
The sceptre-staff with closer grasp, and heaved
Higher her solid, broad, imperial breast,
Amorous of battle nigh at hand."
AUBREY DE VERE'S *Tain Bo Culaigné.*

From the *Catholic World*, June, 1882, p. 347.

Do thou me suffer, first, with my command, 505
To try the risks of war. Keep thou thy feet [1]
About the walls, and watch the fortress-heights."
Whereon spoke Turnus,[2] fixed his look the while
Upon the awful virgin: [3] "O renown
Of this Italian land, thou virgin, thanks!
Thanks more than I can speak! But now, since such
Thy mind is that above all forms like these 510
Its flight courageous soars, do thou with me
The labor share. Æneas, as the word
By common rumor given and scouts returned
Report, hath sent before (the knave! [4] how shrewd!)

[1] "Tu pedes ad muros subsiste." I understand it to be of the feet of Turnus that Camilla is speaking. But MORRIS understands it otherwise. He says, instead of feet, "footmen":—

"The while the footmen townward bide, and watch the walls aright."

DRYDEN: "You, general, stay behind and guard the town."

SYMMONS: "While safe our walls abide beneath thy care."

CONINGTON: "Bide you at home the town to save."

CRANCH:—

"While on foot thou stayest behind
To guard the city."

PIERCE and LONG follow MORRIS:—

PIERCE: "Hold thou the footmen in reserve to guard the royal town."

LONG: "With the infantry
Remain thou by the town, and guard the walls."

PITT solves the difficulty, in his case, by *ignoring* the phrase.

[2] "Turnus ad hæc." It may be remarked, hereon, also, that VIRGIL attaches so much value to this form of words that, in the next Book, he appropriates to it a full line, line 631.

[3] "Oculos horrenda in virgine fixus." A liberty on the part of Turnus by modern etiquette condemned. Society cultivates a medium field, and tolerates neither staring nor neglect. In the fervor of her military zeal Camilla seems to have been too much preoccupied to care for these conventionalities. For the word "awful," as the English equivalent here of horrenda, I find myself indebted to MORRIS.

[4] "Improbus." A word not easy of translation.

A light-armed band of horse to scour the fields.
Himself through desert mountain-steeps comes on,
Their crests above, to storm the city's walls.
An ambush I prepare, fixed in the woods 515
Where turns the path, that there I may him have
In siege held fast two jaws of war betwixt.
Do thou, thine ensigns all together brought,
The Tyrrhene foot engage. With thee will be
Messapus bold and Latin troops and bands
Tiburtus leads. Do thou, at head of all,
'Neath thy command these various forces wield."
He said, and with like words Messapus forth, 520
And leaders with him joined, sent to the field;
And forth against the foe himself went forth.
There is a valley winding through ravines
Suited to snares and warlike strategy's plans,[1]
Whose sides each way push forth with foliage black
In narrow jaws, whereof the paths concealed 525
Make it a work of danger it to storm.
Above it, on the mountain's top, exists
A plain concealed and lurking-places safe,

[1] DRYDEN, in this part of the Poem, betrays the possession of ill-manners and ignorance as well. He pronounces Camilla a "virago," and in describing the ambush makes it a mere piece of folly. Such was not the meaning of VIRGIL, who evinces toward Camilla the utmost respect, and who in all things paints Turnus as an adroit and formidable strategist. MACAULAY hit DRYDEN hard, but none too hard, when he said of him that his mind was of a slovenly character, fond of splendor, but indifferent to neatness; and that most of his writings exhibit the sluttish magnificence of a Russian noble—all vermin and diamonds, dirty linen and inestimable sables. Some one else had said the same thing in a softer manner, in saying of DRYDEN that he is an *unequal* poet.

TASSO, had DRYDEN heeded it, had given him a better example in TASSO's treatment of Clorinda throughout the *Jerusalem Delivered.*

Whether ye wish or right or left the fight
To meet, or, standing on the heights, great rocks
Headlong to roll the ascending foe against.
Departs therefor our warrior by known roads, 530
Seizes the post, and makes his dangerous seat
Its frowning woods of darkling perils full.
  Meanwhile in seats supernal, Opis swift,
A virgin, one of many who in bonds
Of sacred union lived, Diana's voice
And countenance sad thus urged: "To war, alas! 535
To cruel war goes now Camilla forth,
O virgin, and in vain she weaponed is
By arms our own. Of all the souls that breathe
Is she to me most dear. For no new love
Comes this unto Diana.[1] Sweet but now
She is not, but hath always been to her.
When Metabus rash, driven from his kingdom forth, 540
By enmities crushed and his high stretch of power,
The ancient city of Privernum left,

[1] MORRIS, alone of the VIRGILIANS, now gives the word to VIRGIL. This seems unnecessary. Besides, to relate the history of Camilla and the cause of her fondness for her seems the part of Diana herself. Opis stood waiting to hear it from *her*. And VIRGIL, like a true poet, loyal both to rhetorical and religious proprieties, surrenders the word to the Latonian Goddess.

Yet MORRIS has an adjutant. For one edition of the text, CHASE and STUART'S, places the whole history of Camilla in a parenthesis, and makes VIRGIL speak under his voice through forty-six lines, embracing (in my translation) twenty-six periods. After the manner of the judge who decided a larceny point adversely to the prisoner, it might be said here that this is carrying a parenthesis too far. CHASE and STUART'S is in some respects, however, a meritorious edition.

Fleeing amidst the combats of the war,
A babe he nourished as his exile's joy,
Whom, from her mother, who Casmilla was,
He named Camilla, slightly changing thus
The mother's name. Before him in his breast
The child he bore, and sought long mountain steeps 545
With lonely forests clad. But pressed him close
The cruel darts; and Volscian troops, poured round[1]
Upon his haunts, flitted about; when lo!
The Amasenus foaming with full banks,
Such storm of rain had broken from the sky,
Stood right across his path.[2] To swim he thinks.
The child's love holds him back. For her he fears, 550
His precious charge. All chances studying close,
He makes, with sudden thought, but scarcely makes,
His quick resolve. His spear immense, which use
Made ready to his warrior grasp, all firm
With knots, and formed of kiln-dried wood, to this
His daughter, wrapped in cork-tree's bark,[3] he bound 555
In skillful wise, and, at the spear's midst poised.
And as his mighty right hand held her there,

[1] "Circumfuso." An old friend who, in the Second Book, perplexed the VIRGILIANS no little.

[2] "Here robbers chased me, there the torrent flowed:
What should I do! Resign my precious load?"
History of Clorinda, WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 12.

[3] Personal observation of these trees and their bark, in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, enables me to indorse my entire approval of this arrangement.

Thus did he speak: 'Latonian virgin dear,[1]
Who o'er the groves art Goddess, I to thee
This child of mine thine handmaid vow, who holds,
Thus early in her arms, thy spear, the while,
Thy suppliant maid, she flees the pressing foe.
Accept, O Goddess, let me beg, thine own, 560
Whom to the uncertain air I now commit!'
He said, and from his back-drawn arm he sent
The brandished weapon forth. The hoarse waves roared,
But over them, and past the rapid stream,
Camilla flew, the poor thing, in the dart,
That onward shrieked,[2] wrapped close. And Metabus, quick,
The troop that him pursued now nearer come,
Betook him to the flood, and from its bank, 565
Its grassy bank, whereto the spear had sped,
The maid and spear tore forth, to Trivia given,
He, by his deeds of might, a conqueror now.
None him 'neath roofs received, nor cities' walls;
To none he gave his hand, so wild he was.
'Midst shepherds' haunts alone and mountain-heights
His days he passed. In thickets' gloomy depths 570
His daughter dear on brood-mare's milk he reared,
Pressing the teats into her tender lips.[3]

[1] "Alma."

[2] "In jaculo stridente." The old names for terror are the same as the new. In the eye of a hero-worshiper, in the plan of an epic poem, the spear of a warrior went to its destination with an impulse akin to that of a locomotive.

[3] "Teneris labris." But PIERCE, who wrote for soldiers and children,

And when her tiny feet their lessons first
In walking learned, armed he her little hands
With javelins sharp, and from her shoulder hung 575
The reeds and bow. For golden hair-band gay,
And trailing robe, a tiger's spoils her head
Adorned, and down her back fell wild. Her sling
She deftly slung with rounded cord, and down
The Strymon crane would bring, or make her game 580
The white swan's pure and beauteous heraldry soft.[1]

says her "*cherub*" lips. And TASSO, who borrowed the incident as a convenient one for the career of *Clorinda*, makes the mare a tigress: —

"With her fierce muzzle and her cruel front
Thy little hands did innocently play;
She offered thee her teats as is the wont
With nurses, and adapted them, as they,
To thy young lips; nor didst thou turn away, —
The tigress suckled thee!"

WIFFEN, Canto 12.

Thus, in different ages of the history of Italy is heroic blood supplied. In the pastoral simplicity of her people it is by a wolf; in the height of her culture and renown by a mare; in the season of her corruption and degradation by a tigress.

[1] "Of generous thoughts and principles sublime,
Among them in the city lived a maid,
The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime,
Supremely beautiful! but *that* she made
Never her care, or beauty only weighed
In worth with virtue; and her worth acquired
A deeper charm from blooming in the shade;
Lovers she shunned, nor loved to be admired,
But from their praises turned, and lived a life retired."

TASSO's *Description of Sophronia*, in Second Canto, WIFFEN.

"All feminine attractions, aims and parts,
She from her childhood cared not to assume;
Her haughty hand disdained all servile arts,
The needle, distaff, and Arachne's loom;
Yet, though she left the gay and gilded room
For the free camp, kept spotless as the light

Throughout the towns sought many mothers her
Who for their sons a fitting bride desired.
In vain. Content to be Diana's child,
Alone her votary pure, she kept sustained
Her love of weaponed skill and maiden grace,
And only asks that so she still may live.
I could well wish that in a war like this, 585
A war brought on the Teucrians to harass,
She had not joined. For then she would be spared,
And would of mine a loved companion be.
But go! since now by Fates so bitter urged
Is this my favorite maid, glide downward, Nymph,
And seek the Latin bounds, where fearful war
With such unhappy auguries holds its sway.
Take these my weapons from my very hands.[1] 590
Thy mission is from out the quiver forth
The avenging dart to pluck, and with it, mind,
Do thou that man who shall that sacred flesh
With sacrilegious violence dare to wound,
Be he of Troy, be he of Italy, named,
Alike to me make answer with his blood.

Her virgin fame, and proud of glory's plume,
With pride her aspect armed; she took delight
Stern to appear, and stern she charmed the gazer's sight."
TASSO's *Description of Clorinda*, in Second Canto, WIFFEN.

In AUBREY DE VERE's *Tain Bo Culaigné*, Prince Conlinglas relates, at a banquet, the story of the childhood of *Cuchullain*: —

"How, when his mother marked his zeal, that child
Fared forth alone, with wooden sword and shield
And fife and silver bell, and how he hurled
His little spears before him as he ran
And caught them ere they fell."

[1] Diana's own bow and arrows the Goddess now gives to Opis.

And I thereafter will her body dead
And all her arms (for these she shall retain)
Within a hollow cloud inclose, and her
Unto a tomb consign in her own land."
  She said. And Opis through the air her way 595
Clipped sounding down from upper heights of heaven,
Veiled all her body in the whirl of night.
  Meanwhile approach the wall the Trojan band,
The Tuscan leaders, and the army all
Of horsemen, ranked and numbered on the field
In order due. The field throughout is seen
The champing charger's[1] plunge, and heard his neigh, 600
And how against the tight-held rein he fights,
Turned now to this side, now again to that.
Bristles of iron a harvest far and near,
While flame the fields sublime with polished arms.
Nor less Messapus shone, the foe of Troy,
And all his Latin light-armed[2] cavalry strong,
Coras, and Coras' brother,[3] and the wing
Which owned Camilla's virgin[4] leadership.
Upon the field their adverse ranks they range, 605
Drawn back their right arms, with their spears couched firm,
And in their hands their well-poised javelins held.

1 "Insultans sonipes." Literally the insulting Sounding-Foot. VIRGIL delights to contemplate and to describe a spirited horse.

2 "Celeres." Ignored by DRYDEN, SYMMONS, and CONINGTON.

3 "Fratre." Catillus. Ignored by the same translators.

4 "Virginis." Ignored by DRYDEN, SYMMONS, CONINGTON, CRANCH, and PIERCE.

On both sides burns the courage of the men,
On both sides rage the battle-steeds alike.[1]
  And now drawn up each army stood, in reach,
Each from the other, of a javelin's cast;
And, of a sudden, dash they on alike,
With shouts and urging of their frenzied steeds; 610
And crash, from either side, the stormy shafts,
Thick as the snow-storm flies, and hide the sun.
Forthwith against each other wildly drive
Tyrrhenus mighty and Aconteus brave,
Spear aimed 'gainst spear, and first they are the sound
Of ruin to bring on, as rush their steeds
In headlong fury striking breast 'gainst breast. 615
Bounds far Aconteus, struck as by the bolt
The thunder sends, or by an engine's force,
And yields to air his life. Tremble the lines.
The Latin lines give way. Their shields in flight
Behind them slinging, they their steeds turn round
Towards the walls. The Trojans drive them on, 620
Asilas leading. Shouts they raise, as now
The gates they near, and turn about again.
The others flee, and far across the field

[1] "Fremitusque ardescit equorum." "Hast *thou* given the horse strength? Hast *thou* clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his nostrils is terrible: canst *thou* make him afraid as a grasshopper? Behold him pawing in the valley, and rejoicing in his strength as he goeth forth to meet the armed men. He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, the shouting of the men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted. He turneth not back from the sword. The quiver rattleth its arrows against him; he dreadeth not the glittering spear and shield. He saith among the trumpets 'Ha, ha!' and swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage."—BIBLE OF THE PEOPLE, *Job*, section 34.

With loosened rein are borne. As when the sea,
With tide and ebb recurring, now the land 625
Attacks, and with its yeasty waves the rocks
Surmounts, and sends its crystal edge as far
As spread the inmost sands, which feel the throb
Its jubilant bosom gives ;[1] then rapid back
Sucks down into its deeps the rolling rocks,
And with its lapsing flood the shore deserts :
So twice the Tuscans drove the Rutuli dashed 630
Against the walls ; and twice, themselves assailed,
In flight looked back above their covering shields.
But when they thrice in battle's toils had met,
The adverse lines were mingled ; foe met foe,
And man chose man.[2] Then groans of dying men
Arose, and deep the blood-pools stood where lay
Bodies and arms in dread confusion mixed ;
And, with the slaughter of the men were rolled 635
The struggling forms of horses half-way dead.
O'er all the field a desperate combat reigns.
Orsilochus, since Remulus' face to meet
He feared, hurled 'gainst his horse a spear,
The which infixed beneath his ear remained.
Furious with pain rears Sounding-Foot[3] aloft
And rolls his master stunned upon the ground, 640
Catillus slays Iollas, and, on fire,
Herminius overthrows, in courage great,
In limbs and armor great, whose massive head
No helmet wore except his yellow hair,
And who no covering for his shoulders had,

[1] "And with its bosom overwhelms the sands' extremity." MORRIS.

[2] "Legitque virum vir."

[3] "Sonipes."

All fearless he of wounds, although to arms
So open left. Catillus' quivering spear
Sped through his shoulders broad, and with the pain 645
Folded the transfixed man in agony keen.
Pours everywhere black gore. The combatants swift
Unto the sword heap up the victims high,
And court, through wounds, the sweet embrace of death.[1]
But in the midst of all this slaughter's din
Exults the Amazon stern, the quivered maid
Camilla, to the fight one of her breasts
Laid bare. Now dense her lighter weapons fly 650
Scattered by hand ; now keen her double-axe
Of mighty strength the unwearied maiden sends
Forth on its bloody mission 'gainst the foe,[2]
The while the golden bow and sacred arms
Diana wields upon her shoulders ring.
And she, if beaten back, at times, her aim
Takes backward with her bow as she retreats.
About her are her chosen comrades seen : 655
Larina's virgin form, and Tulla's grace ;
And, wielding her bronze axe, Tarpeia rides ;
Italians all, whom chose Camilla out,
Good ministers found no less in war than peace.[3]

[1] "Pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem."

[2] "Nunc validam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem."

[3] "Nay, mock
Their courage not, for even in woman's breast
Dwells desperate daring."
LONGWORTH'S *Electra of Sophocles*, p. 76.

Acca was one of her maiden attendants, as we shall see just below.

Such were the Thracian Amazons, erst, who cleaved 660
The waves of Thermodon,[1] and fought in arms
Of pictured elegance rare, or round Hippolyté, ranged,
Their Queen, paid homage due; or raised their shields,
Shaped like the crescent moon, with clamorous joy
And proud exulting shouts, and formed in ranks,
What time Penthésilea for the war
Betook her to her steeds and chariot armed.
Whom with thy javelins first, whom last, didst thou,
Harsh virgin, fell to earth? How much of blood 665

[1] "Cum flumina Thermodontis
Pulsant."

ANTHON and CHASE and STUART say: "Whose *horses* smote the *frozen* waves of Thermodon." But this is asking too much, to suppose the horses and ice both, when neither are necessary to the story. MORRIS is right in saying, "Who *threshed* the waves of Thermodon."

DRYDEN ignores the phrase. And CONINGTON and PIERCE say merely "*on the banks* of Thermodon."

LONG says: "So gallop down the banks of Thermodon."

CRANCH: "Trampling the river-banks of Thermodon."

COOPER says "They beat the banks of the river so as to make the river resound." Far-fetched.

SYMMONS: — "Who *stood* in pictured arms
And *shook* Thermodon's flood."

Shook it probably with the terror of their looks.

TASSO, sensible of the difficulty, is content to call it the *bloody* Thermodon: —

"Alone Gildippe braves him to his brow,
Nor in the battle to his arm gives place.
Never did Amazon, in stormy Thrace,
When red with blood the swift Thermodon ran,
Brandish her pole-axe or her shield embrace
Dauntless as she, when, issuant from the van,
She rushed to check the pride of this tremendous man."
Gildippe's Encounter with Altamoro.
WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 20.

Shed from thy foemen's hearts poured forth for thee?
Eunæus first, whose father Clytius was.
Him, as with open breast he thee opposed,
Thy lengthy fir-shaft through and through transfixed.
Rivers of blood he vomited,[1] and fell,
And bit the gore-soaked earth, and, on his wound,
In anguish writhed. Then Liris. Pagasus' turn
Came next. The one his horse rolled on, his horse 670
Whose bowels were falling out, while he the reins
Caught up; the other whilst he came to help,
And with his unarmed hand held up, his friend.
Headlong alike they fall. With these there goes
Amastrus, son of Hippotas. Intent
She follows with her thirsty spear Tereus,[2]
Harpalycus, Demophoön, nor fails
Chromis to fell. Oft as the virgin forth 675
The nimble shaft sends on its warlike way,
So oft a man of Phrygia bites the dust.
Far off Oryntus comes, his armor strange,
A hunter rough on an Apulian steed.
This fighter wore upon his shoulders broad
A hide from off a burly bullock torn.
His head was covered with a wolf's fierce face 680
Whose mouth immense grinned horribly with teeth
White as the snow; and in his hand a spear
The rustic held. Throughout the troops he moves,

[1] "Sanguinis ille vomens rivos."
[2] Ter-eus. Two syllables.

By his great height conspicuous o'er the rest.
Him she o'ertakes and slays, nor in the flight
Was this an arduous deed, and thereupon
These words to him from hostile breast she speaks: 685
"Tyrrhenian, in the woods dost thou yet deem
Thou driv'st the beasts about? There comes a day
Wherein a woman's arms shall argue thee
A boaster vain. But yet the name not light
Thou shalt from hands of mine take to the shades,
Where wait thy fathers thee, that thou dost come
Sent by a dart Camilla's hand hath launched."
Orsilochus and Butes then she slew, 690
Who of the Teucrians were their largest men.
Butes she with her spear transfixed, his helm
Between and mail, just at the point where shone
His clear skin through, and whence hung proudly down
From his left shoulder's height his target round,
Just where she met him, grimly, face to face.[1]

[1] "Buten adversum cuspide fixit."

CONINGTON erroneously says that Camilla attacked Butes *from the rear*:—
"Butes she pierces in the rear."

DRYDEN, on the contrary, says that she met Butes "breast to breast."
And SYMMONS that she smote him in the front part of the neck.

So PITT and CRANCH say "face to face."

And LONG describes Camilla as "confronting Butes."

And PIERCE says "Butes was advancing."

COOPER, too, is eminently sound at this juncture. He says, very justly, that such a wound could not have been made from the rear.

ANTHON makes no comment.

The offending VIRGILIAN has followed a corrupted text, wherein "Buten adversum" has been written or printed "Buten *aversum*." So much harm can the omission of a single letter work.

MORRIS has adroitly taken both horns of the dilemma, in saying:—

Driven by Orsilochus, now, as on she fled,
In a great circle, she escaped within 695
An inner circle, shrewdly following on,
So that, pursued, she yet pursuing was.
Then, rising to the blow, her mighty axe
On arms and bones she brought, in stroke on stroke,
The while the man begged mercy and besought,
Till down his face his smoking brains ran free.
  Next in her way there came (and terrified
At this tremendous sight he rooted stood),
A warrior who the son of Aunus was, 700
Aunus whose home lay 'midst the Apennines' vales;
Nor lagged he last of the Ligurian tribe
When Fortune to his hand gave any chance
To cheat. And he, when from the fight no course
He saw, nor could he turn the Queen aside,
Who now upon him pressed, began his arts,
With wise and prudent shrewdness at the first: 705
"What great achievement is it if thy horse
Help, by his strength, thy woman's weakness out?
Surrender flight, and yield me equal ground
And contest hand to hand, and gird thyself
For fight on foot. To whom may yield the praise
The fickle voice of glory, then we 'll see."
  He said. Offended grievously was she.
And, in high rage, unto a comrade there 710

"Butes *aback* she smit."

His quaint convenience of phrase enables him to be on both sides at once. On both sides of the question and of Butes and of Camilla.

VIRGIL seems to have desired to contrast, in these two companion pictures, the bravery of his heroine in direct attack and her shrewdness in managing a flank movement.

Her horse she gives, and stands in arms the same
As he, with naked sword, on foot, unawed,
With buckler pure.[1] The warrior flies. His trick
He thinks hath won. Delays are none. To flight
He gives free rein. With heel of iron he spurs
To speed precipitate urged his charger swift.[2]
"Liguria's empty boaster, and elate, 715
In vain, with all thy haughtiness, liar, on me
Thou triest thy country's arts and slippery ways.
Fraud thee shall not send back escaped from me,
Safe into treacherous Aunus' company vile."[3]
So said the virgin, and, on fire, her feet,
With nimble swiftness, passed the horse's speed,
And, grappling fast the bridle, him she stopped, 720
And in her foeman's blood her vengeance wreaked,
As easily as the sacred[4] hawk who sees
From his high rock a dove sublime in air,
And on his wings pursues and holds him fast,

[1] "Puraque interrita parma."
VIRGIL probably intended the word pura to be understood in more than one sense: in the sense of character and hue and military honor: a Protean word.

[2] "Quadrupedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat."
The words not unfitly represent the sound. The line is onomatopoetic, like that in the Eighth Book, line 596, describing the sound of the hoofs of the horses in canter.

[3] Here it will be observed that Camilla denounces in one breath the son and the father. The real offense which the Ligurians gave the Roman annalists and poets was that for eighty years they successfully defended the most delightful country in the world against Roman aggression. This elaborate denunciation by VIRGIL of the Ligurians was, doubtless, intended as a compliment to Augustus, whose monument commemorating his victory over them still exists, a massive and lofty landmark, on the Corniche Road, overlooking Roccabruna and Monaco.

[4] Sacred because used for auguries.

And with his crooked talons rends his bowels,
While from the sky fall gore and feathers torn.
  Not unobservant of these scenes was he, 725
Of men and Gods the Sower, as throned aloft
Upon Olympus' heights he sat supreme,
The Father. He Tyrrhenian Tarchon stirs
To savage war, and all his rage excites
With maddening stings. So, 'midst the carnage red
And yielding lines, upon his fretting steed, 730
Is Tarchon borne, and, with well-chosen words,
His wings harangues. Each man by name he calls,
And rallies back to battle all his ranks:
"What fear is this, Tyrrhenians, O inert,
O always slow your bitter griefs to feel?
Into your souls how comes such cowardice, men?
A woman drives ye wandering all about!
A woman turns such stalwart lines as these!
For what wear we our swords, and in our hands 735
Bear we our spears? That at them men of nerve
May raise the laugh? Alert in Venus' cause,
And in nocturnal combats always brave,
Ye keenly wait the feasts and flowing cups,
Where Bacchus' winding pipes the dancers call.
Your study this and love, whilst auguries fair
The priest announces glad, and calls to hosts 740
That on fat altars smoke in thickets deep."
  So spake the man, and then, as courting death,
Spurred he his horse amidst the insolent foe,
And Venulus[1] full against in fury rushed,
And grappled him, and tore him from his horse,

[1] Possibly Venulus, the leader of the embassy sent to Diomede.

And with prodigious strength him bore away,
Held on his saddle-bow. Shouts shake the skies. 745
The Latins all look on. Along the plain
The fiery Tarchon flies, his prize and arms
Together bearing off; and from his spear
The point he tears, and seeks for parts exposed
Wherein to plant the wound that shall bring death.
Fights back his prey, and from his throat his hand 750
Restrains, and strength with strength resists: as when
In lofty flight a tawny eagle soars,
Clutched in his claws, and fastened to his nails
A dragon's coils. The wounded serpent writhes,
And sinuous volumes rolls, his scales erects,
And, struggling fiercely, hisses forth his wrath.
But none the less upon him plies the bird 755
His crooked beak in all his strugglings dire
The while the air with conquering wings he beats.
Not otherwise triumphant[1] Tarchon bears
His prey from battle, Venulus, Tiburs called.
And, by his deed encouraged and success,
Rush now his Tuscan soldiery to the fight.
Then, due unto the Fates,[2] with javelin armed, 760
Arruns[3] his circuit makes, and with much skill,
In swift Camilla's front, intent his chance
The easiest way to try. Where'er the maid
In midmost battle charged, there Arruns went,

[1] "Ovans." Literally *ovating*.

[2] Because the Fates had decreed that he should slay Camilla, and that he should be in turn slain by Opis.

[3] Apparently one of the Tuscans just rallied by Tarchon.

And all her movements watched with silent care.
When she, victorious, turned, and from the foe
Her course retraced, then turned the warrior too, 765
And reined his flying steed, the way she went.
Through openings here they flew, and openings there,
In wandering circuits round, he cunningly[1] shrewd
His javelin poising for its destined flight.
Chloreus, it chanced, he Cybele's held by vow,[2]
And once her priest, distinguished shone far off
In Phrygian arms. His foaming horse he lashed, 770
Which leather housing had with bronze in scales
Like feathers lapped[3] with golden rivets fixed.
Himself, in foreign red and purple bright,
Sent forth choice Cretan arrows from a bow
The best that could in Lycian shops be found.
Golden his quivers rattled on his back,
Golden his priestly mitre topped his head. 775
Saffron his war-cloak was, its creaking folds
Of linen fine looped in a knot with gold.
In bright embroidery worked his tunic was,
And in barbaric guise his legs were clad.
This one alone, from all the battle picked,
She watched and followed on, a huntress blind, 780
Whether she would his arms in temples fix
Or would herself disport in captive gold,[4]

[1] The troublesome word "improbus" again. As we might say in prose, "The rascal kept his javelin in poise."

[2] Vowed to Cybele as Camilla herself was vowed to Diana.

[3] "In plumam." *En plume*, as a French modiste might say it.

[4] Our poet seldom descends to the facetious, but this seemed to be his chance, if ever he were to have one. For its admirable display of man-

And heedless burned, throughout the mighty stress
With female love of prey and battle's spoils:
When now, his opportunity found at hand,
Arruns his spear, concealed no more, puts forth,
And thus he prays: "Apollo, thou of Gods 785
The mightiest, who in guard the sacred mount
Soracte holdest, and whom, first of all,
We worship, unto whom are heaped the fires
The piney branches make, and whom adore
Thy votaries, as we walk, by pious zeal
Sustained, on burning coals, O do thou grant,
Father Omnipotent[1] kind, that this disgrace
May from our arms be wiped. Not spoils I ask, 790
No raiment of the dead, no trophy grand
With armor from the beaten virgin stripped.
My other deeds shall bring me praise enough.

millinery, this should have been a favorite passage with CARLYLE. He could not himself have painted a more exquisite picture of a male butterfly. I might also remark that the suggestion that his armor might find a congenial place of deposit in the temples was a fitting satire on the priest.

Chloreus, it will be observed, is a Protean word. Chloris is, in general, the name for greenness: used specially, it is the name of a greenish bird. Chlora is a narcotic.

Chloreus comes to his death in the Twelfth Book, line 363, at the hands of Turnus, in a tremendous onslaught upon the Trojan forces inspirited by the withdrawal from the field of Æneas wounded.

[1] "Pater . . . Omnipotens." The VIRGILIANS, in earlier passages of the Poem, have shown some hesitation in giving to these words a literal rendering. Let us see what may be their disposition in this instance: —

DRYDEN ignores the words.

CONINGTON ignores them.

PITT: "A god above the gods." This substantially ignores them.

SYMMONS: "O Sire all-powerful."

MORRIS: "Almighty Father."

CRANCH: "Mightiest sire."

PIERCE: "Mighty sire."

LONG: "Almighty Father."

Let but this woful pest fall by my hand,
I will inglorious homeward hence return."
Heard was his prayer by Phœbus, but the God
Of what he sought allowed but part; the rest 795
Upon the fleeting winds he scattered wide.
That he should by a sudden stroke destroy
The aroused Camilla, thus far to his prayer
He gave the sanction of his nod divine:
That he again his lofty land[1] should see
This he refused. The hurrying winds that word
To breezes turned. So, as, from out his hand,
The spear a sound upon the air gave forth,
All minds were thrown and eyes upon the Queen. 800
Herself, of air unthinking or of sound,
Heard not the bolt that rushed through ether on,
Until it pierced the breast that stood exposed,
And, deeply driven, drank fast her virgin blood.[2]

[1] "Patria alta." See note below to line 804. Tuscany (ancient Etruria or Tuscia) extended, and to this day extends, eastward to the Apennines, and embraced, and embraces, within its limits, Mount Socrate. In his prayer to Apollo (line 785) Arruns mentions Mount Socrate as his home.

Cooper thinks that *lofty* here is used in the sense of *noble*. So Conington: "His stately home." And Morris: "His high house." Cranch, Pierce, and Long: "His native land." These Virgilians thus ignore "alta."

Dryden ignores both words.

Symmons: "His native hills."

[2] Arruns (otherwise Aruns) should seem to be a Tuscan name, denoting a younger son, as Lar or Lars denotes an elder one.

It is also notable here that the Lares, the domestic deities of the Greek and Roman mythologies, were boys, usually represented in a sitting posture, javelin in hand. Among military peoples the youth were and are the idols and the hope of the country.

Also, let us observe here, that our poet evinces much adroitness in devolving upon a Tuscan, and not upon a Trojan, the taking off of Camilla.

It may be interesting to note certain parallels in Tasso's history of Clorinda: —

Quick to her aid her trembling comrades run, 805
And seek their falling mistress to uphold.
More than the rest is Arruns terrified,
But mixed his terror is with joy, nor dares
The man, through fear of what may still impend,
Again unto his spear to trust, nor meet
The virgin's shafts. But like a wolf he is
That, unpursued by hostile darts, forthwith 810
Unto the pathless mountain-heights escapes,
The shepherd slain, or bullock sleek and huge;
And, conscious of his daring deed performed,
His trembling tail beneath his belly clings,
The while his fluttering heart seeks deep-set woods.
So Arruns fled alarmed, content to hide 815
'Midst all the forest of that field of arms.
She, dying, from the wound the weapon drew,
But deeply planted was between the bones
The point of iron. She lapses pale. Cold close
Her eyes in death. Desert her cheeks the bloom
Which but just now beamed with abundant glow.

"Near the graceful head
Her snowy neck received the point, which drew
Some rosy drops, that crimsoned, as they shed,
Her yellow curls with their bespangling dew;
Gold beams thus forth with the blush-rose's hue,
When round it rubies sparkle set therein
By some rare artist." *Third Canto.*

. . . . . .

"'T is done — life's purple fountain bathes the blade!
The golden-flowered cymar of light brocade,
That swathed so tenderly her breasts of snow,
Is steeped in the warm stream: the hapless maid
Feels her end nigh; her knees their strength forego;
And her enfeebled frame droops languishing and low."
Twelfth Canto.

Then Acca, who of her companions was, 820
And, more than all the rest, her faithful friend,
And who of all her cares the partner was,
She thus, with tremulous dying voice, addressed:
"Acca, my sister, I till now was strong.
This bitter wound hath brought me to mine end.
All things grow dark around me. Do thou fly, 825
And Turnus give my latest[1] orders these:
That he take up the fight, and from the walls
The Trojans drive away. And now, farewell!"
And, as she spoke, the reins she dropped, and fell,
Not of her own accord, towards the earth.
Cold by degrees her life from all her frame
Was loosed, and to the shades its pathway took,
A groan indignant issuing from her lips.
Languid her neck became, and changed her face.
Death's prisoner now, her head she gently bowed, 830
And all her arms surrendered to his grasp.[2]

[1] "Mandata novissima." A splendid instance of the ruling passion strong in death. It resembles LORD TENTERDEN'S "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged," and is the classical original of Napoleon's "tête d'armée." And yet the phrase is ignored by SYMMONS. Of this ignoring he seems himself sensible, for he says, in a note, that "with her very last breath she gave directions for the conduct of the war."

My military brethren PIERCE and LONG would seem to have here omitted an opportunity. The word "mandata" is plural, but they each translate it in the singular, the one a *request*, the other an *injunction*. These phrases denote rather the counsel in a civil cause than the commander of an army in the field. This was her agreement with Turnus, that she should command in the engagement, while he remained by the walls. She now says: "Let *him* take up the fight."

[2] "Tum frigida toto
Paulatim exsolvit se corpore, lentaque colla
Et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens;
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras."

And now, indeed, a rising clamor great
The golden stars assails. Disordered now
The fight becomes, Camilla slain. Rush on
At once the Teucrian force entire, and troops
The Tyrrhene lords lead on, in dense array,
And wings Arcadian King Evander trained. 835
But long since, Opis, whom Diana sent,
Had been on watch upon the mountains high,
And all the fight had, unalarmed, observed,
When she afar, 'midst raging warriors' din,
Camilla saw to gloomy death succumb.
Then, 'midst her groans gave she these sad words forth: 840
"O Virgin, too, too cruel was thy doom,
Too harsh thy punishment was for having dared

The last line in this quotation will be repeated again by VIRGIL in his description of the death of Turnus, and will form the last line of the Æneid: —

"Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras."

SYMMONS suggests that the repetition was accidental and careless. The suggestion would be entitled to a more patient hearing if the line had been repeated anywhere else than in the very close of the poem, a close which he himself admits, with enthusiasm, could not be excelled. To me the repetition suggests, that, as VIRGIL penned the last line of the Æneid, his thoughts were of the pure and heroic Camilla.

"Her life from all her frame
Was loosed, and to the shades its pathway took,
A groan indignant issuing from her lips."

Such is my translation of the line in this connection. As connected with the death of Turnus, I have made it read: —

"Fell loose
The warrior's limbs, and, groaning, fled
His scornful spirit forth unto the Shades."

The other translators have used the same privilege.

In the case of Camilla, CONINGTON ignores the groan "gemitu;" and PIERCE, following the precedent so set him, ignores it in the case of Turnus.

The Teucrians to attack with warlike force!
Nor hath it thee availed Diana's name
In desert haunts t' have worshiped, nor our arms
Upon thy virgin shoulders pure t' have borne.
But not at length unhonored thee thy Queen 845
Hath now in these thy dying moments left,
Nor shall this death among the nations be
Without a name, nor shall its story run
That it remained a violence unavenged.
For whosoever hath thy body harmed,
For this his curs'd aggression with a death
His crime deserves shall die, and speedily die."
Of King Dercennus' deeds a monument gray 850
There was, a lofty mountain's brow beneath,
On earth upheaved, one of the works of old
Laurentum made, with clustering ilex screened.
Hereto, in rapid flight, the Goddess came,
And here, most gracefully fair, she stood at first
And from the lofty earthwork Arruns saw.[1]
Shining in arms he was and swollen with pride.
"Why so apart," she said, "goest thou? Thy steps 855
Bend hitherward! Come hither, thou, to die!
Come! For Camilla dead do thou receive
Thy due reward! For by Diana's darts
Shalt not thou, also, die?" She said, and forth
From out its place, her Thracian quiver light
Of gleaming gold, a fleet-winged arrow drew,

[1] At no time in the history of Italy, VIRGIL's verse would lead us to believe, has there been a moment when historical monuments were not abundant, and to be found at all points. This, too, is the impression received by the tourist. Monuments of the remote as well as of the near past seem to throng around the pathway of the observer. — *Personal Observation.*

And on the bow it set with bitter will,
And brought it back until the curved ends met, 860
And now her left hand touched the iron-tipped head,
And touched the right the bow-string and her breast,
And Arruns heard in one sole sound the clang
The weapon gave, the sound the air gave forth,
And in his body clung the iron's swift bolt.
Expiring there; and breathing out his last 865
In unknown dust, his comrades him desert.
Ethereal heights Olympian Opis seeks.
First fled, their mistress lost, Camilla's wing.
Flee then the panic-stricken Rutuli's lines.
Flees valiant Atinas stunned. And leaders strayed 870
And wasted squadrons wild, in hurried flight,
A place of safety seek, and, towards the walls,
Their horses turned, they tend. Avails there naught
To drive the pressing Teucrians back, who deaths
In floods deal out, or stand their rage against,
But throw they loose their bows on trembling backs,
While hoof-crushed fields the rush of horses shakes 875
With sounds four-footed as at speed they run.[1]

[1] "Quadrupedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum."
This line will recall the attempted escape of the son of Aunus in line 714 of the present Book: —

"Quadrupedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat."
"With iron heel he spurs
To speed precipitate his charger swift."

And the memorable line in the Eighth Book (line 596): —

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."
"The hoof-crushed field the tramp of horses shakes
With sounds four-footed as they canter on."

Of dust a turbid cloud towards the walls
Rolls on, and from the look-out places raise
Mothers with harrowed hearts their womanish shrieks
Up to the stars. With those who first the gates
That open are stream in, the hostile lines 880
Come too. Nor do they thus from wretched death
Escape, but on the very door-sills fall
Of their own homes, and breathe their lives away
Surrounded by their own paternal towers
And all the inmost treasures of their hearts.
Some close the gates, and thus their comrades bar
From entering in, who all approaches try
With eager prayers. Rises a slaughter dire 885
Of those who all the entrances defend
Or those who forward rush on hostile swords.
Shut out, before their weeping parents' eyes,
Some headlong in the ditches deep are hurled,
Where swift destruction holds high carnival loud;
While some, with frenzied rage, their horses drive
With reins let loose, like living battering rams 890
Against the impeding gates. And at the height
Of all the wretched strife, when from the walls
The matrons looked (true love of country shows) [1]

The present line, full of nervous haste and fright, serves to illustrate a familiar meaning conveyed by HERODOTUS (Book 5, paragraph 102) and THUCYDIDES (Book 5, paragraph 56), in similar instances, — the rout of the Ionians, thrown back by the Persians upon Ephesus, and the stampede of the Athenians in the Twelfth Peloponnesian War, — under the word σκεδάννυμι, and by the Celts under their word *skedaddyole* — a word which, in our Bull Run disaster, again became classical in the new dress of *skedaddle*.

1 "(Monstrat amor verus patriæ. . . .)"

And saw Camilla dead, with trembling hands
They launch the weapons forth, the javelins keen,
Or oak when fails the iron, rude poles, or stakes
Whereof the end is charred, and burn to die
Among the first before their country's walls.[1] 895
Meanwhile to Turnus in his woodland camp
Its way the fearful rumor finds, and Acca brings
News of the tumult great: how that destroyed
Was all the Volscian line, Camilla slain,
The foe still pressing on with favoring Mars,
The ruin spreading wide, and e'en the walls 900
In dread. He, wild with rage (such was the will,
The cruel will, of Jove), behind him left
The heights he held in siege and those rough woods
And all their paths so apt for strategy's plans.
Scarce had his forces from the view been lost,
Scarce had they time the level plain to reach,
When came Æneas up, and in the paths, 905
Now open, leaped, the heights attained, and cleared,
And through the lowering forest made his way.
Thus both towards the walls with speedy steps
Marched on, and with them each his forces all.
Nor severed many steps are they apart,

[1] "Primæque mori pro mœnibus ardent."

"And now again the crowded ramparts show
Those who in panic late were scattered thence;
The very women, with the genuine glow
Of patriot rage and martial confidence
Caught from Clorinda, rush to their defence;
With robes succinct and loose locks they appear,
Ranged all along the spacious ramparts, whence
They toss the dart, nor show the slightest fear
To expose their beauteous breasts for fortresses so dear."

WIFFEN'S TASSO, 11th Canto.

For, in the self-same moment, in the plain
Æneas sees the dust of Turnus' troop,
And Turnus sees Æneas' grim advance, 910
And close the foot-falls hears and horses' breaths.[1]
Forthwith the cast of battle will they try,
But Phœbus now his wearied horses plunged
Beneath the Iberian wave, and night brought back;
And so, the day being gone, encamped they sit 915
Before the town, and, side by side, entrench.

BOOK THE TWELFTH, ENTITLED PEACE.

ARGUMENT.

Held responsible for the broken condition of the Latin army, Turnus insists on challenging Æneas to a single combat. King Latinus, distressed by his unhappy position, opposes the further prosecution of the war, and his Queen,

[1] "Adventumque pedum, flatusque audivit equorum."
A fine line, worthy to describe the approach of a Roman army corps.

POSTSCRIPT.

The delicacy and tact exhibited by VIRGIL in treating the difficult subject of Camilla in this Book are beyond all praise.

In the next, his possession of the same qualities will be evinced in his treatment of Amata and Lavinia. His exquisite pen-picture of Lavinia has never been surpassed: —

"For now abundant blushes had the fire
O'er all her face its ruddy crimson thrown,
Like as if one the Indian ivory's white
Should stain with blood-red dye, or roses rich
With lilies blend."

DANTE, in the Introductory Canto of the Divine Comedy, hastens to speak of Camilla as the virgin defender of Italy.

But the beauty of this Book, like that of a fair face, needs no elenchus.

Amata, implores Turnus not to expose himself to the extraordinary risks of this method of arbitrament. The remonstrances of both are in vain; the challenge is sent; and accepted. Æneas and Latinus each take a battle-oath and jointly offer sacrifices to the Gods. But Tolumnius, of the party of Turnus, precipitates a general engagement, in which Æneas is wounded. He retires from the field; is cured by his mother Venus; returns, and threatens the city of Latinus with fire and sword. The public calamities bring about the suicide of Queen Amata. Jupiter now renews his veto, declares that destiny is manifestly with Æneas, and admonishes Juno that her opposition to the Trojan hero must be abandoned. She acquiesces, stipulating only that the names of "Troy" and "Trojans" shall fall into disuse, and that those of "Latium" and "Latins" shall survive. Æneas confronts and overpowers Turnus in single combat, but is about to spare him when the sword-band of Pallas, worn by Turnus as a trophy, brings down upon him at once the rage and the sword of Æneas.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

JUPITER, *the Supreme God of Olympus.*
JUNO, *Wife of Jupiter.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*
IAPIS, *the Physician of Æneas.*
LATINUS, *King of Latium.*
AMATA, *his Wife.*
TURNUS, *King of the Rutuli.*
JUTURNA, *an Ocean-Nymph, Sister of Turnus.*
MESSAPUS, SACES, } *Latin Leaders.*
TOLUMNIUS, *a Latin Augur.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

The Dire One, Venus, Lavinia, Ascanius, Idmon (the Latin Herald), the Trojan, Tuscan, and Latin armies.

THE SCENE: *Olympus, Mount Ida in Crete, the Alban Hill, the palace of Latinus, the field of battle.*

BOOK THE TWELFTH: PEACE.

When saw now Turnus that the Latin strength,
'Neath strokes of adverse Mars, had fallen off;
That now his promises rash were brought to mind;
And that on him were set inquiring eyes;
Then burns he ultraly[1] implacable,
And to its heights his courage lifts aloft.
Like as, in forest wilds that Carthage owns,
The wounded lion, with a heavy hurt, 5
Which in his breast the hunters have fixed deep,
To fight at last himself bestirs, and joys
The shaggy muscles' folds to move that huge
Roll on his neck, and the tough dart snaps short
Thrust by the robber forth, and foams with mouth
All gory: different none was Turnus' rage.

Note on the Title of the Twelfth Book:

Æneas (Wolsey so worded the policy in his counsel to Cromwell) still in his right hand carried gentle peace. Virgil purposely gives his hero the character of a pacific prince. Therefore it is that I have chosen this title for the Book recording the final incidents of the struggle resulting in the pacification of Italy. War exists only that peace may be attained. In the Italian tongue the duellum lapses into bellum, and signifies at once the combative and the beautiful; and, in pronouncing our own language, there are many who make no distinction in sound between conquered and concord. "Come to Conquered;" said Emerson to me, on one occasion, "I shall always be glad to give you a cordial welcome." He meant (and I so understood him, and for that I thanked him) that he would be glad to see me at Concord.

[1] "Ultro implacabilis." Unnecessary to repeat here the varied and expressive meanings of this word or to again claim merit for its anglicization.

Cooper, in this place, well observes of "ultro:" that it implies that Turnus was here impelled "by some violent but voluntary emotion."

The change, here as elsewhere, in the narration, from the past to the present tense, is Virgil's, and on that account is here observed.

Hot glowed his violence keen like raging flames,
And thus he to the King his speech addressed, 10
Moved by the fiery torrent of his soul:
"Delay in Turnus is, and shall be, none![1]
No single word that these Ænean knaves
Have said shall they take back, no pledge once given
Shall they recall! Meet him I shall! Bring forth
The sacred things, our father, and the league
Make fast! Either with this right hand I 'll send
To Tartarus down that Dardan refugee damned
From Asia fled; (and let the Latins sit 15
And see it done!) and thus alone wipe out
The common guilt with my sole sword,
Or let him take us conquered men as slaves,
And have Lavinia as his wedded wife!"
With heart sedate answered Latinus thus:
"O youth of mighty soul! By as much more 20
As thou in savage valor dost exceed,
By so much doth it lay on me the more
To give thee moderate[2] counsel, and to weigh

[1] "Nulla mora in Turno." Here is exemplified one of the privileges of Latin construction. The verb being understood, you are authorized and expected to employ it in any or all of the tenses which the sense requires. Let us see what privilege the VIRGILIANS have taken of this opportunity:—

DRYDEN: "No more excuses or delays!"
PITT: "My soul can brook no more delays!"
SYMMONS: "Behold me ready!"
CONINGTON: "Not Turnus, trust me, bars the way!"
CRANCH: "No obstacle shall Turnus prove!"
MORRIS: "No hanging-back in Turnus is!"
PIERCE: "In Turnus dwells no reason for delay!"
LONG: "'T is not that Turnus hesitates!"

I think the best construction may here be fairly awarded to LONG.

[2] "Æquum." This word, as I have before explained, is used by VIRGIL

With timorous doubt all chances in my scales.
Thy father Daunus' realms are thine, and towns
Not few which thou hast captured by thy hand.
And gold and friendly will Latinus hath.
In Latium's bounds and in Laurentum's fields
Are other maids unmarried — well-born too. 25
And let me this disclose, (all set apart
That may in guile have share,) and say a thing
That is not easy to be said. Take this
Into thy soul: not lawful is 't that I
On any of her suitors of the past
My daughter should bestow, and this all Gods,
All men, declared. But by thy love o'ercome,
O'ercome by cognate blood, and by the tears 30
My sad wife shed, I broke all bonds, revoked
The promise fair I 'd made my son-in-law,
And took up impious arms. From that, thou see'st
Disasters what and ruinous wars how huge
Have followed. And 't is I the first of all
These burdens' stress must bear. Now, twice
Have we in fight, and bloody fight, succumbed.
And now Italian hopes scarce do our walls 35
Protect. The Tiber's waves flow warm with blood
Our veins have shed. The spreading fields our bones
Make white. But why reel I and waver so?
What folly sways my mind? Why do I halt?
If I am ready, Turnus dead, new leagues
With new-found friends to close, why shall I not

in a peculiar sense. I have endeavored to give this sense. Kindness, equity, moderation, these words all suggest it.

In preference Turnus save, and end the war?
And what will say my kindred Rutuli, prince, 40
And what will say the whole Italian realms,
If I shall doom to death (forbid it, Fate!)
The man who in the honorable bond
Of marriage seeks my daughter's hand?
Consider thou the uncertain state of war,[1]
And think, in mercy, of thy father old
Remote and sad in Ardea's royal walls."
  But by these words so wise not bent at all 45
Is Turnus' violence hot. It more abounds.
The medicine makes the patient still more ill.
Soon as he could his voice command, he said:
"Whatever care, most excellent, thou for me
Hast taken, lay this, for my sake, by, I beg.
What I desire to have for praise is death.
I, father, scatter weapons, too. *My* sword 50
Not feeble is. Follows the blood *my* wounds.
Far off his Goddess mother shall be gone,
She who upon his flight a womanish cloud
Brought down, and who herself in shadows hid."
  And wept the Queen, dismayed by this new cast
Of strife. And, doomed to die, she clung to him 55

[1] "*Respice res bello varias.*" The plea of Latinus is for peace, — peace and its victories! And if it be pleasing to connect the antique and stately past with the warm and pulsing present, and to pluck from the pinions of the passing time its fairest plume, I may say here that, on this eighth day of September, 1883, Henry Villard, chief officer of a colossal carrying corporation, among the high planes of the mother range of the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by the representatives of the wealth and intellect of two hemispheres, is driving the golden spike which completes the most important highway uniting the great oceans, uniting Asia and America, the orient and the occident; a highway which draws together distant populations in the peaceful bonds of a traffic as wide as the world.

She held[1] as son-in-law, the ardent chief:
"Thee, Turnus, by these tears, if aught thy mind
Of honor towards Amata feels, thou hope
Alone and prop of this my wretched age,
Thou rest of mine, thou glory of thy race,
Thou proud commanding lord of Latin men;
Thee, upon whom rests all our royal house,
One thing I beg: withhold thine hand in this. 60
Trust not the Teucrians here. For what the chance
May be to thee, in such a strife, to me
Remains the same, nor will I live to see
Myself a captive, nor Æneas made
My son-in-law. That moment ends my life."
Lavinia heard her mother's words with tears,
Hot tears that down her glowing cheeks were poured. 65
For now abundant blushes had the fire
O'er all her face its ruddy crimson thrown,
Like as if one the Indian ivory's white
Should stain with blood-red dye, or roses rich
With lilies blend. Such on the maiden's face
The colors were. Him Love's darts sore annoyed. 70
His looks upon the maiden's face were fixed.
Burns he for arms the more, and answer thus
To Queen Amata's words he briefly makes:
"Pursue me not, I beg, with tears, nor seek
Such omens sad to bring, the while I go
The arduous lists of Mars to enter in.

[1] "Tenebat." I use a privilege here, too, in deviating from the expressive Latin tense, to give the full effect of which would require an unnecessary circumlocution.

For, mother, Turnus hath no power to thrust
Death's date away. Go, Idmon, these my words 75
Unto the Phrygian tyrant bear, words framed
Not to please him: "When, in to-morrow's sky,
Aurora, borne on purple wheels, shall first
Her radiance send abroad, let Teucrians not
'Gainst Rutuli strive in fight. Let rest the arms
Of both. The strife in our own blood must end.
And in that field must he Lavinia seek,
And in none other, who would call her bride." 80
And took he, as he spoke, his rapid way
Unto the stalls, and bade his horses forth,
Whose foaming mouths he sees with high delight,
Steeds by Orithyia[1] to Pilumnus given,
A glorious gift made by princess[2] to king.
Whiter than snow they were, swifter than wind.
The bustling grooms about them stir, and pat, 85
With hollow hands, their sounding breasts,
And comb their beauteous wealth of flowing hair.
Then puts he on his coat of mail, thick laid
With orichalc white and burnished scales of gold.
In its convenient place his sword he fits;
His shield; and ruddy-crested helmet high:
The sword which keen for Daunus, Turnus' sire, 90
The God Ignipotent[3] himself had made,
And dipped, at white heat, in the Stygian wave.
Then, from the place wherein it leaning stood

[1] Pronounced as four syllables. This princess became the bride of Boreas. The horses, as noted by ANTHON, recall the "storm-footed" steeds described by Pindar.

[2] Again the English pronunciation of princess.

[3] "Deus ignipotens." Vulcan.

Against a mighty pillar of the courts,
Took he his strong spear up, the which his hand,
With vehement force put forth, from Actor wrenched,
The Auruncan Actor, as a spoil of war.
Shakes he the quivering beam, and cries: "O spear, 95
O thou, who ne'er in vain my spear wast called!
The time hath come. 'T is here. The right hand thee
Of mightiest Actor bore. The right hand now
Of Turnus doth thee wield. Grant me thine aid
To overthrow that Phrygian half-a-man[1]
And with strong hand tear off his broken mail,
And in the dust lay low his crimpled hair
Made crisp and sleek with heated curling-tongs 100
And essenced sweet with sprinklings soft of myrrh."
So him the Furies drive. And from his face
Fly burning sparks, and from his angry eyes
Burst flashing flames. Like to the bull he is
When first to fight he stirs, and forth his wrath
Terrific bellowings sends, and trial makes
Of what his horns may do against a tree 105
Whose trunk he gores, or who the fleeting winds
With blows assails, or, as in challenge fierce,
Tosses the sand, so high his ardor swells.[2]

[1] "Semivir."

[2] "He shouted for his armor, robed his form
In helm and brigandine of steel, applied
The shield enormous to his active arm,
And hung the dancing falchion at his side:

Nor doth Æneas sharpen Mars[1] the less,
Nor less arouse his anger for the strife,
Clad in the arms his peerless Mother gave,
And grimly glad that by this battle-test
He may the war conclude. And he, with words
The Fates and Gods[2] had given, the anxious minds 110
Composes of his friends, and the sad fears
His son Iülus felt in risks so great,
And men commands to King Latinus forth
His answers plain to take and laws of peace.[3]
When fled the night, and came another day,
Scarce of the loftiest mountains had the dawn
With rosy rays auroral tinged the peaks,[4]
Scarce had the glowing horses of the Sun 115
Blown from their nostrils wide the dazzling light,
Than 'neath the city's walls were measured off,
By hands of Teucrian men and Rutuli,
Space for the strife. And in the midst they place

Magnificent, august, and fiery-eyed,
He sparkled in his arms like flashing levin,
And looked the God of Battle when in pride
Descending from the fifth red sphere of heaven,
In rattling iron girt, by Fright and Fury driven."

TASSO'S *Description of Rinaldo Arming.* In 5th Canto. WIFFEN.

[1] "Nec minus Æneas acuit Martem."

[2] The Fates first as controlling the Gods.

[3] "Et pacis discere leges." These words ring with the very keynote of Roman dominion. As in the 852d line of the Sixth Book the shade of Anchises says: —

"Thou shalt the ways of peace unto them teach."
"Pacisque imponere morem."

[4] The approach of dawn, as it is seen climbing down the Apennines, constitutes one of the most impressive among the many charms of Italian scenery. — *Personal Observation.*

The hearths, and to the common Gods they raise
Of turf the common altars, while the fount
And flame bring others who the limus[1] wear, 120
And from whose temples sacred vervain[2] gleams.
Wheel forth the Ausonian legions, and, from gates
That overflow, pour dense the spear-armed bands;
The Trojan soldiery all, of various arms;
The Tyrrhene force; not otherwise equipped
Than if called forth by contests harsh of Mars. 125
And, in the midst of war-clad thousands fierce

[1] A linen covering for the thighs and loins worn by those offering sacrifices.

At least so say HEYNE, and those VIRGILIANS who contend for the limus. Others say that the right word is "linus," *linen*, and that it was prohibited to priests to wear linen, and that their violation of this prohibition in this instance made the auguries unfortunate, and the Fates resented the violation of the ritual by a bloody interruption of the ceremonies. But this criticism seems very thin, thinner than a linen ephod would be to repel the frosts of a zeroic winter. The Mosaic ritual expressly prescribed *linen*, and it is fair to presume that no ritual ever prescribed so useful a fabric: —

"And they shall take gold and blue and purple and scarlet and fine *linen*, and they shall make the ephod of gold and of blue and of purple, of scarlet and fine-twined *linen*, with cunning work, and the curious girdle of the ephod of the same materials." — THE BIBLE OF THE PEOPLE, *Exodus*, sec. 17.

Besides, I may be permitted to observe, that on an occasion so august, a convention of kings, an international contest before assembled armies, it is not probable that any priesthood would commit so obvious and flagrant a violation of the rules of their ritual.

Two of the VIRGILIANS seem to elude the issue. Thus: —

CONINGTON: "girt with *aprons*."

LONG: "With *aprons* bound."

It should be remarked, however, as to CONINGTON, that in his *Latin text* he adopts the *limus*, and so is conveniently on both sides of the question.

DRYDEN: "In *linen* hoods."

PITT: "In *linen* robes."

SYMMONS: "With *linen* veiled."

[2] "Verbena." A sacred plant or plants. One of these, in modern culture, furnishes an endless variety of beautiful tints. In the language of flowers the white verbena is understood to signify: "*Pray for me.*"

The leaders flit in gold and purple proud,
Mnestheus, from old Assaracus' blood derived,
Asilas, mighty man, and he of race
Neptunian brave Messapus, who the horse
By skill in taming rules. But when was given
The signal, all their proper places sought.
Upon the ground their spears they lay and shields 130
Recline. Then come the mothers forth the sight
To see, and come the crowd unarmed, and men
Of feeble age, and throng the bulwarks' heights
And houses' roofs; while others take their stands
Sublime upon the lofty gate-towers' tops.
But Juno, from the height which Alban now
Is called (though then no name it had, nor naught 135
Could claim of honor or renown), looked down,
And saw the field and town, Laurentum's line
And Troy's, and to the sister then she spoke
Of Turnus, Goddess thus to Goddess speech
Addressing, for she ruled o'er watery depths
And sounding floods of streams; and Jupiter's self 140
The lofty Lord of air, this glory her
Had given, because of her her maidenhood
Bereft he had: "Nymph, ornament fair of streams,
Most pleasing to our soul, thee, thou dost know,
Alone I love of all of Latin race
Who to the couch unkind of Jove have come, 145
And have not thee begrudged thy place in heaven.[1]

[1] "Cœlique libens in parte locarim."
Here is the American word "locate" again.

Learn thou thy grief lest me thou should'st accuse.
While Fortune seemed to grant and Fates allow
To Latium prosperous days, so shielded I
Thy brother and his walls. Now I behold
His warrior heart by Fates unequal met.
Hastens the day which doom for him reserves 150
And hostile force. No fight like this mine eyes
May see, nor wagered league. Thou, if darest thou
For him, thy brother, aught, at once proceed.
It thee becomes. It may so be that time
Hath for the wretched better things in store."
She scarce had spoken when poured forth the tears
From grieved Juturna's eyes. Three times, yea four, 155
Her hand upon her honest bosom struck.
"No time for tears is this," the Goddess great,
Saturnian Juno, said, "Haste thou, and snatch
From death thy brother forth, if way there be;
Or wake up war, and break the wager made.
Of all thy daring I the author am."
Exhorted so, her all distressed she left,
Her mind all troubled with this stunning wound. 160
Meanwhile the kings: Came with a mighty mass
Of men,[1] his brilliant train, Latinus forth

[1] "Ingenti mole." CONINGTON and ANTHON here stand alone among the VIRGILIANS in their application of the word "mole." The word, as students familiar with the text well know, was a favorite with VIRGIL, and expresses great weight, bulk, mass, and force. He applies it, among other instances, it is true, to Polyphemus. OVID applies it, in a sublime sense, to Chaos, "indigesta moles." Nor are OVID and VIRGIL the only poets

In four-yoked chariot borne, and round his brow
Effulgent rays twice six their lustre shed,
Of his great ancestor high the radiant sign,
The Sun-God's rays.[1] Then Turnus came, his steeds
Two prancing chargers white, and grasped his hand 165

who have fallen in love with this fine word. A French poet, POQUELIN, loved it well enough to discard his own name in its favor; for thence we have the name of MOLIÈRE.

The word, in the text, at this place, is thus variously rendered: —

By CONINGTON: —

"Latinus, his majestic *frame*,
In four-horse chariot borne."

And by ANTHON: "Latinus of ample *frame*."

But not so by their brother VIRGILIANS: —

RUÆUS (Charles La Rue) says the phrase is equivalent to "magno apparatu."

COOPER: "With a mighty retinue."

SYMMONS: "Proud his regal train."

MORRIS: —

"Latinus there, a word of state around,
Is borne upon the four-fold car."

LONG: —

"Latinus in his four-horse chariot rides
In great magnificence."

PITT: —

"And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear.
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear."

This is not just what is said by VIRGIL.

CRANCH says: "In *form* majestic," which is equivocal, and therefore safe — in form.

DRYDEN and PIERCE ignore the phrase.

[1] "Solis avi specimen." This expression will recall to those familiar with the history of our own aborigines, the memorable Speech of Tecumseh to General Harrison at the military conference held between them at Vincennes in 1811: —

"*My* 'Great Father'? The Sun is *my* Father! The Earth is my Mother: and on her bosom I will repose!"

And see Note to line 260 of Book the First.

Two spears of broad-spread points. And next him came
Father Æneas, he, the origin proud
Of Rome's imperial race. Blazing he was
In shield sidereal and in arms of heaven.
With him Ascanius came, Rome's other hope.
The while pass forth the kings, the priest, enrobed
In raiment pure, a bristling sow's birth[1] brings 170
And lamb unshorn,[2] and them disposes safe
Near by the altar there, that now burns high.
The kings, their eyes turned towards the rising sun,
Make gifts of salted cakes, and with their swords
The victims on their foreheads mark, and wine
Pour as libations pure from sacred cups.
Then thus devout Æneas prays, his sword 175
Drawn from its sheath, and in his hand held forth:
"Now, do thou, Sun, my witness be, and thou,
This Earth, on which I call, and for whose sake
Have I so many labors struggled through:

[1] "Setigeri fœtum suis."

DRYDEN: "A porket." Beautiful diminutive of pork. The word is constructed on a French basis, but has not survived to our times. I know not whether it was original with the Laureate.

[2] "Intonsam bidentem." An ewe-lamb. RUÆUS (Charles La Rue) notes that the offering of the pig was for Turnus, such an offering being of great antiquity in Italy. The lamb was offered for Æneas, such an offering being usual among the Greeks and Asiatics. LIVY gives the form of ratifying a league in the time of Tullus Hostilius. I translate: "In following these laws the people will not fail. If they should so fail, by public act, through fraud, do thou, O Jupiter, on that day strike them, as I this pig to-day shall strike, and with power as much the greater as thy power surpasses that of man."

And Father, thou omnipotent,[1] and thou,
Saturnian wife, more gracious now, I beg,
O Goddess great;[2] and thou, illustrious Mars,
Of war the father, who the battle's tide 180
Dost turn as turns thy will; ye founts and streams,
Ye I invoke; and all that ether's heights
May of religion hold or will divine,
Or seas' unfathomed depths of blue include;
Should Victory yield her glorious palm, perchance,
Unto Ausonian Turnus, go we back
A beaten band, agreed, unto the town
Evander rules, and Iülus shamed shall leave 185
At once the land; henceforth forever none
That claim Ænean name shall rebel arms[3]
Take up, or with the sword these realms harass;
But if to us the nod that "Victory" means
Our Mars shall give, the which I do suppose
Will rather be, and such a nod the Gods
Will rather by their sacred will approve,
Not I will of Italians take command,
Nor orders give that Teucrians shall them rule.
Not rulership's crowns seek I for mine own self. 190
And let our peoples, both unconquered, join

[1] "Pater omnipotens."
DRYDEN: "Thou king of heaven."
PITT: "Almighty king of heaven."
SYMMONS: "Thou God of gods."
Why should Jupiter have the distinction of a capital G?
CONINGTON and CRANCH: "Almighty sire."
MORRIS and LONG: "Almighty father."
PIERCE ignores the phrase.

[2] Herein VIRGIL touches again the keynote of the poem, the displeasure of Juno, and the necessity of propitiating her by prayer.

[3] "Arma rebelles."

In league eternal under equal laws.
The sacred things, the Gods, my care shall be ;[1]
Latinus shall in arms control, and rule
In solemn state, he, father of my bride.
My troops for me shall build a city fair,
To which Lavinia's self her name shall give."[2]
Thus first Æneas. Thus then follows him 195
Latinus, looking towards the skies, and forth
His right hand holding to the stars : "And so,
Æneas, by these same I swear, by Earth,
And Sea and Stars, Latona's double race,[3]
Janus, whose faces both ways look, before
And after, power infernal of the Gods,
And consecrated things of Dis severe.[4]
And hear this, too, thou Father, who the leagues 200
Of men dost with thy thunder sanctify ! Ay,
I touch the altars, and these fires invoke,
And all their sacred power, and here I swear,
That, as for Italy's part, no day this peace
Shall break, no day this league, befall what may.
No force by my consent me to its terms
Shall e'er unfaithful make, not if the earth

[1] Rome, to-day, literally, since the abolition of the temporal power of the Pontiff, fulfills the promise of Æneas.

[2] It is observable that, in this prayer of Æneas, "numen" the divine will, is three times repeated. As three was a sacred number, this was probably by design, and evinces the art of the poet. In the succeeding prayer of Latinus it will be found but once.

[3] Apollo and Diana.

[4] "Vimque deum infernam, et duri sacraria Ditis."

It seems proper here to repeat an observation suggested by the word infernam. The VIRGILIANS (with the exception, probably, of CONINGTON, who has the grace to call the Lower World "the empire of departed souls") are fond of characterizing the entire place by the one hard word, *hell*.

Into the sea shalt melt and with it mix, 205
And fall the sky into the shadowy realm
Of Tartarus deep. E'en as this sceptre smooth
(For so it chanced that in his right hand then
His sceptre he was holding) unto twigs
And foliage light and fresh shall ne'er return,
Once in the woods cut off from its support
Of mother strength and food, and from it lopped
Its tresses gay and limbs by edge of steel,
And once a tree, but now by cunning art 210
And bronze [1] made glorious and so fitted fair
The hands of Latin fathers to adorn."

With words like these they thus the treaty bind,
Full in the sight of nobles witnessing it;
Then in the flames the victims jugulate, those [2]
That had by ritual hallowed been, and tear 215
Their vitals out while yet the victims live,
And load the altars up with dishes heaped.

But, both in the Greek and Roman mythological systems, the Lower World included a purgatorial place *not* hell; and the Roman Avernus included also Elysium, heaven. It will also be observed that VIRGIL here does not speak of the "power of the Infernal Gods," but that he uses a wholly different expression, namely, "the infernal power of the Gods." And he even speaks of *Pluto* not as an Infernal God, or the God of Hell (although his abode seems to have been Tartarus), but as the *severe* God whose realm must be spoken of with reverence, as consecrated.

SYMMONS has fine words here, and very just ones:—

"Here I swear:
Swear by the force and awe of Dis beneath,
The stern dire monarch of the world of death."

MORRIS makes the oath: "By the nether Might of God." This is a fault of MORRIS that, repeatedly in his translation, he calls Gods God.

[1] Not brass. Æs. Brass was not introduced into art until a much later age. It was hardly known even in the time of VIRGIL.

[2] "In flammam jugulant pecudes."

But long before this had this contest seemed
A thing unequal, to the Rutuli's minds,
And much conflicting feelings stirred their breasts.
And now the more, when nearer they could see
How strength compared with strength, unequal much;
And added more to this their hero's ways:
How Turnus walked in silence here and there;
How, at the altar, like a suppliant bowed, 220
His eyes cast down, he prayed with faded cheeks,
And all his youthful frame seemed pallid grown.
Which sort of speech when she, his sister, saw
More frequent had become, and how the crowd
Of common people seemed in heart to fail,
Into the midst, Camertus' form assumed
(He who his birth from mighty lineage traced, 225
Whose father's fame for valor brilliant shone,
And who, himself, had won renown in arms),
Into the midst of all their battle-lines,
Not ignorant she of what the matter was,
She passes round, and various rumors spreads,
And thus holds forth: "O Rutuli, now, doth shame
Not better teach ye than one soul to place 230
In jeopardy's jaws, one soul for all like these?
In strength and count are we not equal them?
See, all of them are here, both they of Troy,
And of Arcadia they, and that fell band
Etruria sent, to Turnus deadly foes.
Yet scarce an enemy here have we, if we
But every other one will meet. While he,

Our Turnus,[1] to the Gods, they at whose shrines
He kneels, and vows his life away, will live
In fame and in the mouths of men ; and we, 235
Our country lost, will haughty masters serve,
Whereas we now live well in plenteous fields."
By words like unto these enkindled were
The warriors' speeches more and more, and crept
A rumor 'round throughout the lines. Were changed 240
Laurentum's legions, even, and even were changed
The Latin braves. They who had hoped for rest
From fight, and safety from war's risks, now arms
And war desire, and wish the league unmade,
And Turnus' lot unequal much lament.
Hereto Juturna adds, and gives from heaven 245
A sign : a prodigy sure than which none e'er
More power possessed Italian minds to move
And lead astray. For, flying in the light
The ruddy sunshine gave, Jove's tawny bird
The fowl along the shore was scattering wide,
Alarmed in all their sounding ranks of wings,
When with a sudden plunge made towards the waves
The knave[2] pounced down upon a goodly swan. 250

[1] MORRIS, alone of the VIRGILIANS, makes this remark of Tolumnius refer, not to Turnus, but to Æneas, — an obvious mistake on the part of this gifted and usually careful writer.

[2] "Improbus." This word never fails to prove a troublesome one for the VIRGILIANS, and accordingly DRYDEN, PITT, SYMMONS, MORRIS, and PIERCE here ignore it.

MORRIS reflects upon his "greedy hooked claws. . . ."

CRANCH : "And in his *cruel claws*."

These would have been better clauses and nearer VIRGIL, if these VIRGILIANS had said "this *rascal* of an eagle in his *crooked* claws." "Crooked," besides, has a sinister modern signification.

Aroused the minds of all the Italians were,
For turn the flocks their flight to clamor loud,
And, wondrous sight to see, the face of heaven
With wings obscure as doth a cloud, until,
By force compelled, he lets his burden fall, 255
Down to the stream below, and onward wings
His flight until in darkening clouds quite lost.
  And then, indeed, cheered long the omen plain
The Rutuli all, and upwards raised their hands.
And first the augur spoke, Tolumnius, forth:
"That was it, that," he said, "which I by vows
Have often sought. The Gods I now accept 260
And recognize awed, and I to lead you, seize,
O wretched people wronged, the avenging sword,
Ye who, like feeble birds, are terrified
By this adventurer vile [1] who wastes your shores
With fraud and violence foul! Seek will he soon

LONG: "The *fiery* bird of Jove."

SYMMONS continues his story and rhymes as follows: —

"With minds arrect
The Italians gaze; whilst all the birds collect
(Strange to relate)," etc.

Should the word "arrect" be thought "strange" in the mouth of a Latin scholar, or the word "collect" in the rhymes of a doctor of divinity?

[1] "Improbus" again. On this occasion the bird of Jove is not implicated, and the VIRGILIANS evince less reserve: —

DRYDEN translates: "Impious band."

SYMMONS: "Outlaw pest."

CONINGTON: "Pirate base."

MORRIS: "Stranger-thief."

CRANCH: "Wicked stranger."

PIERCE: "Outcast."

LONG: "Robber from abroad."

PITT: "A foreign lord."

Thus PITT ignores "improbus."

In flight his safety, and his sails spread wide
O'er distant seas. Come, one and all, your ranks
Close up and rally round your king! Him, torn
By violent hands from out your midst, defend!" 265
He said, and as he forward ran a spear
Against the adverse foe he hurled. A sound
The whizzing cherry-wood[1] shrill gave forth, and cut
Across the air a pathway sure. Arose
At once tremendous cheering; all are wedged
And stirred, and hot their hearts for tumult burn.
The flying spear came where at once by chance 270
Nine brothers, beauteous all stood forth, whom gave
A faithful Tyrrhene wife unto her lord,
'Midst their Arcadian vales, Gylippus named.
One among these, just at the middle point
Where rubs the gold-embroidered belt, and clings
The clasp within its catching-bars, a youth 275
Of beauty eminent grand in radiant arms,
It in the ribs transfixed, and him hurled prone
Upon the yellow sand. His brothers, then,
With sorrow fired, a strong, courageous band
Some with drawn swords, and some with missile steel,
Rush blindly on 'gainst the Laurentian lines. 280
Then follow them in dense mass Trojan troops,
And Agyllines press, and, bearing painted arms,
The Arcadian comrades of the brethren nine.
And thus one love alone doth all possess
The sword and spear to wield. The altars down

[1] "Cornus." The cornelian-cherry; not the "cornel."

They tear; and goes through all the sky a storm,
A lowering storm, that doth the sun shut out,
Of darts. The bowls, the hearths, they sweep
away. 285
Latinus' self takes flight, and with him bears
The beaten Gods, the treaty now undone.
And others rein the chariot-steeds, or mount
The battle-charger swift. The ready sword
Forth flashed its lightnings on the frightened air.
Messapus,[1] greedy he the peace to break,
Drives on his adverse horse against the king
Tyrrhene Aulestes, bright with ensigns proud 290
Of royalty decked. He backward goes, and falls,
Unhappy man, so hurried is his flight,
Upon the altars head and shoulders thrown.[2]
Messapus, fervid, sends the javelin forth,
A mighty beam, while he, upon his horse,
The prayers derided of his prostrate foe:

[1] VIRGIL seeks opportunities to place Messapus in a contemptuous light. Twice before has the poet held him up to contempt: once, as sleeping so soundly that Euryalus could burglariously possess himself of his helmet; and, again, as slaying a prostrate foe thrown to the ground by a fractious horse (the case of Clonius, Book X. line 749). Here, too, his act is in character, for, in this onslaught, he slays a prostrate and supplicating foe. There exists a historical justness in this contempt, as Messapus was, under King Turnus, the Latin general-in-chief.

It should seem, too, that Bœotia, a province of Greece proverbial for the stupidity of its inhabitants, is alleged as the birthplace of this inglorious chieftain.

DRYDEN: —

> "Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
> Spurred his hot charger through the fighting prease."

We hesitate to suppose that DRYDEN would invent a word for the convenience of the rhyme, and we must therefore conclude that *prease* is an utterly obsolete word.

[2] "In caput, inque humeros."

"He hath it![1] Gods, in him a victim now 295
Better ye have than those ye had before!"
The Italians forward push and strip the spoil
From limbs yet warm with recent royal blood.
A burning stake snatched from the altar-stead
Bears Corynæus forth, and in the face 300
Flares it of Ebysus full on mischief bent.
Flames up his mighty beard,[2] whose odor forth
Is sent, and following him he, with his left,
Of his astonished foe the long locks grips,
And with his knee him struggling holds forced down
The ground against, and with his good sword deals,
Deep in his panting breast, a mighty wound.
And Podalirius see! Alsus above,
(A shepherd Alsus was,) who, in the ranks 305
That foremost were, dared dangers manifold dire
Of darts and death, he holds extended high
A naked sword. But Alsus, turning round,
Cleaves Podalirius' forehead down and chin
With one quick movement of his battle-axe,
And floods his armor all with gore poured forth.
Hard rest his eyes weigh down and sleep of iron. 310
In night eternal close his gates of light.
Devout Æneas forth his right hand held
Unarmed, his head being bare, and to his men
Called loud above the frenzy of the fray:

[1] "Hoc habet!" "Habet!" (He has it!) was the exclamation of the spectators at the gladiatorial games, when the beaten gladiator received from his antagonist a mortal wound.

[2] The full beard of Ebysus lets us know that he was a Tuscan, and, by consequence, Corynæus a Trojan.

"Ho! whither do ye rush? And what is this
So sudden discord risen? Keep down your rage!
The league is struck and all its laws agreed! 315
To me alone belongs the right to fight!
And let me do it! Lay ye aside your fears!
My hand is firm, and I the league will keep!
The debt these sacred rites owe unto me
Is Turnus' self." 'Midst words like these and shouts
The hero gave, an arrow shrieking came
Upon its slippery wings and reached the man,[1]
Uncertain is it by what hand impelled, 320
What whirlwind so driven on, who so great praise
Amongst the Rutuli's braves had reached, or chance,
Or God. In doubt involved the glory is
Of this distinguished deed. No one hath claimed
Upon Æneas to have dealt this wound.[2]
Æneas from the battle-lines drawn back
When Turnus saw, and saw the troubled looks 325
The leaders wore, glowed he with sudden hope
And ardor high, and deeming victory safe,
Full gayly for his steeds and weapons called.
And, with a leap, he in his chariot shone
Superb, and takes in hand the reins.[3] And on
He sped, and many bodies of the strong

[1] "Viro stridens alis allapsa."
Arma virumque cano.

[2] I think I may here venture to suggest that VIRGIL intimates that this shaft came from the hand of Juno.

[3] In his ardor he (or the poet) had forgotten Metiscus, his charioteer, whom we shall meet with further on. See line 469. The verse of VIRGIL is here, too, so jubilant that the tenses are confused.

He gave to death, and many wounded whelmed,
And with his chariot wore the ranks away, 330
Or fixed in backs of fleers their own keen spears.
As when, on Hebrus'[1] gelid stream called forth,
Strikes gory Mars upon his sounding shield,
And, furious, drives his steeds among the ranks,
And stirs up wars; he, on the open plain,
Before the South, before the Zephyr, flies;
Groans to its borders Thrace with beat of feet; 335
And 'round are seen the gloomy forms of Fear
And Rage and Snares, companions of the God:
So drove with fell alacrity forth his steeds
Foaming with sweat, full in the battle's face,
Insulting Turnus, wretched deaths the while
Among his foes with fury shedding round.
The hurrying hoofs spread bloody dews profuse, 340
And mixed with gurgling gore they scattered sand.
Now Sthenelus swift he unto death consigned,
And Thamyris, these confronting hand to hand,
And Pholus, him by dart from distance sent.
And Glaucus, too, and Lades, from afar,
He haled to death, sons these of Imbrasus brave,
Whom he in Lycia bred; and equal skill
Possessed the boys, whether on foot they fought 345
Or on the backs of coursers shamed the winds.
Elsewhere into the fight Eumedes[2] fares,

[1] The principal river of Thrace.

[2] "Nomine avum referens, animo manibusque parentem."
It would seem — and this is implied by the text — that Eumedes had a grandfather of the same name: —

"There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,
Son of Eumedes, herald of the Gods,

Of ancient Dolon's race renowned in war,
And bringing back, in name, his grandsire's name,
In courage high and might, his father's deeds.
He once, when he the Danaan camp would spy.
And dared to stipulate shrewd, as his reward, 350
That he Achilles' equipage famed should have,
From Diomede's sword reward far different got,
Nor more aspired for steeds Achilles owned.[1]
When Turnus saw far off Eumedes stand
A mark for his light spear, he sent it him
From far, and following it he stayed his steeds 355
And from his chariot leaped, and on the man
Half-dead and fallen he came, and o'er him stood,
His foot upon his neck, and his own sword
Wrenched from his helpless hand, and in his throat
Bathed its effulgent blade, and thereunto

Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form
Unsightly; yet the man was swift of foot,
Sole brother of five sisters."

COWPER, *Iliad*, Book X. line 369.

It is almost needless to say, in passing, that the "brass" in the foregoing quotation should be *bronze*.

It may be noted that MORRIS ignores the grandfather, the *avum* of the text.

[1] Diomede, in company with Ulysses, was making a similar reconnoissance of the Trojan camp.

"Lion-like they advanced
Through shades of night, through carnage, arms, and death."

The hostile reconnoitring parties met, and the result was unfavorable to Eumedes, who, then and there, resigned his aspirations for the equipage of Achilles, or for any other equipage. He was slain by Diomede.

"They took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,
Stripped off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear,
And brave Ulysses, lifting in his hand
The trophy to Minerva, prayed and said:
'Hail, Goddess; these are thine,' . . ."

COWPER, *Iliad*, Book X. line 544.

Words bitter as his deed he joined: "See, thou,
It measuring, Trojan, lying there on thy back, 360
That land Hesperian thou hast sought in war.
Rewards like these have they who dare my sword,
And thus their Fate-given walls they lay." And so,
For company's sake, with him Asbutes dead
He sends, slain by a spear sent forth; Dares
And Chloreus; Sibaris stout, Thersilochus huge,
And Thymœtes; this last whom prostrate lay,
Thrown from his rearing horse. And e'en as when
The Thracian Boreas' breath sounds o'er the deep 365
Ægean, and the waves upon the shore
Pursues, where falls of winds the stress, thence fly
The clouds from heaven; so Turnus: wheresoe'er
His furious path he cuts, the ranks give way,
Turned is the battle-line, and bears him on
His own swift impetus keen,[1] his tossing crest 370
Flying, the while, in air that meets his course.
Him pressing on with frenzied courage high
Not easily Phegeus[2] bore, and standing forth
To bar the chariot's way, he seized the reins
And turned the hurrying horses' foaming mouths.
He hung there, and was dragged, his side exposed,
And it the broad spear sought, and broke, infixed, 375
The double coat of mail, and, with a wound,
Tasted a little of his body's flesh.[3]

[1] "Fert impetus ipsum."
[2] Phe-geus. Two syllables.
[3] "Et summum degustat vulnere corpus."

But he, his shield turned round, towards the foe
Now faced, was seeking aid from his drawn sword,
When drove the wheel upon him, and the rush
Of greater speed 'gainst him the axle threw,
And to the ground him headlong hurled, and then 380
Him Turnus yet pursued, and where the edge
Met of the helmet with the corselet's top,
Sheer off his head he took, and left the trunk
Bleeding and pouring gore upon the sand.
And deaths like these whilst all the field throughout
Victorious Turnus spreads, towards the camps
Mnestheus away Æneas bleeding takes,
That faithful one, Achates, lending aid;
And with them goes Ascanius, while his sire 385
Props every other step with help which gives
A lengthy spear, which in his hand he holds.
Rages his anger high, and strives he forth
From out the wound the broken shaft to tear,
And cries: "Quick! tear it forth![1] take any means!

A pretty instance of prosopopœia, — the broad spear *tasting* a little of the body's flesh. The VIRGILIANS ignore, in this place, this figure of speech. ANTHON appreciates it, but the translators ignore it.

[1] "There from his charger down he slid, and sat,
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, 'Draw the lance-head:'
'Ah, my sweet lord Sir Lancelot,' said Lavaine,
'I dread me, if I draw it, you will die.'
But he, 'I die already with it: draw—
Draw'—and Lavaine drew, and that other gave
A marvellous great shriek and ghastly groan,
And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank
For the pure pain, and wholly swooned away."

TENNYSON'S *Elaine.*

The nearest way 's the best! Take a wide sword,
And cut the wound! Cut deep, and find the place 390
Where lurks the barb! For we must all,[1] the field
Seek speedily once again!" So urged the man.
And now there came, by Phœbus loved o'er all,
Iapis, he of Iasus the son,
With whom, once, seized with bitter pangs of love,
The pleased Apollo thought to share his arts:
His augury's ken, his arrows swift, his harp.[2]
He, that he might a father's fates postpone, 395
A father who had laid him down to die,
Preferred of herbs the healing powers to know
And all that unto medicines' ways pertains,
And his new arts with modesty meek to use,
Not caring for great deeds and high renown.
Æneas stood, with sour impatience grim,
And leaned upon the mighty spear he held
Immovable, while round him nobles thronged, 400

[1] "Seseque in bella remittant."

The VIRGILIANS, without exception, unless ANTHON be one, give the singular of the pronoun, — they must return *him* to the field. Such is not the meaning of these Latin words. ANTHON makes no comment.

DRYDEN has misunderstood and misinterpreted the entire incident. This part of it he entirely ignores.

TASSO neither misunderstands nor ignores any part of this incident: —

"Send *me* but back to war,"

is his expression. This in the wounding of Godfrey, which will be made the subject of a note further on.

[2] "Augurium, citharamque dabat, celeresque sagittas."

Observe the imperfect, or hesitating tense, of "dabat," a felicity of phrase unknown to our English tongue.

MORRIS here invites criticism. He says: —

"Foresight, *or* skill of harp-playing, *or* mastery of the shaft,"

whereas VIRGIL says *and*.

And kept not back their tears; for they, too, wept
With grieving Iülus sad. His folded gown
Girded Iapis up, the ancient man,
And plied in vain, with nervous hands, all means
That medicine knew and Phœbus' potent herbs.
In vain he tries to coax the barb away;
In vain the forceps tries with direct pull;
But nor this way nor that doth Fortune rule. 405
No method for its author Phœbus claims.
And, in the fields, increases more and more
A savage dread. Nigher the evil comes.[1]
Now wrapped in raging dust the heavens appear;
Now nigh are horsemen seen; and, 'midst the camps
The frequent missiles fall. An uproar vast
Rings upwards to the stars of warriors' cries,
The cries of those who struggle on in fight, 410
The cries of those who 'neath hard Mars succumb.
But Venus, now, stunned with the shock of grief
Felt, as a mother, at the unworthy pain
Her son was suffering, plucked on Ida's Mount,
In Crete, a stalk of dittany, downy-leaved
And decked with purple flowers, to wild goats known 415
And by them used when galling wounds they have
From arrows that within the flesh cling fast.
This Venus brought, in cloud invisible close
Her face being veiled, and in the brilliant vase[2]

[1] "Propriusque malum est."
MORRIS: "And nigher draws the evil *hour*."
This is too restrictive.

[2] "Labris splendentibus."
The shining lips. A part for the whole. The rim of the vase for the vase itself.

It mixed, so that the liquid of its power
Partook, and she therein poured healing drops
Ambrosial and a panacea sweet
Whose odor charmed the senses ; and with this, 420
As he already had, still Iapis bathed
The wound, the good old man, all ignorant yet
Of its new power to heal, when suddenly loosed,
From all the body fled, in utter truth,
All pain, and stanched the blood was quite, deep down
Into the wound. And, with a wondrous ease,
No force being used, but following the glad hand,
The arrow came, and to the limbs, just now
So maimed and sore, came pristine strength again.[1]
"Arms quickly bring the man![2] Why do ye stand?" 425
Iapis cries, and is the first their minds
Against the foe to kindle into flame.
"Not this by human power hath been achieved,
No master's art is here,[3] nor hath thee saved,
Æneas, my right hand. The hand I see
Herein of some great God, who thee doth send
To works still greater than thou yet hast wrought."[4]

[1] The regular faculty can draw little comfort from this incident in VIRGIL, as it would seem that Doctor Iapis resigned the case to a member of the family, and that member a woman, and, worse than that, as we shall see directly, he admitted and proclaimed the fact.

[2] "Arma citi properate viro!"

[3] "Non arte magistra." This expression seems to go no further than the degree of "A. M." Are we to understand that Iapis had not a full diploma?

[4] The wounding of Godfrey in the *Jerusalem Delivered* is merely and feebly a translation of the salient features of the Virgilian incident. How just this remark is will appear from the following excerpts: —

He, greedy for the field, his legs in gold, 430
Now this, now that one, binds, and hates delays,
Proud he again his trusty spear to wield.
His shield is ready, on his back quick goes
His coat of mail.[1] Ascanius clasped he takes

"Thus baffled, careless of the coming smart,
He bade them take at once the shortest way
For cure, to largely lance the wounded part,
And bare to sight the barbed weapon lay:
'Send me but back to war, ere closing day
Invalidate our arms, or cool our zeal!'

. . . . . .

"Gray Erotinus, born beside the Po,
Came to his aid; a sage who knew the use
Of all green herbs the hills and woods produce.

. . . . . .

"Supported stands the Chief, serene; he grieves
But to behold his friends lamenting round.
The ready leech tucked up his long loose sleeves.

. . . . . .

"No way seemed Fortune to assist
His purpose or his skill; and Godfrey shows
Signs of sharp agony.

. . . . . .

"His guardian Angel from Mount Ida flies
With gathered dittany.

. . . . . .

"'Lo!' cried the Leech, 'this is no cure of mine!
This is not art's effect, but done by hands divine.
Some Angel, shooting from the stars unspied,
Hath been thy surgeon; of his heavenly hand
I see the tokens; arm, then, arm!' he cried,
Why linger? Back! the battle to command!"

. . . . . .

WIFFEN, Canto II.

[1] "Et facere et pati fortia Romanum est." — LIVY.

Here, for the last time in the Poem, Æneas assumes the celestial armor. The event may recall the scene in the Eighth Book, — the presentation of the armor to the hero by his mother. And it may not be too late to remark here that the description of the corselet in that Book, *blood-red and flashing its brilliant tints like a cloud incarnadined by the setting sun*, condemns those translators who describe it as of "brass," instead of as of

Within his mass of armor wrapped about,
And such libation as the helmet's bars
Allow, that gives he him of kisses free:
"Learn valor, boy, from me, and patience true. 435
From others Fortune learn. Now thy defense
This hand of mine in war shall be, and thee
Rewards of mighty price shall bring. Of this
Be mindful thou when man's estate 's attained,
And thee, reflecting on examples thine,
Let stir thy sire Æneas' deeds, and fill 440
With emulation uncle Hector's name."[1]

And when he thus had spoken, from the gates
Forth fared he great, held quivering in his hand
A spear immense, and with him, in dense files,
Antheus comes forth and Mnestheus. From the camps
The whole force pours. Thick dust the field obscures, 445
And with the foot-falls shrinks the frightened earth.

bronze or copper. I have observed that the copper serpent raised up by Moses in the wilderness has, through the same error of translation on the part of Biblical revisers, gone into all literature as a "brazen" serpent—a censure from which I exempt LEESER, a rabbi revising the Jewish Scriptures: the wore "brass" finds no place in his version.

A modern parallel may close my remarks upon the prophetic shield:—

On the 18th day of June, in the year 1818, the Grand Pawnee tribe of American aborigines concluded, at St. Louis, a treaty of peace and friendship with the United States, wherein it is observable that one of the dusky warriors representing these formidable people delighted in the name of LATATORISHHARA, *the Chief of the Shield*—a barbaric Æneas, not beloved by the Gods. *Indian Treaties Prior to* 1837, p. 235.

I might here suggest that, in the order in which VIRGIL mentions these different articles of equipment, he imitates the irregular motions of a man so hurried as to have lost all method. VIRGIL'S haste has so confused CONINGTON that he has ignored the shield.

[1] Repeated from the speech of Andromache to Ascanius in the Third Book.

Sees from an adverse bank them Turnus come.
See them the Ausonian ranks. Runs through their bones
Deep-set a frozen fear. The first who heard
Among the Latin camps the foe's advance
Juturna was; she knew the sound, and fear
Shook all her limbs, and back she turned to flight.
But speeds he on, and soon the fields swarm black 450
With all his bands. It was as when a star
Turned from its course by some controlling power[1]
Drives, through the mid sea, down from heaven a storm;
Shudder, alas! the hearts that see it far
Of those the soil that till, for it will bring
Unto their orchards fair, and smiling fields,
Destruction's breath swift-winged, and merciless rage,
And strew its wide-spread wrecks; the impetuous winds 455
Fly, as its heralds, inward to the shore:
So leads the Rhœtian king his forces on
Against the opposing foe. In wedge-like form
Each band its phalanx makes, and presses on.
Osiris' heavy frame falls 'neath the sword
Thymbræus wields; Archetius yields his life
To Mnestheus' hand; and Epulo becomes
Achates' prey; and Ufens Gyas' spoil. 460
And falls Tolumnius' self, the augur he

[1] "Abrupto sidere." The phrase is of uncertain interpretation. It is a New Reading.

Who first a missile hurled 'gainst Trojan ranks.
An uproar climbs the sky, and in their turn,
'Midst rising clouds of dust their backs displayed,
Across the fields the routed Rutuli stream.[1]
Æneas those who flee deigns not to smite,
Nor follows he those whom by chance he meets 465
Arrayed in arms. For Turnus 't is alone
He through the dust-cloud seeks, alone for him
He calls, alone this foe in fight demands.
Juturna,[2] shaken in her mind by dread,
Strikes, as a man would strike, Metiscus down, 470
The charioteer; and forth upon the pole
He falls; then takes, herself, his place, and guides
The swaying reins, controlling all, like him
In voice, in form, in arms, in everything.
Like as when skims through some rich prince's halls
A swallow black, and through the apartments flits,
And for her noisy nest small store of food 475
Doth get, and now around the porticoes proud
And fish-pools wide is heard her clang:
So through the enemies' midst by horses borne
Juturna flies, and in her chariot swift
All things doth pass, now here her brother shown,
Now there, and always as in victory's flush
Of praise;[3] nor suffers him to strike the hand 480
Of strife, but flies in pathless fields afar.

[1] "Their backs displayed
To bide the infuriate storm and sharp vindictive blade."
WIFFEN'S TASSO, 7th Canto.

[2] "Juturna virago," says VIRGIL. But "virago" has lost its good sense, and it is no longer safe to follow it literally. VIRGIL intended it as a compliment to her masculine force of character.

[3] "Ovantem."

Nor less the winding ways Æneas seeks,
And tracks the man, and through the unrallied lines
Him calls aloud. But just as oft as fell
His eyes upon his foe, and he a race
With steeds whose feet had wings would try, so oft
The steeds the other way Juturna turned.
"Alas! and what to do!" In vain he floats
Upon a changing tide; and call his mind
Conflicting cares to courses all opposed.
Messapus, whom in light career he met,
By chance two slender spears as weapons held,
With points of iron, and one with aim exact
Against him hurled. Æneas stooped, and shrunk
His shield beneath, and on one knee sank down.
Yet took the eager spear its path direct
His head towards, and off his topmost crest
It sheared. Then rose his ire indeed. By snares
Oppressed, while steeds and chariots 'scaped his wage
Of war, bade he Jove witness, and the wrong
And treason done unto a treaty firm
And altars of the Gods; and now at length
Full in the midst of them he goes, with Mars
At his right hand, and rouses, terror-crowned,
A slaughter grim which all involved, none spared,
And where of every rage the reins flowed loose.

INVOCATION.

What God shall now to me send down all these
So bitter woes? What God shall carnage sing

So wide, so various, and so full of deaths
Of captains great, which Turnus deals by turn,
By turn the Trojan hero deals? O Jove!
Thy will could it have been that in such stir
Nations before whom destiny's hand spread fair
Eternal fields of heart-felt amity's growths
Should on this day in such dark hatred clash?
Æneas, that delay none might there be, 505
Rutulian Sucro in the side smote deep,
(For he stood firm against the deluge fierce
Of Teucrian braves,) and that he might swift fate
Enjoy, quite through his breast pushed on the sword.
And Turnus smites brave Amycus whom his horse
Had thrown, and smites, besides Diores, he
The brother of the first, both foot to foot, 510
One as he came with flight of javelin aimed,
The other with his glittering blade, and both
Decapitates, and to his chariot's sides
Suspends the heads, and through the ranks
Bears on the ghastly sight, whence falls of blood
A dew. Talon and Tanais dusk were now
And valiant Cethegus fair, all three at once,
Sent to the shades beneath Æneas' sword,
And with them sent he sad Onytes, — this
An Echionian name, — Peridia's son.[1] 515
And Turnus slew two brothers missioned forth
From Phœbus' Lycian fields, and him who loathed

[1] "Nomen Echionium, matrisque genus Peridiæ."
Here is probably the only extant record, or echo of a record, of this unfortunate mother. Echion was one of the heroes who sprang from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus.

In vain of war the very name, his home
Arcadia's vales, his name Menœtes, fain
His fishers' art to ply round Lerna's streams;
And far from wealth, and all its gay abodes,[1] 520
Whose father hired the fields his labor sowed.
And, as two fires which spring from diverse sides
In timber dry or crackling laurel-twigs,
Or where, in hurrying course, from mountains high,
Two foaming rivers plunge, and seek the sea,
Each wasting his own way: not slower both 525
Æneas rushed and Turnus through the field.
Now, now, the fiery floods within them toss.
Torn bleed their hearts that know not how to yield.
Now into wounds goes forth their all of strength.[2]
Æneas dashed Murranus down, while he
Sung, proud, the praises of his sires of sires, 530
And all his race from Latin kings derived.
Headlong, the whirlwind of a mighty rock
The Trojan hurled, the minstrel quelled, and quelled
The minstrel's song. His chariot wheels beneath
'Mid reins and yoke he fell, and him his steeds
With hurrying hoofs and frequent wounds assail,

[1] "Limina." Some of the VIRGILIANS say "*munera*," which I think an obvious mistake for limina. With me are DRYDEN, PITT, SYMMONS, URSINUS, HEYNE, COOPER, MORRIS, and LONG.

CONINGTON, ingeniously, takes *both* horns of this dilemma. The TEXT published under his sanction has *munera;* his own translation follows *limina*.

CRANCH and PIERCE evade the issue, and ANTHON is wrong.

COOPER well observes that it is difficult to make sense with munera, while with limina it is easy.

URSINUS says the *oldest* manuscript has limina.

[2] "Nunc totis in vulnera viribus itur."

Not knowing they that thus their master fares.[1]
Rushed Hyllus forth, with fury great possessed, 535
But Turnus at his golden temples hurled
A dart which through his helmet's side pierced deep
And stood, its barb firm planted in his brain.
Nor saved thee, Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks,[2]
Thy powerful hand from Turnus' vehemence dire.
Nor did Cupencus' Gods[3] him safety grant 540
Against Æneas' onset. Fierce they met.
The priest his breast gave to the hero's sword,
Nor aught of respite gained the unhappy man
From all the vantage of his strong bronze[4] shield.
Of thee, too, Æolus, now the downfall saw
Laurentian fields, for wide thereon thy back
In death lay prone. There hast thou fallen o'er-thrown
Whom phalanxes of Greeks could ne'er smite down, 545
Not e'en Achilles, who the realms destroyed
Of Priam.[5] Death hath here to thee called "Halt!"
At last, and thou whose lofty mansion shone
'Neath Ida's brow, whose lofty mansion shone

[1] "Crebro super ungula pulsu
Incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum."

[2] So called, ANTHON thinks, because one of the Arcadian auxiliaries.

[3] We have the authority of SERVIUS for it that "cupencus" was the Sabine name for priest.

[4] "Clypei ærei." *Æs*, again, is bronze, not brass.

[5] In another place VIRGIL makes Diomede to be this destroyer. Poetical exaggeration.

'Neath fair Lyrnessian skies,[1] thy sepulchre low
Canst claim alone in these Laurentian fields.[2]
  Thus far the lines opposed, the Latin force,
The Dardan force, Mnestheus, Serestus brave,
Messapus, skilled the unruly horse to train,[3] 550
And strong Asilas,[4] and the Tuscan band,
And the Arcadian wings Evander sent,
Each for himself, man vied with man,
With all the power their utmost strength could wield.
With lingering none and with cessation none,
In one vast world of fight they all contend.
  Now to Æneas' mind there came the thought,
Sent there by her his mother, beauteous far 555
O'er all the inhabitants of heaven, that he
Unto the walls should go in force, and quickly turn
The bristling battle's edge upon the town,
And rouse with sudden storm the Latins there.

[1] "Domus alta sub Ida,
Lyrnessi domus alta."

[2] Obviously Æolus was slain by Turnus.

[3] VIRGIL never loses an opportunity (well, hardly ever) to call attention to the fact that the generalissimo of the forces opposed to Æneas was a horse-tamer.

[4] Asilas is a Trojan, and DRYDEN, in a note, thinks "Asilas" here an error of the manuscripts for Atinas, the Italian, inasmuch as the purpose of VIRGIL seems to be to mention here an Italian commander in connection with Messapus, as Serestus and Mnestheus, fellow Trojans, had just been mentioned together in the line above. But DRYDEN is followed by none of his fellow VIRGILIANS. His suggestion, however, is a shrewd one, and shows that, at this place, he was bestowing closer attention upon the text than was his wont. Especially noteworthy is the cavalier indifference to the Laureate's suggestion evinced by our military authority, PIERCE, to say nothing of the same indifference evinced by LONG, who, when he wrote, was Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Massachusetts.

Around he looked, and Turnus saw, his course
Now here, now there, in diverse ranks led round,
And always widely clear of danger's point,
And saw the town unharmed by such a fight,
And, quiet, resting in impunity's calm. 560
Forthwith a greater form of fight his mind
Contrived. Mnestheus he calls, Sergestus too,
And brave Serestus, leaders of his lines,
And mounts a rising bank whereto approach
The Teucrian soldiery's plumes, nor do they then
Their shields and spears forget, as dense they stand.
And in the midst of all the throng he said,
The while upon the highest rise he stood:
"Let none now hesitate, men, my words to heed, 565
For hereon Jove stands firm. Nor for that I
A sudden purpose have, be ye therefore
More slow. To-day that city which the cause
Is of the war, Latinus' realm itself,
Unless the yoke they take and own themselves
Subdued, will I destroy, and raze to earth
Its towers in flame and smoke. What! shall I wait 570
Till Turnus shall be pleased to take our gauge
Of battle up? and, conquered, comes once more
Another breach to make. O citizens brave,
The head is here of this nefandous war,
Its source is here.[1] The torch! Dispatch! Ask back
The bond with fire! And punish traitors' deeds!"

[1] "Hoc caput, O cives, hæc belli summa nefandi."

He said, and all with equal courage moved
And zeal that vied with zeal, against the town
Their wedge-like masses set, against the wall 575
Their force and fury ply. The ladders come
As improvised, and sudden fires appear.
While to the gates some run and slay the first
They find, and others missiles hurl, and hide,
With spears sent showering forth, the face of heaven.
He, 'neath the wall, among the earliest there,
Held forth the hand, and in a voice high-raised 580
Accused Latinus, and the Gods again
To witness called, that he was forced to war,
That twice the Italians had his foes become,
And twice had solemn treaties set at naught.
Among the trembling townsmen discord rose.
Some counsel that the gates unbarred shall be,
And that the town be open thrown to Troy; 585
And these the king bring forward to the walls.
Some arms collect, and every sinew strain
To make defense. It was as when the bees
Are by the shepherd found within the shade
The tufa-cliffs [1] afford, and he their home
Fills full with bitter smoke. They, thrilled with dread,
Run here and there, their waxen camps among, 590
And whet their anger, as their humming shows,
While through their cells rolls on the odor black,

[1] "Inclusas tenebroso in pumice."
For a definition of tufa-cliffs, a word of my own origination, and constituting a New Reading of the text, see *ante*, Book the Fifth, line 214.

And with a murmur sounds their hollow home,
And through the empty air ascends the smoke.
  And on the weary Latins falls there now
A grievous fate which shakes the city's core.
When from her palace looked the Queen abroad, 595
And saw the approaching foe, and saw begun
The siege, and saw upon the roofs leap up
The flames, and on the other hand, in sight
No Rutuli saw, no troops of Turnus' force,
The unhappy woman thought the warrior dead,
O'erwhelmed in fight; and, quite deranged her mind,
At this so sudden grief, she on herself 600
Cries out, herself declares the cause, the head,
The guilty head, of all their woes; and much
She said in this her wild distress; and tore,
Now doomed to die, her purple robe; and bound
Unto a lofty beam the knot of death,
A death unlovely and abhorred. Then came
Her dames of honor steeped in blinding grief
Such slaughter dire to see, and, first of all, 605
The daughter fair and true, bereaved and sad,
Lavinia's self, her golden tresses tore
And blooming cheeks; and then in sorrow keen
Lamented long the gathering crowd, and loud
Throughout the halls their mourning rang; and thence
The fearful fame of this so wretched deed
Went through the town. The people lose their minds.
Latinus, torn his robe, and by the fate 610

Amazed of her his Queen, and by the wreck
Wherein he saw his city sinking down,
Throws on his aged locks abundant dust,
And much himself reproaches that at once
He had not ultraly[1] Æneas made
By proclamation firm his son-in-law.[2]
  Meantime, remote upon the distant edge
Of that wide plain, Turnus, the battle-lord,[3]
The wandering[4] few pursues, the unfixed stars, 615
But slower now, and less made glad and less,
By all the deeds of might[5] his horses did.
The air him brought this clamor hideous all
Mixed up with terrors blind; and to his ears
There drove the city's sounds confused and dim
And all the joyless murmur of the siege.
"Alas for me! Wherefore with grief so great 620
Resound the walls? And why doth uproar huge
In every part so from the city swell?"
He said, and frenzied seized the reins himself,
And checked the chariot's course. And unto him
His sister made response, she who the form
Had of Metiscus taken, and in his place

[1] "Ultro."

[2] These three lines (which, in the text, are two) are repeated here from lines 741 and 742 of the Eleventh Book, and are therefore omitted from some MSS. But I see not why they may not with good reason be retained. Doubtless Latinus had often occasion to regret this very thing and to say these very words.

[3] "Bellator." Doubtless used by VIRGIL in a contemptuous sense.

[4] "Palantes." The same word which is used to describe the planets, the wandering stars. The satirical sense here is evident and forcible.

[5] This, also, I regard as keenly satirical. His horses had achieved a success in keeping him out of the way of Æneas. The expression has puzzled the VIRGILIANS. May not this be the solution of the puzzle?

The steeds had ruled, the chariot and the reins:
"Here, Turnus, let us yet the Trojans seek 625
Where Victory first her prosperous path made plain.
There others are who may the town protect.
Italian men Æneas rash assails:
And let us, then, lay heavy hand on men
Of Teucrian race. Not less in count are we. 630
Then let us not the honors yield of fight."
And Turnus thereupon:[1]
"O sister, thee I recognized long since
When first, through guile, thou didst the treaty break
And gav'st thyself to war in battle-line,
And now, a Goddess thou deceit dost try
In vain. But who[2] hath thee from lofty courts 635
Olympian missioned down, such toils to bear
That thou the cruel end might see that waits
Thy wretched brother's life? For what do I?
What pledge of help can Fortune guarantee now?
These very eyes beheld Murranus die
While called he me, him than whom none more dear
To me remains, — beheld him die, the man 640
A man of might, the wound a mighty wound.
And Ufens died that our disgraceful fall
He might not see: the Teucrians now possess
His arms and bones. Was this the sole disgrace

[1] "Turnus ad hæc."
A short line. One of the class intentionally so.
[2] VIRGIL's reference here is of course again to Juno.

That yet remained, that I should see their homes
In ruin sink? That I should balk to prove
With this right hand the sneers of Drances false?
Shall I give back?[1] And shall this land the flight 645
Of Turnus see? And is to die a thing
So wretched?[2] Ye, be ye, then, good to me,
Ye Shades below, since the good will of Gods
That rule above to me averse hath proven!
A holy soul I 'll sink to thee,[3] no stain
Upon me resting of this fault, nor e'er
Unworthy of my honored ancestry high."
He scarce had spoken, when, behold! there came 650
Forth from the enemy's midst, his horse all foam,
Saces, upon his face a ghastly wound
Which there a hostile arrow's barb had fixed.
And as along he speeds, on Turnus' name
He calls imploringly: "Our latest hope,
Thou, thou, O Turnus, art! O pity show
Towards thine own! In arms Æneas now
Doth thunder, and his rage the loftiest towers 655
Italians own threatens to overthrow
And rend in atoms, and already fly
The torches to the roofs! The Latins' mouths
Call thee, the Latins' eyes! And mutters much
The king, and hesitates now whom he shall deem

[1] "Terga dabo." I adopt the quaint English of MORRIS, so literally following the text.

[2] "Usque adeone mori miserum est?"
Said to have been the last words of Nero.

[3] "Sancta anima ad vos . . . descendam."

His son-in-law, whose ally he shall be.
Besides, the Queen, to thee most true, her life 660
Hath wasted with her own right hand, and seeks
In light beyond relief from horrors here.
Alone before the gates maintain the line
Messapus and Atinas keen, and round them both
The phalanxes stand dense, and dense the crop
Of falchions drawn and missiles raining iron,
Whilst thou thy chariot on the turf, wherefrom
Are gone the warring hosts, doth idly drive."
Amazed was Turnus, and confused with all 665
The varying images vague his mind beheld.
With face cast down and staring there he stood.
Shame boiled his heart within, shame mixed with grief
That maddening was,[1] and love by Furies lashed,
And pride, pride in his conscious power and worth.[2]
But when the shadows passed, and came again
His mind's clear light, his glowing eyes he turned, 670
With feeling deep, from those his chariot-wheels,
Upon the war-stormed town, and there behold!
Among the stories caught, a tongue of flame
Which waved and waved to heaven, and wrapped a tower,

[1] This expression is repeated from the Tenth Book, lines 870 and 871, where it is used to describe the discomfiture of Mezentius.

[2] "And writhes his heart at once beneath the pain
Of anger, pride, remorse, love, conscience, and disdain."
WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 7.

Said of Argantes pursued by Tancred.

A tower whose compact beams himself had made,
And made, himself, its wheels and bridges high. 675
"Now, sister, now, the Fates control! Desist
From thy delays. Whereto the God may call
And Fortune hard, there let us go. It stands
That I must meet Æneas' hand in fight.
It stands that what of bitter is in death
That must I undergo. And shamed no more
Me, sister, shalt thou see. This I entreat 680
That first my frenzy's frenzy may have course."[1]
He said, and from his chariot speedily down
Into the fields he leaped; through foes, through darts,
He rushed, and left his sister sad, the while
Burst he with violence swift towards the town.
And as, when rushes from a mountain's crest 685
A ponderous rock, which winds have undermined,
Or washing showers, or time; with mighty force
Abrupt the headlong mass leaps dangerous[2] down
And rolls along the soil, and with it woods
And flocks and men: so through the lines
That laced the battle-field did Turnus bound 690
To gain the walls where most the flow of blood
Had soaked the stones, where most the air with shrieks
Of missiles hummed. And, there arrived, his hand

[1] "Sine me furere ante furorem."
Let me first fury my fury. As we say "live my life," or "run my race," or "die my death," or "say my say," or "sing my song."

[2] Our troublesome "improbus" again. I suppose it is safe to say that a dishonest man is a dangerous man; and why not say the same of a dishonest rock?

Attention claims, and, with a powerful voice,
Aloud he cries: "Ho, Rutuli, Latins, spare;
Your darts withhold. Whate'er of this day's strife
May Fortune say, that shall she say of me.
I, I alone, the one for all of ye, 695
The treaty's bond should solve, and with the sword
The contest end." And all around him ceased,
Their weapons fell, and space they gave him free.
Father Æneas, too, soon as the name
He heard of Turnus, left the walls, left, too,
The towering heights, threw headlong all delays,
Broke off the works,[1] with joy all buoyant he, 700
And on his armor clanged a challenge rough,
And Athos seemed, or Eryx proudly high,
Or Father Apennine, what time shows forth
The ilex freshly bright its gleaming green [2]
That trembles in the storm, and glorious lifts
Sublime with snows its summits to the skies.
And busy now are all their curious eyes,

[1] "Opera omnia rumpit."

[2] ". . . Coruscis
Quum fremit ilicibus. . . ."

I find that here the VIRGILIANS have neglected the gleaming, brilliant sense, the best sense, of "coruscis," of which CICERO gives an example in his *De Oratore*, 3, 39, 157: "Flamma inter nubes coruscat." And VIRGIL, in the Fourth Georgic, line 98: "Elucent apes et fulgore coruscant." The VIRGILIANS have it: "shaking," or "quaking," or "waving," or "swaying." I find I have been too hasty. I must except LONG. He very happily uses the word "resplendent." My criticism (as may be that of my colleague) is based on personal observation. I have seen the ilexes glitter on the Apennines. The glory and vigor of the ilex green is indescribable, except that I may say it resembles the English holly.

This seems a fitting place to note that a flowering tree of great beauty, known in botany as the *Cladrastis tinctoria*, or yellow-wood, hardy in northern climates, has received, in honor of our poet, the added name of VIRGILIA.

The Rutuli's throngs, the Italian bands, the troops 705
Of Troy, they who were holding lofty towers
Above, they who below plied battering-rams, —
All on their shoulders left their arms at rest.
Struck dumb Latinus is when he beholds
These mighty men, of different countries born
So wide apart, together come to try
Themselves of arms the dread arbitrament there.
And they, as space upon the plain was made, 710
With rapid strides towards each other press,
Each hurling forth a spear, and Mars with shields
And bronze sonorous rouse.[1] Earth groans. And thick
The sword-strokes fall. Fortune and Valor now
Are mixed in one.[2] And as two bulls contend 715
With pushing foreheads in unfriendly strife
On mighty Sila's slope or on the side
Of high Tiburnus; stand the timid swains
Remote from harm, and, mute from fear,
Looks on the anxious herd, and muttering heifers doubt
Who shall the grove control and whom the herd
Shall deem, thenceforth, its lord; blows clang, wounds mix,[3]

[1] "Ære sonoro." Æs. Not brass.

[2] "Fors et Virtus miscentur in unum."

"Fury in narrow lists with virtue strove,
For Asia's boundless empire."

WIFFEN'S TASSO, 9th Canto.

[3] "Illi inter sese multa vi vulnera miscent."

Here VIRGIL imitates his own line, the 452d of the Eighth Book: —

"Illi inter sese multa vi bracchia tollunt."

And here STANYHURST, intent on the onomatopoetic, attempts to imitate VIRGIL: —

Horns clash in rage, and lock, and struggle locked, 720
And blood profuse o'er neck and shoulders flows,
While all the grove with bellowing rings again:
Not otherwise Æneas, Troy's right hand,
And Turnus, Daunus' son, smite shield on shield,
And fills the air the clashing of their fight.
Holds Jove the scales in equal balance poised, 725
And in each side the fate of each doth place,
That thence it may be seen where rests the weight
And where the Fates declare the doom of death.
Springs forth now Turnus, deeming this his chance,
And, with his whole frame rising to the stroke,
Uplifts his sword and smites. Bursts forth a groan 730
From Trojan lips, from Latin lips a shout.
Intent of both the anxious armies are.
But breaks the treacherous sword, and, in mid-stroke,
Deserts its burning lord. What now if flight
Should fail? Than Eurus' flight more fleet he fled
Soon as the stranger-hilt he saw and hand
Unarmed. Fame so reports that when at first 735
Precipitate, wild, he joined the battle's ranks,
And gay his horses plunged, he left behind
His own paternal sword, and seized in haste,
Through trepidation blind, Metiscus' blade,
His charioteer's; and this sufficed while gave

"With peale meale ramping, with thick thwack sturdily thundering." PITT, doubtless, envied STANYHURST the electric force of this last word.

Unto its edge their backs the wandering[1] sons
Of Troy, but when it met Vulcanian arms[2]
Of God the mortal blade, like idle ice, 740
Fell shivered by the blow; and there lay strewn
The glittering fragments on the yellow sand.[3]
  So, crazed, in winding flight roved Turnus round
The plain, now here, now there, in circles whirled:
There closed him in a crowd of Teucrians dense,
And here a mighty marsh, or high-raised walls.
  Nor less pursued Æneas, (though his knees, 745
Weak with the arrow's wound, held back his speed,)
And foot to heel the trembling warrior tracked:
Just as a hunting hound pursues a stag
By stream hedged in or fear of feathered snares, 750
And he, or by the banks too steep to try,
Or by the crimson plumage of the net,
Driven back, turns here and there a thousand ways,
And winds from flight to flight; hangs close meanwhile
The nimble Umbrian's[4] gape; now, now, his grip 755
Is on him; no; his whine is as of one
Who holds his foe, but see! on empty air
Close down the hungry jaws! Then bursts the cry
Around. Respond the banks, the marsh, and rings

[1] "Palantia." Still the planets of the plain.

[2] "Arma . . . Vulcania," arms Vulcanian, volcanic. Lends emphasis to every metaphor of fire the recent volcanic horror of Krakatoa.

[3] "In million sparks, minuter than the sand,
Its fragments fell, — the Emir saw them shine, —
Naught but the golden hilt was in his hand."
Raymond Invulnerable. — WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 7.

[4] In VIRGIL'S time the hound of Umbria was held in high esteem.

A thunder-peal of tumult through the skies.
He, while he flees, chides all the Rutuli round;
And each by name he calls; and, panting, cries:
"Give me my sword! my own Styx-tempered sword!
Ye know it well!" Æneas cries: "Not so! 760
Whoe'er shall dare it, he that instant dies!
And falls your town and every stone thereof!"
So he them trembling awes, and, although lame,
Pursues. Five circling rounds they make, and five
The other way, their course reversed, here, there;
Nor light nor laughable sure's the prize they seek, 765
For 't is no less than Turnus' life and blood.
To Faunus sacred there had stood, by chance,
An oleaster, with its bitter leaves,
A tree by sailors, in the past, adored,
To which, when saved from storms, they gifts would bring
And vestments vowed to this Laurentian God.
The sacred tree stood in the sweep of war 770
Upon the plain, and so, with all the rest,
They cut it down;[1] and in its stump with force
His spear Æneas had impelled. So strong
The impulse was, the stump held fast the spear
Fixed in its stubborn teeth, and o'er it bent
The son of Dardanus fierce, the weapon forth 775
To pluck, that with a shot he might pursue

[1] A notable instance of the cutting down of valuable trees in the interest of military strategy is afforded in the cutting down — and not once, but repeatedly (in the First and in the Second Empire) — of the fine trees in the Boulogne Wood adjoining the City of Paris. I myself was a witness to the desolation occasioned by their destruction during the recent Franco-Prussian War.

Him whom by running he could not o'ertake.
Then wild with fear thus Turnus' voice in prayer
Broke forth: "Have mercy, Faunus, O be kind!
And thou, O Earth most excellent, thou, do thou
The spear hold fast, if always I thy shrines
Have honored, which, on the other hand, have wronged
By war Ænean hands profane." He said; 780
And not in vain the God's help he invoked.
For by no struggling, nor by any force
Put forth, could from the wood's firm bite the spear
Æneas draw. Whilst hard he struggles thus
And fiercely pulls, again, in form disguised
Of Turnus' charioteer Metiscus runs 785
The Daunian Goddess forth, and to his hand
Her brother's sword restores. And Venus now,
Indignant that the Nymph should so presume,
Draws from the clinging lips the weapon forth.
And they, sublime, their arms, their hearts, restored,
One in his sword [1] confiding, one brave, keen
And lofty with his spear, stand face to face
In breathless struggle of contending Mars. 790
Meanwhile omnipotent Olympus' King [2]

[1] And this sword, tempered in the infernal waves, Jupiter will interfere to prevent the use of; Turnus will prefer to resort to a missile, a huge stone, and, while exhausted by his saxic effort, will sink beneath the celestial sword, made by a God, brought from the heavens by a Goddess, and wielded by the favorite of the skies.

[2] "Rex omnipotentis Olympi."
DRYDEN: "Imperial Jove."
SYMMONS: "Heaven's great lord."
CONINGTON: "Olympus' master, Jove."

To Juno speaks, while from a ruddy cloud
She looks upon the fight: "What, then, my wife,
Shall be the end? What, then, remains? Thyself
Dost know, and hast confessed to know, that heaven
Æneas God and Hero [1] claims, that Fate 795
Him wafts unto the stars. And what doth now
Thy mind contrive? Or with what hope cling'st thou
In chilly clouds? Was 't right with mortal wound
To violate, rash, a God? [2] or to return
(For what, without thee, could Juturna do?)
To Turnus his lost sword, and thus give strength
To conquered men? Then let thy troubling cease, 800
And bend thee to our prayers. Nor let devour
Thee silent so much grief, nor thy sad cares
So often come to me from thy sweet mouth.
The end is here. Thou hast availed to goad
On land and sea these suffering souls of Troy,
To kindle war unspeakable, ay, to take
From out a home its beauteous light and grace, 805
And mingle happy marriage vows with woe.
Further attempts to make I thee forbid." [3]

MORRIS: "The King of Heaven, the great."
CRANCH: "The Olympian King omnipotent."
PIERCE: "High Jove, the King of Kings."
LONG: "All-powerful Olympus' King."
PITT ignores omnipotentis.

[1] "Indigetem Ænean debere cœlo." "Indiges Æneas" was an inscription which met my eye in the Pompeiian collection in the Museum of Naples. Theopoëtic.

[2] The words of VIRGIL here sustain the conjecture I ventured in a note to line 321 of this Book, that VIRGIL desires it understood that Juno herself wounded Æneas.

[3] "Ulterius tentare veto."

Began thus Heaven's high King, and on her part
Responded the Saturnian Goddess thus:
"'T was just because I knew thy will was such
That I have left alone, dear spouse of mine,
However loath, both Turnus and his lands.
Were this not so thou wouldst not see me here, 810
Alone of all in this aërial seat,
So suffer: suffer justly, and again
Unjustly:[1] girt by flames I would descend
Into the ranks,[2] and there the Teucrians harm
With hurtful wars. 'Juturna?' Yea, I own,
I pity her. And her I did persuade
To help her brother. I, where life and death
Were in the scale, have given to things than this 815
More daring far my approbation. Not
That I permission her allowed the spear
To hurl and twang the bow. This I do swear
By Styx, that fountain's head implacable deep,
The only superstition[3] left in heaven
To Gods Supreme. And now, of course, I yield.
The fights I loathe I leave.[4] And, as I go,
But one thing I beseech, and that is not
By any law of Fate controlled.[5] 'T is this:
I do beseech for Latium's sake, for those 820
Whose future name and fame thy majesty's state

[1] "Digna, indigna, pati."

[2] "Sub ipsa starem acie." If our conjecture as to the wounding of Æneas be correct, she had already descended into the ranks.

[3] "Una superstitio superis." "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."—St. Paul.

[4] "Pugnasque exosa relinquo."

[5] It will be observed, again, that the supreme deities submit to the Stygian oath and to the decrees of the Fates.

Concerns,[1] that when (and be it so [2]) the bonds
Of happy marriage vows are tied in peace,
When laws they join and leagues, that thou their name
The ancient Latin race indigenous still
Wilt, kind, allow to keep, that thy commands
Shall not them Trojans make, that Teucrians ne'er
Shall they be called, nor made their speech 825
To change, nor ancient dress. Let it still 'Latium' be.
Forever let their kings be 'Alban' kings.
And let their growth and spread a growth and spread
Called 'Roman' be, based on Italian strength,
Based on Italian worth and virtue fair.[3]
For Troy hath fallen, and let its name fall too."[4]
And he, who Author is of men and things,
Thus, smiling, made reply: "Thou art of Jove 830
The sister true. True Saturn's child art thou.
But why thy breast within such floods of wrath
Roll'st thou? And now do stay thy rage. All vain
Thy purposes have become. What thou dost ask
I grant. 'T is yours. In this thou conquerest me
With my consent. The Ausonians, then, shall hold
Their country's speech and ways. Their name as 't is 835

[1] Jupiter and Latinus both derived their descent from Saturn, who ruled over Latium during the GOLDEN AGE.

[2] Juno here gracefully assumes the exercise of her prerogative as patroness of marriage.

[3] "Sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago."

[4] This speech of Juno seems to me a masterpiece of artful and coquettish apology.

Shall stand. The Teucrians, settled down, shall join
The general mass. Mode, ritual of their rites,
From me shall come. And Latins they shall be
And speak one speech. And hence a race shall rise
Of mixed Ausonian blood, which thou shalt see
In piety's height all men excel, all Gods,[1]
Nor equally, wife, shall any race of men 840
Thy worship celebrate." Bowed, now, Juno glad
And changed her whole intent. Meanwhile the sky
She left. No longer held the ruddy cloud,
Within its chill, sad depths, the spouse of Jove.
This done, another thought within his mind
The Father now revolves: how from the war
Juturna he may send, and to a close
The aid she lends unto her brother bring.
Two pests there are, the "Dire Ones" named,[2] whom Night, 845
Untimely Night, in one birth and the same
Brought forth, what time was born Megæra fell
To fame Tartarean known. Night round them twined,
A share to each, dread serpents' coils, and wings
Of spreading blackness gave their sides.

[1] "Supra homines, supra ire Deos pietate videbis."

Herein we are reminded of that passage in Apollo's speech to Æneas delivered through the Trojan Gods (Book Third, line 157): —

"Nos tumidum *sub* te permensi classibus æquor:"

The sea *'neath* thee, and in thy ships, have climbed.

In these passages we discern predictions of a new and better Dispensation.

[2] Alecto and Tisiphone.

The throne of Jove and Pluto's savage realms 850
They haunt, and of sick mortals make the pangs
More keen, what time the Sovereign God plans deaths
And agonies sends extreme, or war's sharp dread
On guilty cities brings. And one of these
Jove sent from highest heaven in swift descent,
And bade her, as an omen sad, approach
Juturna's sight. Unto the earth she flies 855
As by a whirlwind borne, or as when springs
From the taut nerve the arrow poison-tipped,
Whose wound immedicable strikes with death,
The Parthian or Cydonian archer sends,
And sweeps its swift-winged whirring through the shades.
So, born of Night, towards the earth she fared. 860
But when the Ilian lines and Turnus' bands
She saw, her shape at once she changed. Her bulk
A bird's became of puny size, but drear,
Such as on sepulchres dank doth sit or roofs
Alone and solemn in the night, and moans,
Athwart the midnight gloom, importunate, sad,
Its low, complaining song. In such a shape, 865
Past Turnus, screeching, makes its way this pest,
Now and again, and flaps upon his shield.
A torpor new dissolved with fear his bones.
Erect his hair with horror stood. His voice
Unto his jaws clung close. But as afar
Juturna knew the Dire One's sound of doom
And recognized her wings, the sister tore 870
Unhappy her bright locks, and all her face

Disfigured, and her breasts beat with her fists:
"What aid, now, Turnus, can thy sister give
To thee?[1] Or what of bitterness yet to me
Remains? Or by what art can I thy lease
Of life prolong? To such a monster dread
What can I do opposed? Now, now, the field 875
I leave. Filled full with fear, O fright me not,
Ye hideous birds! Your flapping wings I know
And fateful sound. The proud commands prevail
Of Jove, the great of soul. Was this the gift
In maidenhood's place thou gavest me? O why
Hast thou the gift of endless life on me
Bestowed? Why take the doom of death away? 880
Else might I surely such great sorrows end,
And, with my brother, seek the shades below.
Immortal I? But what of all I gain
Without thee, brother, can be sweet to me?
O Earth! for me gape wide and deep, and send
Unto the lowest Shades a Goddess down!"
So much she said, and, groaning much, a veil 885
Around her cast of dusky gray, and sought,
Deep in the watery depths, her throne and realm.[2]
  Æneas presses on, and shakes his spear
Immense and tree-like, and from savage breast
Thus speaks: "What now again is thy delay?

[1] "Quid nunc te tua, Turne, potest germana juvare?"
One line of many which show how jubilant is the style of our poet in this the triumphant close of the Poem.

[2] To be more specific, we have the authority of SYMMONS for it that this affectionate girl wore a blue hood: —

"Then o'er her head she drew her azure hood,
And, deeply groaning, plunged into the flood."

Why dost thou, Turnus, now from fight draw back?
This not a foot-race is: it is a fight. 890
A bitter hand-to-hand encounter 't is.
But change to all imaginable shapes;
Draw from all sources strength and art as well;
Seek thou with wings the zenith and its stars;
Or hide thee shut the concave globe within . . ."[1]
With wrath impatient, Turnus, while his head
Shakes angrily, thus the other's speech cuts short:[2]
"Thy hot words, ruffian, terrify me not! 895
The Gods me terrify, and Jove my foe!"
And, speaking not another word, a rock
Immense around upon by chance he looked,
An ancient rock which long had stood, immense,[3]

[1] "Astra sequi, clausumque cava te condere terra."
A line perfect in length and metre; but I venture the opinion that here the sentence is left unfinished. The taunts of Æneas provoke Turnus to interrupt him, and Turnus breaks out in response. ANTHON, alone of the VIRGILIANS, has remarked on the peculiarities of the text. His remark is that the meaning of Æneas is that, go where Turnus may, he shall not escape him. "Go anywhere, I 'll follow thee," or words equivalent, would have been the close of Æneas' sentence, had it not been cut short by his fiery antagonist. This, on my part, I claim as a New Reading.

It was, doubtless, the knowledge on the part of the Emperor Augustus of the existence of this and other dramatic interruptions or pauses in the text that induced his instructions to VIRGIL's posthumous editors, Tucca and Varus, to revise carefully, *but to add nothing*.

[2] "The other's speech cuts short" are words supplied by myself, to aid the sense.

"'In dancing heels alone can he confide!
But to earth's centre let him flee, or hide
In the deep main; no place shall bar from me
The flying wretch!' 'Thou liest,' the knight replied,
'To say that he, the unmatched in fight, that he
Flies from thy arms: his worth outvalues ten like thee!'"

Cross-accusations of Argantes and Tancred. — WIFFEN's TASSO, Canto 7.

[3] The repetition is VIRGIL's. "Ingens," . . . "Ingens."

A landmark placed that lawsuits it might turn
From neighbors' fields aside.[1] Scarce twice six men
Might it upheave far as their shoulders' height,
Such men as now are by the earth produced.[2] 900
The hero on his trembling hand it heaved
And, rising higher, as onward still he ran,
Hurled towards his foe. But not himself he knew,
Whether as running or as doing aught,
Or raising in his hand the stone immense,
Or launching it in air. Totter his knees, 905
And thick his chill blood runs, for not the space
The stone the hero sent quite cleared, nor reached
Its aim. And, as in sleep at night, when down
The eyelids fall 'neath drowsy weights, and vain
The effort seems an eager race to run, 910
And while we onward strain, we fall, and fails
The palsied tongue and strength that yet ne'er failed,
Nor voice nor words remain in our control;
So Turnus: in what way soe'er he tries
His valor's force, denies the Goddess dire[3]

[1] "Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis."
Thus VIRGIL, intent on placing Turnus in an odious light, makes his last act one in disturbance of public order, and in violation of the sacred rights of property. The molestation of ancient landmarks was denounced by the Mosaic and Roman laws and by the Roman poets. But either a qualified reverence for the monuments of property existed in Greece, or HOMER was not so good a lawyer as VIRGIL, for HOMER, without remark, makes Minerva hurl a landmark at Mars, — and wound him with it too! *Iliad*, xxi. 405.

In this connection it is proper to say that DRYDEN, CRANCH, and LONG ignore the lawsuits, the "litem" of the text.

[2] It will be remembered that the wound Æneas received in the Trojan War was from a rock hurled at him by Diomede. *Iliad*, v. 304.

[3] "Dea dira."

Success to any striving of his heart
Or hand. Then in his troubled breast are tossed
Conflicting thoughts. Towards the Rutuli 915
His glance he casts, towards the town. By fear
Delayed he trembles at the spear wherefrom
Is no escape, 'gainst which defense is none.
Nor sees he now the aids which once he had,
His chariot and his sister charioteer.
Against him lingering thus Æneas forth
The fatal weapon sends with all his force,
And as it speeds along his eyes pursue 920
Its path and aim. Ne'er wall so groaned with strokes
An engine sent, no thunder-peal so loud
E'er smote the ear. Flew on the spear as flies
The whirlwind black, and with it bore the doom
Destruction bears. The outer rim it wrecks 925
Of that great seven-folded shield, and goes
Still onward through the corselet's skirt
And, shrieking, passes through the warrior's thigh.
Falls to the earth upon his bended knee
The stricken hero huge. And with a groan
Rise up the Rutuli's host. With groans resound
The hills, the lofty groves their voices far
Send forth. And he, an humble suppliant now, his eyes 930
Beseeching bends, and his right hand holds up
In deprecation: "Yea," he said, "I have
What I deserve, nor do I mercy pray.
Use thine advantage. Fate hath given it thee.
But if can touch thee any care for one

Who an unhappy parent is, — and such
To thee Anchises was, thy sire, as is
My father Daunus unto me, — why, then,
I do beseech that thou his age would'st spare,
And me; or if thou wilt, my body spoiled 935
Of life's sweet light send to my desolate home.
Conquered hast thou, and with extended hands
Me overthrown the Ausonians have beheld.
Lavinia is thy wife. No further now
Thy hatred press." Stood keen in his bright arms
Æneas, and as moved his thought so moved
His eyes, and held he back his hand and sword,
And more and more were softening him the words 940
That Turnus spoke, when he perceived, alas!
On Turnus' shoulder that unhappy badge
That Pallas wore and all the bravery gay
That in the boy's familiar sword-band shone,
Whom, by a wound o'ercome, Turnus had slain,
And stripped from him, and in defiance wore.
He, when of harrowing grief this monument loved 945
The sight his eyes had drained, by Furies fired
And terrible now with rage: "And shalt thou me
Escape, decked out in those dear spoils that wore
My boy? No! Pallas thee destroys. The wound
I give thee Pallas gives. His hand his foe
Doth immolate, and righteous vengeance takes
On his accursed blood!" And with his words 950
In glowing wrath his sword within his breast
He buried deep. Came chilly Death. Fell loose

The warrior's limbs, and, groaning, fled
His scornful spirit forth unto the Shades.[1]

[1] "Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata per umbras."
This final line of the Poem is repeated from the passage in the Eleventh Book (line 829) describing the death of Camilla.

PIERCE, although he recognizes the groan, "gemitu," in the case of Camilla, ignores it here. Probably he thought a *male* hero should not be described as betraying the weakness of a woman.

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus is this noble Poem brought to a close. Mercy struggles with Feeling. The souvenir of a friend controls the magnanimity of a conqueror. It is a better moral than that of the Iliad, where the memory of a friend controlled the displeasure of a rival.

But this is not all. HEYNE closes his commentaries on the Æneid with the remark, full of condensed wisdom, that whenever there is question of refined and ingenious art, and ripe and severe judgment, the Iliad is surpassed by the Æneid. It might also have been noted by this prince of the VIRGILIANS that that unfailing taste, that judicial capacity, dictated to the poet that there should mingle with the social impulse a religious sentiment, and guide, as by the nod of Heaven, the sword of Æneas. For the word of VIRGIL is "immolat," he sprinkles with salted meal the victim of the sacrifice; "and yet not I, no, Pallas, Pallas himself, immolates thee, Turnus, as a sacrifice to the offended Gods."

And recalling, at this point, a parallel in the history of my own race, and within the dates of my own era, I may add that, in the First Christian Century, Hermann (known in Latin literature as Arminius), the Washington of Germany, after his slaughter of the legions of Varus, sacrificed Roman nobles, his prisoners of war, to the German Gods.

GENERAL INDEX.

THE abbreviations used are V. *Virgilians;* M. P. *Minor Poems;* P. *Pastoral;* G. *Georgic;* Æ. *Æneid;* n. *note;* p. *page;* pp. *pages;* et seq. et sequentes, *and the following, lines or pages;* init. initium *beginning;* q. v. quid vide, *which see;* fin. finis, *end.* Passim means *everywhere,* and aliubi *elsewhere.* The lines cited in Pastorals, Georgics, and Æneid are those of the original text, which, in the new method of numbering introduced by the present translator, will be found to concur in number accurately with the lines of the original text, and with sufficient accuracy with the lines of the translation. The Index will thus form an Index for both the original text and the translation.

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